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THE Colored Messenger



A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE
OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

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MISSION PRESS, TECHNY, ILLINOIS

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MARCH, 1917

Volume II
Number I

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"The Slave of the Negroes forever."—*St. Peter Claver's Signature.*

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"It is my belief that the most powerful means of reaching the ordinary negro of the South would be the ministry of native priests, sisters, brothers and catechists, those who are of their own kith and kin. Who understands the negro better than does the negro? Blood is thicker than water. I feel quite sure that the work of evangelization will be slow, unless we have this co-operation."—*Father Lissener's report on the missions in Georgia, commented on so well by the Bishops in their negro mission appeal, 1916.*

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE NEGRO MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

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Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

The Message

The Negro Movement North

Considerable stir and comment has been caused in the papers North and South by the wholesale emigration of the negro from the South. Various explanations have been given for this fact, and civil and church authorities have given it much thought. We do not want to see the negro leave his natural home in this country, the South, but in face of the fact of his doing so, we look for an explanation, and also hope that it will help in drawing him closer to the Catholic Church. In the black belt he has little chance to see much practical Catholic life, which naturally appeals to him.

Some time ago someone took a census in Lauderdale county, Miss., to investigate the cause of the northward movement, and the results were surprising. Among a hundred emigrating negroes were 50, who left the South for economical, 20 for political, 15 for social, 10 for educational, 2 for moral, and 3 for various other reasons.

The economical causes of the movement are principally due to the lack of employment. The negro is barred from most of the unions, he is mostly employed in

those industries where white labor has proved unprofitable. The press has been preaching for a long time to replace negro labor on the farm and in shops and factories by white pauper labor from Europe. In other words, the negro is pushed out of profitable industries, and therefore he seeks other places, where he can make an honest living.

The political cause of the movement is, after the social, the most delicate to handle. It is natural for him to have political ambitions, but these, though he is a free citizen in Uncle Sam's country, are not fulfilled on account of the white primary. Every white man, without regard to his moral worth or intelligence, is invited to vote,

but the negro is excluded and denied the right to vote, regardless of his moral worth or intelligence. Stating it bluntly, it is taxation without representation.

The social reason is a most delicate one, and for a prejudiced mind hard to understand. In this regard the negro can rarely expect justice whenever his position and rights conflict with those of the white man. He is denied the courtesies that otherwise are given the other colored races.



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The educational reasons of his northward move are very much evident and are openly acknowledged by everybody. This can best be seen when we quote what, for instance, is done in one county of Mississippi (Jones county) for the white children, and then make a deduction for ourselves what, under such condition, will be done for the colored ones. In said county, according to the official report before us, 14 schools have one teacher each, who must teach 8 grades a day, only one school has six and only 3 five teachers. If the educational possibilities are thus inadequate for the white child, what can be expected for the colored.

We need not dwell on the moral and other reasons for the movement. Those given illustrate that there is a little more than "Wanderlust" in this move.

We hope that the big centers to which most of the negroes are going, like St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, etc., will not be behind our Protestant brethren, who have sent ministers from the South to keep up with the straying sheep. We hope that what the negro sees in the North will strengthen his tendencies towards the Catholic Church.

We may consider St. Joseph the special patron of the negro missions. When he fled with the Infant Jesus into Egypt, he undoubtedly preached to the black Egyptians by word and example the holiness of the religion of Christ, thus becoming the first negro missionary.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that cities of the second class cannot establish separate schools for the colored and white in that state.

A correspondent tells us, referring to our article in the last issue "The Black Virgin," that the statues of the Blessed Virgin at Stochenaw, Poland and at Einsiedeln, Tyrol, are black. We cannot vouch for the latter, but know it to be true of the former. The motherhouse of the Society of the Divine Word at Steyl, Holland, is in possession of a black statue of the Blessed Virgin, which is much venerated and honored.

We are receiving quite a number of letters from the colored Catholics of Washington, D.C., telling us of how proud they are to have a magazine like the C. M. Their praise is not empty sound, as one of the letters was accompanied with a check for 80 copies.

Some New York paper published an item that John D. Rockefeller's wealth is estimated at \$1,000,000,000, which draws an interest of \$60,000,000 annually and remarked what an amount of good for God and the salvation of souls could be accomplished if the money would flow in the right channel. When we consider the way money is accumulated nowadays, we fear that the hard-earned mite of the widow will bring more blessing to the cause of God.

In the past year, there was one priest on the average ordained every 22 hours in the United States.

Among the Popes since St. Peter were 104 Romans, 103 from other parts of Italy, 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, while Palestine, Thrace, Holland, Portugal and England have each furnished one occupant of the Papal Chair. This shows again that the Church did not bar the African race from the highest dignity on earth.

We have heard people say and write us, that the biggest mistake that the Church in America ever made was that she took up the education of the negro. We wish to call those people's attention to a little incident reported from the Chinese missions, when a missionary tried to purchase an idiot girl of ten years, in order to bring her up a Christian under the Sisters' care. Her father did his best to dissuade him, saying: "Why do you do such a foolish thing? She is good for nothing and will only eat up your rice. Let her die."

Many rights are denied the negro in this valley of tears, but there is one which no power on earth can take from him—his birthright to heaven, and to all the means merited by Christ to attain this right.

The "Baltimore Catholic" reported the other day that a colored man, who had contracted consumption, wished to be admitted to an eastern Protestant hospital, but was refused. The young man was a graduate of Fisk University and his father a man of prominence. He applied for admittance to a Catholic hospital and had no difficulty. A case that had come under our own observation was that of a wayward young colored girl, whom the "King's Daughters" wanted to place in an institution. No one would have her, neither Protestant nor state institution, but she found refuge with the Sisters of The Good Shepherd at Carthage, O.

Dr. William Henry Johnson of Albany, N. Y., one of the most prominent colored men in the United States, became a Catholic recently. Dr. Johnson helped to buy the freedom of Frederick Douglass; he was brought into contact with Abraham Lincoln and became a firm friend of the martyred President; he was on intimate terms with the great statesmen of the latter half of the 19th century. As an orator he was in great demand for many years, not only at gatherings of men of his own race, but on other occasions, in which Americans of all creeds and races were represented.

Madeleine Basque, a strong Catholic and one-time slave, who had served the Sisters of Charity of New Orleans since her childhood, is dead. She was a well-known figure at the Louisiana Retreat, where for 48 years she had handled all meats that were prepared in the kitchen. She had come to the Retreat after the death of Madame Delachaise, whose slave she had been. When Madame became a Sister of Charity, she went to St. Elizabeth's Industrial School. The esteem in which Madeleine was held by everybody was shown when her body lay in state in the parlor of the institution, and on Friday a Requiem Mass was said for her. Sisters from all convents in New Orleans and many priests were present. White orderlies at the Louisiana Retreat served as pall bearers.

The colored Catholics of New Orleans made a fine show of their respect for the Holy Name of God, when on January

14 they held a procession through the business district. Rt. Rev. Bishop Laval and the New Orleans clergy reviewed the parade, which terminated with a sermon at St. Katherine's Church by Rev. Father Dorsey.

Our readers will notice that our magazine has been enlarged by four pages. For this we must thank them first, because their liberal patronage has made the improvement possible. If everybody gets a new subscriber in honor of St. Joseph, we may be able to have it a monthly by 1918.

The Fathers engaged in our mission assembled for their annual Christmas conference at Vicksburg, Miss., just before the close of the old year. These conferences are to unify and systematize our mission work and bring it up to the highest possible standard of efficiency.

To avoid misunderstandings and disappointments we have decided to have the *Colored Messenger* sent to our subscribers from the Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss. Rev. F. Gruhn has been appointed Managing Editor. Therefore all subscription money is to be sent to:

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Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble
sphere,

Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought

May adorn and ennoble the poorest cot;
The blessings that never bought nor sold,
That each may share, are better than gold.

FATHER RYAN,

The priest-poet of the South.

A Few Minutes with the Missionary

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.

The new year opened with a solemn celebration at St. Mary's Convent in Vicksburg. Four of the Missionary Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost made their solemn profession in presence of Right Rev. Bishop J. E. Gunn, D. D. It is a touching sight to see young ladies willingly and joyfully give up the joys and pleasures of this world and offer their life in a solemn vow to nothing more nor less, than the spread of Christ's kingdom here on earth. This dedication is indeed so much more touching when it is held right on the field of labor. It reminds one of the soldier, who stops in the heat of the battle to offer anew by a solemn vow life and blood for his fatherland and anew promises loyalty to banner and king. Thus he wins new courage and new zeal for the fight and adds a further leaf to the laurel of triumph which will be his in life or death.

To the quiet and unostentatious work of our Missionary Sisters we owe to a great extent the growth of our missions. The schools are the feeders of the Church's membership. It is into the young, perceptible minds that the great truths of the Catholic Church must be instilled, and through the well instructed youth the light of faith will be spread in the community.

This year Vicksburg will have to solve the problem of creating a home fit for the zealous Sisters, our indispensable co-operators on the mission field for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the colored people. Is there no one to answer our appeal for help? So far we have had no response. The old home of the Sisters is so dilapidated, that we must have a new shelter or the Sisters cannot come back. May God send many benefactors who will offer their mite to house those without whom the work of His Heart's desire cannot be carried on.

REV. J. J. STEINHAEUER, S. V. D., Jackson & Second North Sts., Vicksburg, Miss.

Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

Speaking as we are supposed to do in these lines to our readers about our experiences in the Mission, I feel that I ought to mention, first of all, our success at the Mississippi State Fair. It will be of interest to every one of our friends, to learn that our School received First Premium for the best exhibits among the denominational schools of the State. Also First Premium for Kindergarten work. Furthermore, the winner of the first honors in the Junior Oratorical Contest was one of the 7th grade pupils of our Institute.

Of course it means a great deal of work and worry for teachers and students to prepare the exhibits for the State Fair, when you remember that it has to be done besides the regular work for the daily lessons, yet we feel well repaid by the splendid success that was ours.

Besides, we have here an excellent occasion to show in public the work of the Catholic School, to show it openly, to show it to every one who wants to see and is interested in education. It is stated so often, and many do believe it, that the Catholics teach the children only religion. At the State Fair at Jackson, Miss., it was demonstrated that the Catholic School, in spite of teaching religion, can well compete with any of the schools in the State.

On Dec. 9 I received a letter which I considered a good fortune. It came from Father Dorsey, the colored Missionary. He told me that he was free till after Christmas, and he would be glad to come to Jackson, if he could be of any service to me during that time. Now, Father Dorsey gave a mission to our people last year. And he did well. I liked to see him come back, as people inquired frequently after him. But this time of the year is rather unfavorable for a mission. Before Christmas everybody is very busy trying to make some little money for the holidays. Then, too, the nights are dark

and cold. And at night was the only time when we could expect people to come to the services. I therefore was in doubt about what to do. Yet, I took my chance. And it was well. We had beautiful weather all that week, and the people came in crowds to hear Fr. Dorsey. It

As to the results of the mission, I am well pleased. Some asked for instruction. I saw people in the audience whom I never met before. One of them said to me after the services: "Father, now I know that your church is all right. I always heard that you adore idols."



St. Joseph's Church Choir, Meridian, Miss.

can be said that he is a master in lecturing to non-Catholics. He, of course, knows his people and is well acquainted with the difficulties and hardships peculiar to the negro of the South. Fr. Dorsey is also quite an orator. One of the Rev. Fathers who came to hear him said: "that man could fill the pulpit of any of our white churches." In the face of this fact, one grows more firm in the conviction that we ought to have more colored men for the priesthood.

Of course, it will take time till the Catholic Church comes into her own in a place where there is so much ignorance and bigotry as in this part of the Southland. Yet, in spite of all the opposition, the work is going on, is growing day by day, and is bound to succeed if we keep up courage and go ahead.

Our thanks to those who by their Christmas presents made our children happy. The latter in return did not forget to sing their songs and say their

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prayers to the Infant Savior for the good people who showed their charity to them.

REV. P. A. HEICK, S. V. D., Bell & Blair Sts., Jackson, Miss.

St. Joseph's Meridian, Miss.

There is a room at St. Joseph's—a picture of it may be seen on another page—where the problem of the high cost of living is put up to be solved. It is the domestic science department. The equipment is as yet not quite complete, because the finances are low, but what is there is up to date. The Local Gas Company, realizing the importance of such a department in our school, has spent about \$600 to bring the main pipe from a distant point to the Institution, free of charge. Domestic science is a difficult problem without the convenience of gas. Miss Jacoby, the preceptress, is much delighted with the progress and the interest the young ladies are taking in the culinary arts.

On January 28 ten children made their First Holy Communion, a happy day indeed for the little lambs, who only a while ago knew very little of their Good Shepherd. On the same day we had 13 Hours' Adoration. It is the custom ever since the establishment of the mission, that three times a year we have exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for a whole day. The smallness of the congregation does not allow us to have 40 Hours' Adoration, so we divide them by three and have adoration on one of the first Sundays of every new year, on the third Sunday after Easter, and the third Sunday in October. The good people call them Holy-Hour Sundays. The hours are divided among the members of the congregation, and we must say they keep them faithfully. It is an edifying sight to see them adoring their Eucharistic God, and without any suggestion sing and recite aloud their prayers. I believe that many a larger congregation could be proud of such a manifestation of faith. The main aim at these devotions, as is always explained to them, is to pray for

the conversion of the colored race. May it not be so very far distant.

News from St. Joseph's is scarce this time, but we call our readers' attention to the article on St. Joseph's Mission on another page, and to the many pictures accompanying it. May St. Joseph, our dear patron saint, grant you all and me the greatest grace we ask for: a holy and happy death.

REV. P. J. WENDEL, S. V. D., 1914—
18 Ave., Meridian, Miss.

St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

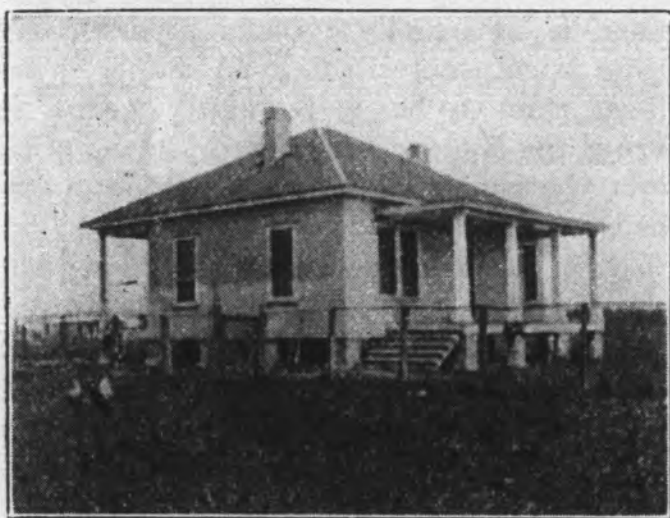
Since the last issue of the C. M. St. Bartholomew had the blessing of a mission. These were five days of happiness for many souls in the parish. The eloquent and instructive discourses were given by Rev. Father Albert, S. S. J., pastor of St. Peter's Church, Pine Bluff, Ark. We had a good attendance at 6 o'clock in the morning, after which a little instruction was given. At late Mass we had nearly all the school children present to listen to the catechetical instructions of Father Albert. The children were even interested in the question box. It was very edifying to see them prepare for confession and receive Holy Communion. This was the best instruction given to those who are not as yet willing or able to join the Church. Every night we had a good crowd willing to hear the missionary. The seed is sown in many a heart and God will give His abundant grace that leads to conversion.

Since Christmas the enrollment of our school is very satisfactory. Our High School also has a good attendance and the students love their studies. We must now try very hard to get more physical apparatus. The High School students will be a great help in the religious and material growth of St. Bartholomew's parish.

REV. P. J. HOENDEROP, S. V. D., 1615
W. 16 St., Little Rock, Ark.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

Many benefactors and supporters of mission work sometimes express the fear that converts and members of newly established missions may do too little towards the support of their young churches. But this will hardly be true of any mission; for every good missionary will encourage and urge his members to do their best in assisting him in every way to upbuild his new congregation in order to be no longer compelled to beg for assistance to carry on his great work.



Rectory at Greenville, Miss.

But do converts, especially colored converts, generously respond to such calls of their priest? Our very young congregation here—only four years old—cannot yet boast of a large membership, as it numbers only a little over 60 adherents, and 54 of these are children under 15 years of age. This little congregation contributed on Christmas for improvements in our little chapel and for the pastor \$45. Every child gave at least \$0.50, one grown member gave \$14, another gave \$6, and the rest gave \$2 or \$1. A family in which mother and children are Catholics contributed in all \$18. Last year also I received such a fine Christmas collection that I could buy a church bell, and the year before last many other improvements had been made, not only from the money of benefactors, but a large part of it contributed by the congregation. And you know well, dear reader, that very few colored people are blessed with the riches of this earth, but they are mostly poor working people who

live as is commonly said "from hand to mouth." However, they are not all wanting in the ideal Christian spirit of self-sacrifice.

That a congregation which made so great sacrifices for God and their church would generously enter into the true Christmas spirit can only be found natural. So nearly all members of the congregation went to confession the day before Christmas and on Christmas morning at 4 o'clock the full congregation, with the exception of a few children who had no one to bring them to church, was present, during High Mass they all received Holy Communion, and I need hardly mention that they remained for the second Mass. I hope that the Holy Child looked with pleasure upon this His little flock and blessed it abundantly.

REV. P. M. CHRISTMAN, S. V. D., Sacred Heart Mission, East Gloster St., Greenville, Miss.

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A Good Prayer

A Virginia clergyman was called to dedicate a colored church in Richmond. After the sermon the minister called upon the colored deacon to offer the closing prayer, and this was the response: "O Lord, gib this poor brudder de eye of de eagle dat he may spy afar off. Glue his hands to the Gospel plow. Tie his tongue to the line of truf. Nail his years to de Gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, O Lord, and fix his knees way down in some lonely, dark valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile of salvation and set him afire. Amen!"

* * *

A skeptic, who was trying to confuse a Christian negro by contradictory passages in the Bible, asking how it could be that we are in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, received the following reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle about dat; it's like dat poker. I puts it in de fire until it gets red hot. Now, de poker is in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."—*Exchange*.

Blossoms from the Mission Field

How a Negro Catholic Soldier Died in France

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The Blessed Mite

The *Meridian Dispatch* had the following to report of an old, blind negro, well known to us, who begs on the streets of this city:

Henry Van Dyke says, "After all, Christmas living is the best kind of Christmas giving," and says further that there are three circles of living: "In the outer circle—cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration; in the inner circle—sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the inmost circle—comradeship, helpfulness, tenderness." Which class are you in?

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A Blossom from Jackson, Miss.

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Now, it so happened at this time that the sight of the crib, the Little Infant and those surroundings had a marvelous effect on a woman who came with a number of friends to our church. She knelt down in the midst of those who, like her, walked up to see the crib. This was the hour of grace for her. She began to cry, the tears rolling down her cheeks. When, after they had finished their prayers, and they were leaving the church, her sister, who was baptized a year ago, asked her why she was crying, the answer came: "I felt, I must be baptized and become a member of the Church." So it was done the following Sunday, as she was well prepared, having already been on the list for Baptism for more than a year.

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St. Joseph's Mission, Meridian, Miss.

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Very little opposition was felt during the first establishment of the place, as it was put up hurriedly and in a most unostentatious way. Its location is beautiful and healthful, in a small pine grove, high on a hill, for which reason we rechristened the place "Mount St. Joseph."

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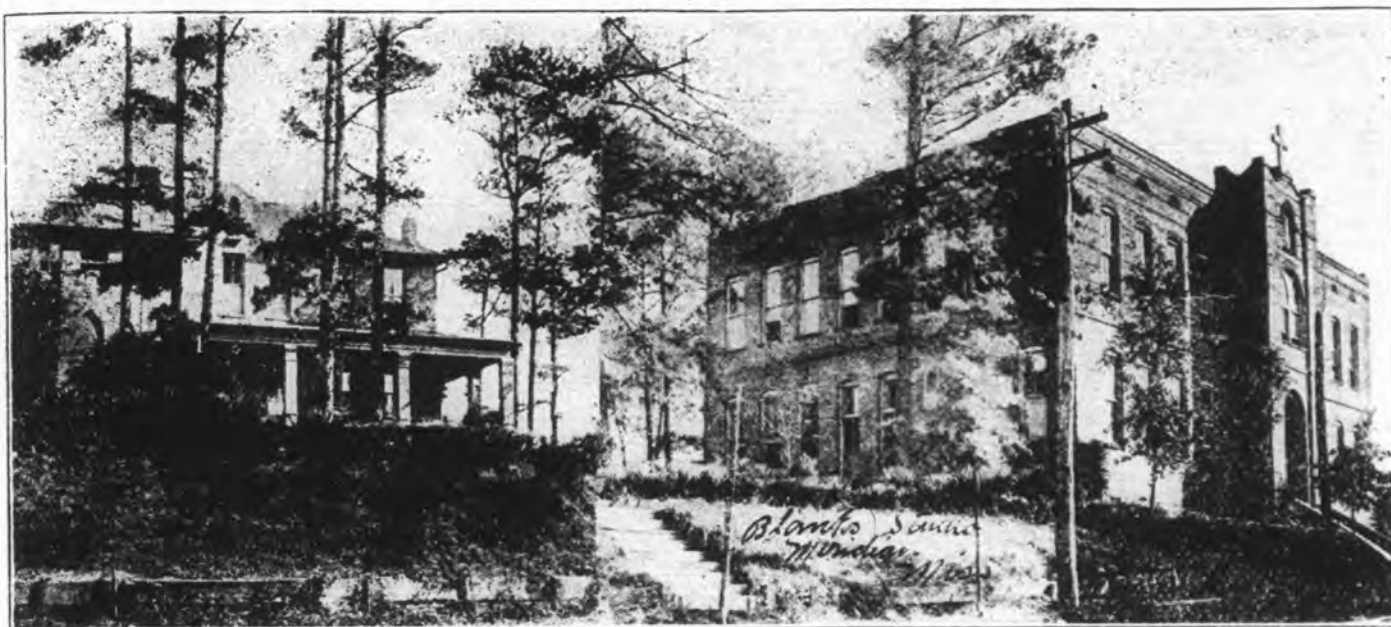
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They distributed calumnious literature among the negroes, like "Thirty Years in Hell," "The Devil in the Church," etc. Some even went so far as to get up a petition, to have the school closed as a nuisance to the community. Several threats of violence were made against the life of the priest and the destruction of the institution. They slurred the priest and the Sisters openly and privately. Some people had formed organizations to collect money to draw pupils away from the Catholic school and pay their tuition

at other schools. All this and much more was done with the one base intention to undermine the mission, because it was Catholic.

No wonder that those in charge of it felt very blue at times. But God watches over His own and knows when the right time comes to sow the seed. On Christmas Day, 1910, the first two children were baptized, and since then 154 persons have been received into the Church by the pastor. Several of these have been gathered into the fold on their deathbed, so that there are 128 Catholics belonging to St. Joseph's, 40 of these being adults. The accusation sometimes brought forth by thoughtless people that, "You can do nothing with the Negro," receives a hard blow when we see the devotion and earnestness of the converts. Where three years ago were no Holy Communions, we find in 1916, 5600 Communions. This is true of every one of our missions and it is a pity that, in spite of these facts, even Catholics cannot raise their minds to a higher conception of the negro problem.

To give the casual observer some idea of the difficulties encountered by the missionaries, which bring the gates of hell very close to our doors, we relate the fol-



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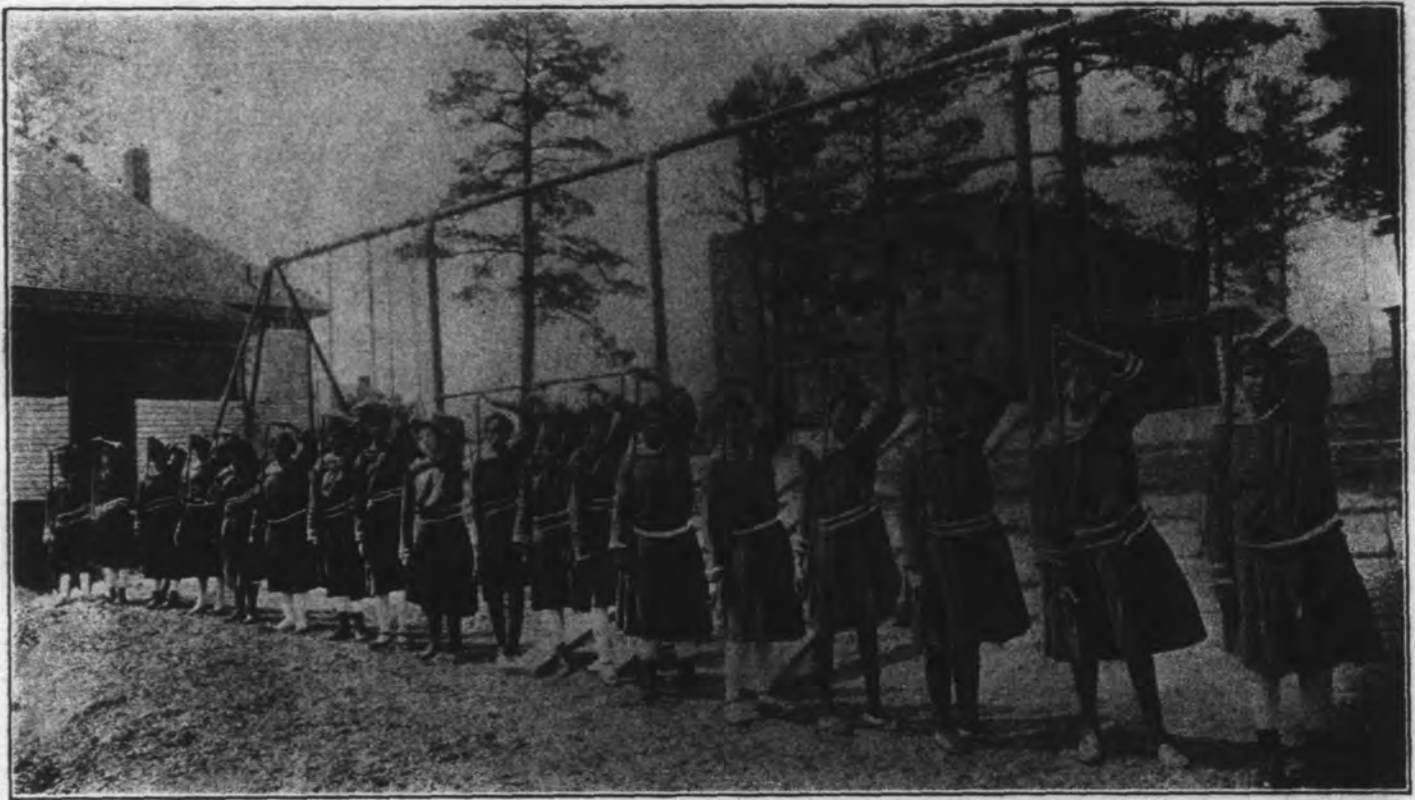
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May God bless You!

REV. P. J. WENDEL, S. V. D., 1914-18
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Annual Report of Our Negro Missions

In looking over the statistics of the past year, we must confess that we did not make such gigantic strides as the Teuton armies in Roumania, but, nevertheless, we have been blessed in our endeavor. The attendance of our schools increased everywhere in spite of hard times and of the exodus of the negroes to the North. Our congregations, too, are growing bigger and stronger. The high figures of Confessions and Holy Com-

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If in spite of such opposition, or persecutions, as we rightly may call them, the work is going on, and the missions are flourishing, we understand that we are doing the work of the Lord of the vineyard, and that He is with us.

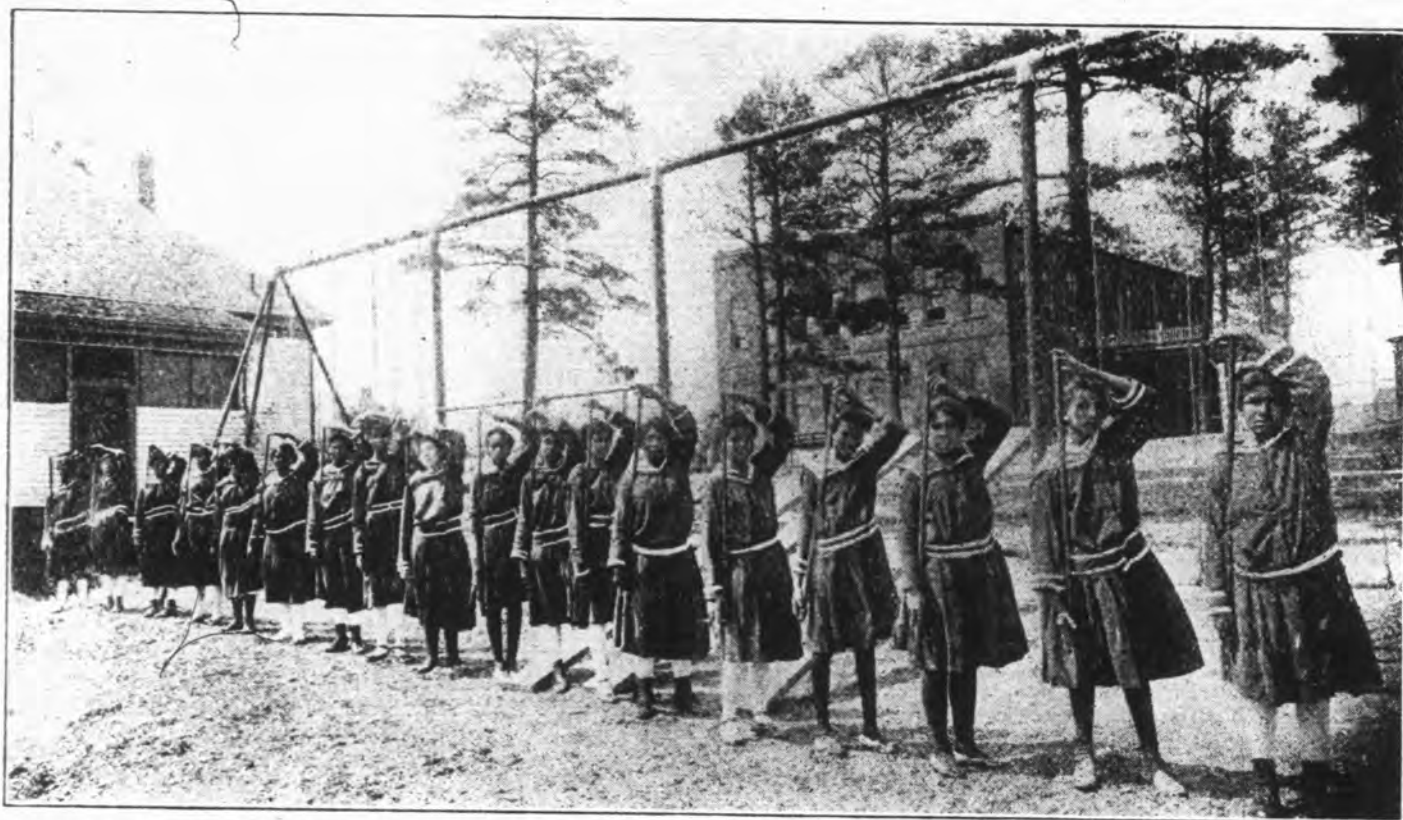
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Ready to Defend Their Country

3. From the Society of the Divine Word, which pledged itself to take care of one-third of the teachers' salaries and of the board of the Rev. Father, as also to allow a share of the profits in the Mission Press to go to southern missions.

4. From the school charges, which we collect from the people who are able to pay for their children. But let it be understood that more than one half of the 1100 pupils of our schools are taken free of charge.

5. From the donations which are coming in from good Catholic people, who direct their charity towards the despised negro race and thus help us in keeping up the missions.

As to the expenditures, the main factor is the salaries of the teachers. The great work of teaching our colored children is carried on by the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Ghost, headquarters in Techny, Ill. Thirty-five of these Sisters have been teaching in our 5 schools in the South in 1916. (Only 8 teachers received payment from Msgr. Burke.)

Unfortunately we have to pay interest. And to pay interest is an uphill work. Surely, for a missionary. Yet, to make our schools a success, we were forced to make a loan. We could not start on a smaller scale. We have to compete with the city schools. These schools are well equipped in every particular, as every one knows. Now, we could not expect non-Catholics to send their children to our school if our buildings are by far inferior to the other institutions and, mind you, when we have to charge them tuition.

Examining our annual report, we are pleased to state that, as long as we can depend on the resources mentioned above, we are able to meet our current expenses. But a problem hard to solve for the missionary is, how to get the means for the erection of additional buildings. This problem we are facing in 1917. Already in the last number of the *Colored Messenger* it was mentioned, that we must provide for more proper accommodations for our Sisters in the missions. There is

Report from the Negro Missions for the Year 1916

STATIONS	Priests	Sisters	Baptisms	First Com.	Children in School			Confessions	Communications	Cath. Population
					Boys	Girls	Total			
Vicksburg, Miss.	1	7	74	45	88	153	241	2902	7896	293
Jackson, Miss.	2	10	48	25	97	224	321	2712	6817	122
Meridian, Miss.	1	7	28	15	81	104	185	1876	5653	120
Little Rock, Ark.	1	8	15	27	56	92	148	2380	5550	125
Greenville, Miss.	1	7	19	15	60	90	150	1040	3156	65
TOTAL	6	39	184	127	382	663	1045	10910	29072	725

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I really cannot blame Mother Provincial at Techny for threatening to take her Sisters away from the missions, if we fail to provide a decent home for them. She as Superior is responsible for these Sisters. And their well-being must be of more interest to her than even the



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Who is going to lend a helping hand to ameliorate these deplorable conditions of our Sisters in the missions, who are giving all they have, their very lives, to the work of the colored apostolate? May there be many! Let every one of our readers be in the work.

This is the month of St. Joseph. We hope and pray that this great Saint, who has so much to do with the development of our negro missions, may move the



Ready to Defend Their Country

- 3. From the Society of the Divine Word, which pledged itself to take care of one-third of the teachers' salaries and of the board of the Rev. Father, as also to allow a share of the profits in the Mission Press to go to southern missions.
- 4. From the school charges, which we collect from the people who are able to pay for their children. But let it be understood that more than one half of the 1100 pupils of our schools are taken free of charge.
- 5. From the donations which are coming in from good Catholic people, who direct their charity towards the despised negro race and thus help us in keeping up the missions.

As to the expenditures, the main factor is the salaries of the teachers. The great work of teaching our colored children is carried on by the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Ghost, headquarters in Techny, Ill. Thirty-five of these Sisters have been teaching in our 5 schools in the South in 1916. (Only 8 teachers received payment from Msgr. Burke.)

Unfortunately we have to pay interest. And to pay interest is an uphill work. Surely, for a missionary. Yet, to make our schools a success, we were forced to make a loan. We could not start on a smaller scale. We have to compete with the city schools. These schools are well equipped in every particular, as every one knows. Now, we could not expect non-Catholics to send their children to our school if our buildings are by far inferior to the other institutions and, mind you, when we have to charge them tuition.

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Finally, a word of thanks to our friends and benefactors, who by their donations assisted us in our struggle. That they directed their charity to the poor negro of the South is deserving of special merit. Not only the colored race, but also the missionaries have much to suffer on account of the bitter prejudices that are prevailing in the minds of most people, often of good Catholics.

We also wish to extend our thanks to those who helped us to clothe our poor converts and destitute children! When

it became known in town that the Catholic Sisters were giving away clothes to poor people, there was quite a business going on for some days here at the mission and the Sister was kept busy from morning till night. As a consequence, we had a good attendance in school and in church. Therefore, thanks to those good people who sent us these clothes and paid the freight for them.

Thanks, too, for the Catholic literature, which we are receiving from some of our friends! They undergo a great deal of trouble and expense in sending us their papers regularly. This means a great help in instructing the ignorant.

Thanks to all our benefactors! May they be with us also in future! May their number multiply!

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Unusual interest centred in the celebration on Sunday last of the silver sacerdotal jubilee of the Rev. Charles Randolph Uncles, S. S. J., who was raised to the priesthood by Cardinal Gibbons in the Cathedral, Baltimore, on December 19, 1891. At present Father Uncles is teach-

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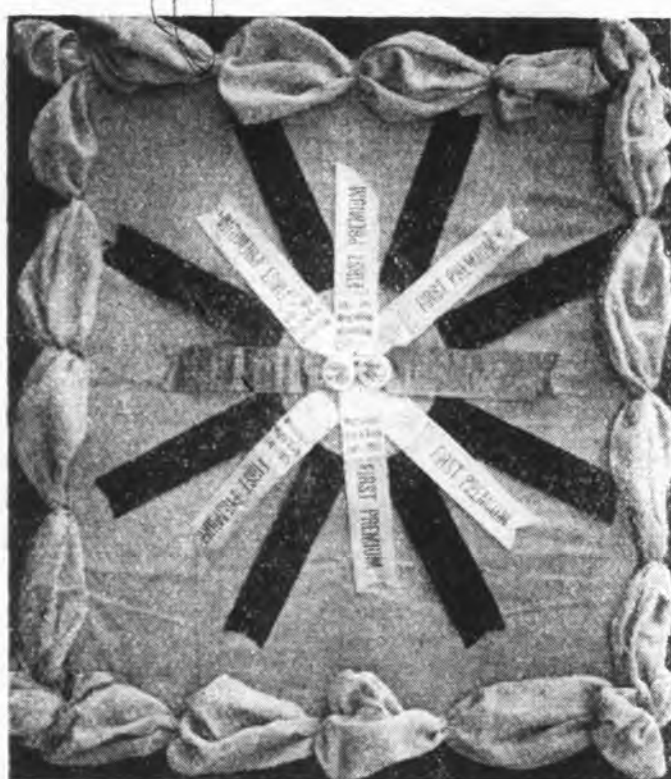
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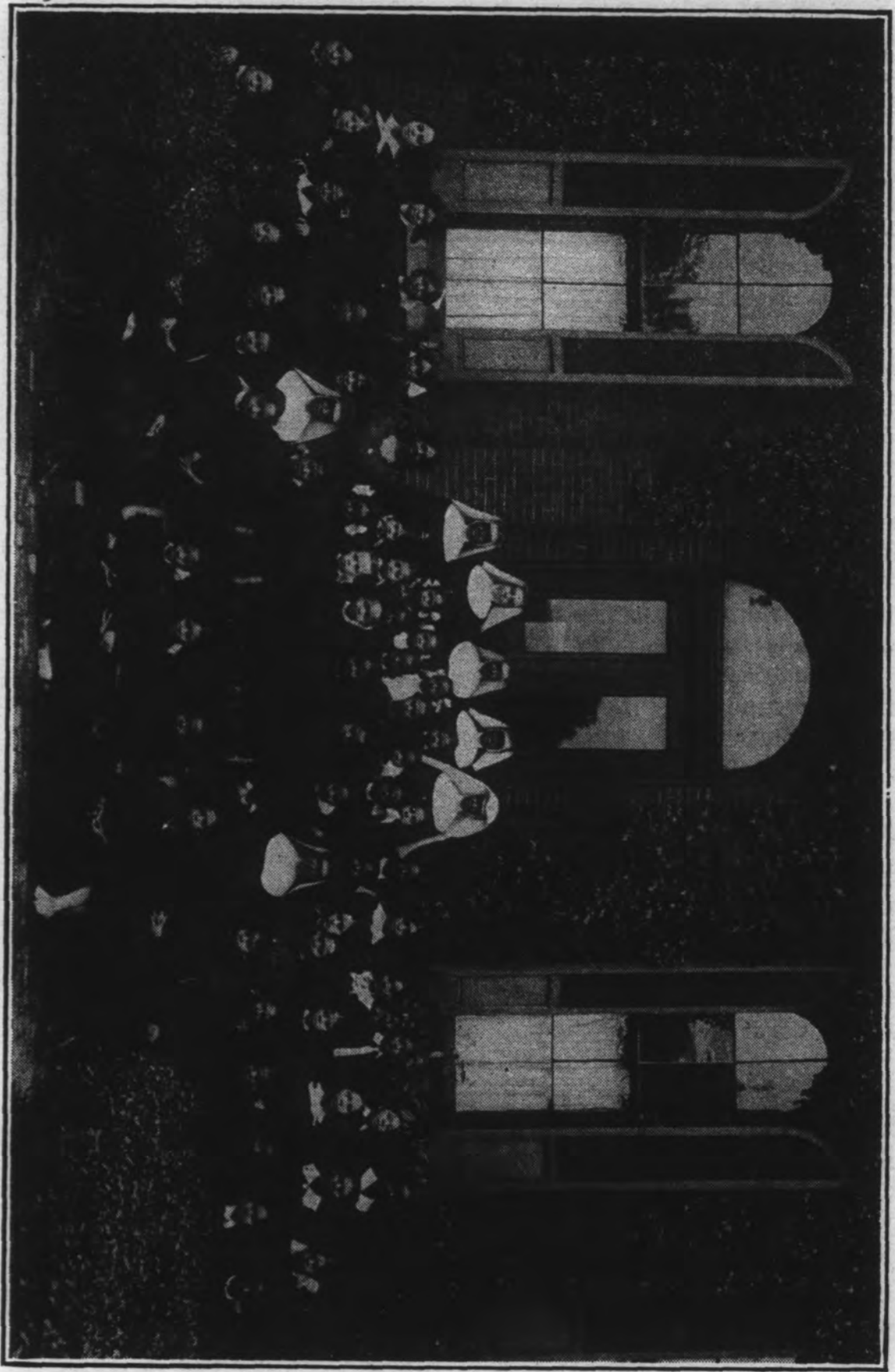
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Guilty

A young man was being tried in a French court for murder. The young man was eighteen years old. He was found guilty of a most revolting crime. When his counsel—Mr. Appert—heard the sentence passed, he could not restrain himself. He rose and with great eloquence and just indignation declared:

"Gentlemen, my duty is most simple. The young man has been convicted—further defence is out of question. Nevertheless I have one word to add. I see before me in this courtroom and I salute, the crucifix—the image of our dying Savior. It is kept here in this court-room, where the guilty are condemned. But why do you banish Him from the schools in which our children are educated? Why is the Crucified shown to the guilty and condemned for the first time, when he must bear the penalty of the law? Had you shown him the crucifix when he still sat in the school-bench, this disgrace, I am sure, would never have befallen him. Yes, gentlemen, I accuse you, you who spread infidelity and irreligion and then wonder why the people repay you with crime and sin. Condemn my client—you have the right to do it. But I accuse you—and that is my duty."

His burning words are a terrible indictment of godless schools.

Not Waterproof

Ruskin often refers to the bad effect upon him of unpleasant weather. "It takes my little wits out of me woefully"; yet he never wrote anything brighter than his reasons for going to church when it rains. Among them are these:

"Because the Third Commandment does not except the rainy Lord's day. Because I may miss exactly the sermon or prayer I need. Because the rain did not keep me from the tea last Monday, nor the dinner last Wednesday, nor the ball game last Saturday, nor the store any day in the week. Because an example which cannot stand a little wetting is of little account. Because my faith should not be a matter of thermometers. Because the man who fears the rain will

soon fear the cloud, and he who fears the day will soon fear the daylight itself as reason for neglecting the Church."

Had Ruskin been a Catholic, how admirably he would have expressed his reasons for not missing Mass on Sundays! And what a devout adorer of the Blessed Sacrament he would have been! As it was, he used to express wonder how any Catholic could be indifferent to the beauties—only beauties to him—of the Church of the artists and architects, the poets and the saints.

Unchangeable Rome

The world has not failed to attack the immutability of the Church and her doctrines. And surely it is an extraordinary privilege, a prodigy, a challenge to mankind! Therefore all ages, jealous of glory which disdained their own, have tried their strength against it. They have come, one after the other, to the doors of the Vatican; they have knocked there with buskin and boot, and the doctrine has appeared under the frail and wasted form of some old man of three score years and ten, who says: "What do you desire of me?"

"Change."

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"But everything is changed in this world. Astronomy, chemistry, philosophy have changed, the empire has changed, why are you always the same?"

"Because I come from God, and because God is always the same."

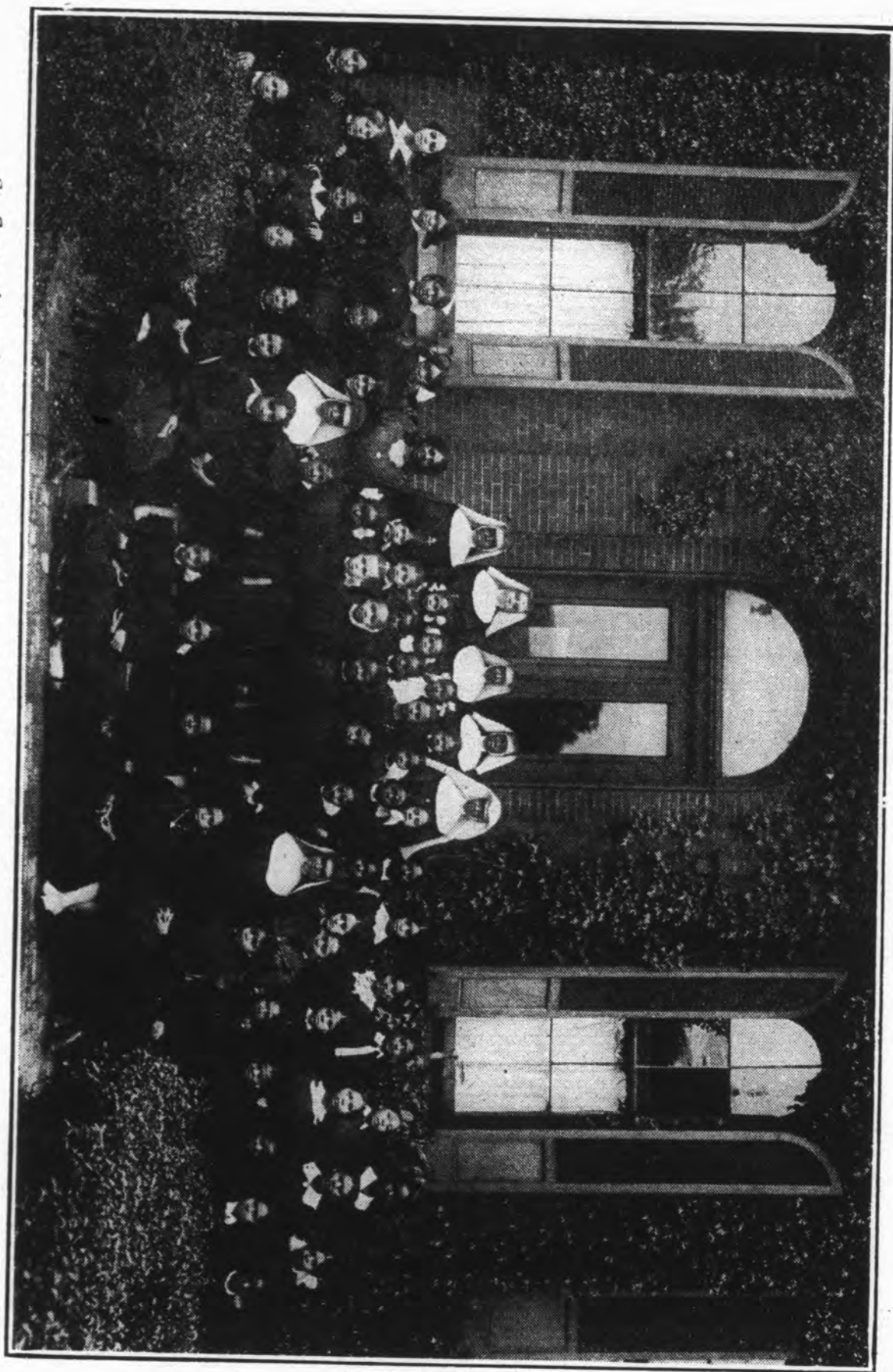
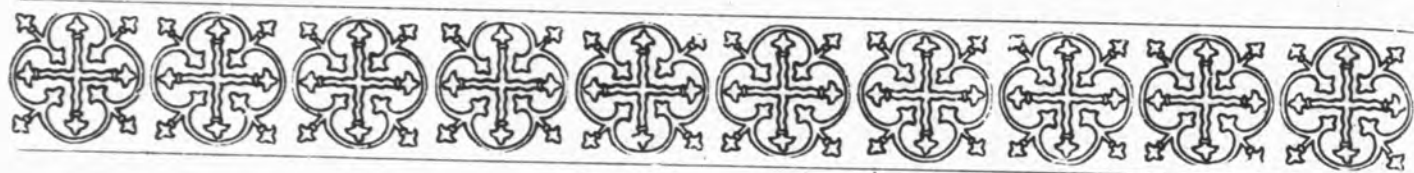
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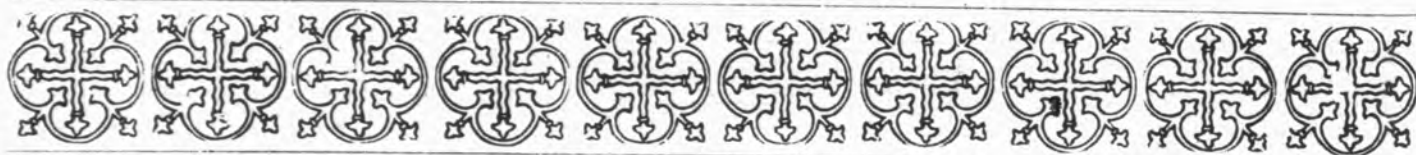
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LACORDAIRE.

The Knights of St. Peter Claver

(Gilbert Faustina, the Supreme Knight of the Knights of Peter Claver, read this paper at the National Convention in Natchez in August, 1916. Faustina was born in New Orleans Oct. 27, 1879. He lost his parents when 9 years old. In 1899



he married Susie Ritter and is father of 8 children. In 1902 he began in the cigar business with a capital of \$50.00; now he operates a factory and has accumulated a comfortable fortune, largely invested in real estate.)

Natchez, Miss., Aug 16, 1916.

Rev. Fathers, Bro. Knights, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I take great pleasure in reading this paper on our Patron Saint, Peter Claver. And also give you a brief sketch of our organization, what we are trying to do for the uplift of our people, and what I would like to see put in action.

Saint Peter Claver

Peter Claver was the son of a Catalan farmer, was born at Verdu, Spain, in 1581, and lived to be 73 years old. He obtained his first degrees at the University of Barcelona. At the age of twenty he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Taragona. While he was studying philosophy at Majorca in 1605, Alphonsus Rodriguez, the saintly door-keeper of the college, learned from God the future mission of his young associate, and thenceforth never ceased exhorting him to set out to evangelize the Spanish possessions in America. Peter obeyed, and in the year 1610 landed at Cartagena, where for forty-four years he was the Apostle of the negro slaves.

Now, my dear people, early in the Seventh century, the masters of Central and South America afforded the spectacle of one of those social crimes which are entered upon so lightly. They needed laborers to cultivate the soil, which they had conquered and to exploit the gold mines. The natives being physically incapable of enduring the labors of the mines, it was determined to replace them

with negroes brought from Africa. The coasts of Guinea, the Congo and Angola became the markets for slave dealers, to whom native petty kings sold their subjects and their prisoners. A thousand slaves landed there each month. They were bought for two and sold for two hundred dollars. The missionaries could not suppress slavery, but no one worked more heroically than Peter Claver. Trained in the school of Pere Alfonso de Sandoval, a wonderful missionary, Peter declared himself "the salve of the negroes forever," and thenceforth his life was one that confounds egotism by its superhuman charity, although timid and lacking in self-confidence he became a daring and ingenious organizer. Every month when the arrival of the negroes was signalled, Claver went out to meet them on the pilot's boat, carrying food for them. Father Claver's Superiors were often influenced by the many criticisms which reached them, but nevertheless, Claver continued his heroic career. Accepting all humiliations and adding rigorous penances to his works of charity.

Lacking the support of men, the strength of God was given him. He became the prophet and miracle worker of New Granada, and all were convinced that often God would not have spared the city, save for him. During his life he baptized and instructed in the Faith more than 300,000 negroes. He was beatified July 16, 1850, by Pius IX, and canonized January 15, 1888, by Leo XIII. His feast is celebrated on the ninth of September every year.

The Knights of Peter Claver

This Fraternity was organized at Mobile, Alabama, Nov. 7, 1909. The organizers were seven in number, three white and four colored. The white were Rev. Jos. P. Van Baast, Rev. Conrad F. Rebeshier and Rev. Samuel J. Kelly. The colored were Rev. John H. Dorsey, Gilbert Faustina, Frank Collins, and Frank Trenier.

This organization has a National Council and Subordinate or Local Councils. We have two classes of members, insured and associate members, the insured members receive sick and death benefits, which are derived from monthly dues. And I am very proud to state the 1916 Convention of the National Council finds us with fourteen Sub. Councils, and many prospective Councils to enter the fold some time soon.

Who We Are, and What We Are Trying to Do

To be a Knight of Peter Claver, you must first of all be a practical Catholic, and remain a practical Catholic. And, my dear people, the Catholic Church is one great house of God, where all races are invited to enter and receive the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of the grace. And it's up to you, Brothers, to invite, work along with your priests; some of them are Peter Clavers, living right in this Southland. Yes, be a true Peter Claver. He did not only invite, but he went and brought them to the true fold to receive the Prince of Peace.

I know you are busy; we all ought to be that way, but you should give a part of your time to your organization and Church. Why, stop and think a little, everything that we have that is good was accomplished by some kind of sacrifice. Look at our Patron Saint, he gave his whole life's work serving our people. Why should you not be a "Big" Brother Knight in this grand organization? And give a part of your life's work. At our last meeting I advised you to stand for your people. Be true Catholics and build a Christian home. This time I am go-

ing to ask you to be a "Big" Brother to some little fellow, by giving him a start in the Juvenile Knights of Peter Claver. We would look after the dear little fellows, and here is the greatest opportunity that ever knocked on our doors and asked to be let in, and the beauty of it all is that while we are leading the boys in the right direction, we are doing something



St. Peter Claver, "The Slave of the Negroes forever"

for our society and homes. If every Knight would only determine to be a "Big" Brother to a few boys and help every chance that offered, the Knights would soon be the greatest moral force in this country. Boys need the helping hand, if it is not given them, they will drift into forbidden places and bad company, just because there is no one to help them. The best way to help a boy is to help him help himself, and if we can get him to form the Christian society habit, the chances are we have saved him, body and soul.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I remain, a man who loves his fellow-men and proves his love by service.

GILBERT FAUSTINA, *Sup. Knight.*



Some Girls of the Kindergarten, Jackson, Miss. .

My First Impressions of Our Negro Missions

BY REV. FATHER GRUHN, S. V. D.

"How do you like our country?" This is what everyone who crossed the ocean has been asked, time and again, by the inquisitive dwellers under the Stars and Stripes. The same or a similar question is also put to the northerner who has crossed the Dixie line to sojourn or to settle down forever in the sunny South. The latter has, to all appearance, become the portion of my life as, since the end of August, 1916, the blue southern sky is over me and a humble southern home shelters me; and now the sounds of southern cheerfulness ring within my ears and the bright smile of Southland's black children gladdens my heart when it is weary.

I was not spared the question, "How do you like the South?" I say with all my heart: Very well. For here I find the people who, more than twenty years ago, occasioned my vocation. The needs of the negro in Africa, as recorded in the Annals of the Association of the Holy Childhood, left an indelible mark upon the soul of the boy and played a decisive part in his determination to become a missionary among them. Providence, though, led me to America. Although my eyes were turned southward my duties kept me in the North for over six years.

Then, after repeated applications, I finally was ordered to go to the South and work there among the descendants and brethren of the Africans of my boyhood, the colored people. Why should I not like what I have longed for over twenty years? But there are people in some quarters of the country who, half pitifully and half scornfully, tell me: "How can you like such a being as a negro?" Often enough I met such people.

Here is my answer: I like them because of my Master's Love. Did He die for the white man only? Or did He give the command to His Apostles: "Go ye, teach all nations, but don't go to Africa or the countries where colored people live"? I like them because the Master said: "Whatsoever you do to the least among men is done to me." May not His divine eyes at these words have rested, with infinite compassion especially on the despised and downtrodden children of Africa? I like them because they also have a soul reddened and redeemed by the precious blood of the God made Man. Woe to those that withhold its merits from them! I like them because of their bodies' and souls' ultimate destiny for the deserved happiness in the house of the all-loving Father who is in heaven,

where all will be like the angels of God. I like them because of the great Law: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself! Or has this no reference at all to a certain class of men because their skin happens to be different from ours? Neither ours nor theirs is of our own choosing. A higher power has created a variety in men's appearance. But the very same power holds out for them all only one destiny; and carries them all in the immutable law of one love and calls them all to the everlasting bliss of only one home. Who can blame the Maker for the work of His hands? Do you not know that eternal life and loss depends solely on our love?

Another one asked: "What impression has the South made on you?" He means the life and labors of a missionary among the colored in the South. Speaking generally of the particular missions of the Society of the Divine Word as they are in the State of Mississippi—Little Rock, Ark., I did not see yet—I can merely repeat what, a few years back, a gentleman, traveling with me in a train from Chicago, assured me by saying: "Father, I have been through the whole South and must tell you the truth, when I saw the schools and establishments of your missions I was struck with the marvelous work your Fathers and Sisters do; indeed, your schools are the very best in the Catholic missions among the colored." He, evidently, spoke as an enthusiast. So I did not give his words all the credence he may have expected. However, having now come in closer contact with the places so highly lauded by the aforesaid gentleman I, whilst comparatively careful to accept the latter part of his assertion, very cheerfully endorsed the former part of his statement: Fathers and Sisters have done a great work. They have chosen good grounds to settle upon; they have erected school buildings with friendly appearance, well roomed, well lighted, well furnished. Yet two things are at once apparent and I cannot forbear to mention them. The first: All the schools and some other important buildings have been built too much on the basis of poverty (due, of course, to

dire necessity), owing to which repeated repairs and subsequent frequent expenses are unavoidable. The second: The establishments have been made with too little consideration of the colored people's ambition for anything that aims at education and efficiency in the various positions of life in a free country. Therefore, the schools as well as the other adjoining buildings already show more or less a deplorable lack of capacity to accommodate the host of those that like to learn and to house the body of them that come to teach.

How many have gone through the training of our mission schools in the short period of their existence I am unable to say. Yet certain it is, that they raised a good number from their traditional lowliness to a more pleasant level of life. The present attendance of our schools amounts to more than a thousand pupils. Had we but the means and the liberty to follow our own methods, this number would increase to five and ten thousand in a very, very short time.

Truly, Fathers and Sisters have done great work and they are doing a still greater as far as their number and means allow. For they see ever more clearly that the entire success of their missionary labor in the South bases on the education of the colored people. For this reason they wisely strive to conform themselves in their educational plans and enterprises to the demands of the present, so they may provide the better for the exigencies of the future. And the future of the colored man has but one aim and adage: Excelsior! Excelsior socially; excelsior industrially; excelsior in religion. Unless we lead the colored man to God, not the one whose name is Mammon and whose altar the belly, but to Him whom we pray to: Our Father, who art in Heaven, we rather let them alone, that their ultimate downfall may not be the deeper the higher the pinnacle has been of their worldly standing, when they were striving after the Excelsior, totally ignoring the fact that all laboring for the "higher up" is folly when we fail to reach the Most High.

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One of the things which made the greatest impression on Simmonds was the fact that in her instructions Mother Augustine made no distinction of race or color. "It is your soul God wants, He cares nothing about your color," she

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How Slavery was Introduced

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination. The question ran: "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied:

"No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them and slavery was introduced into America."

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"That may be," said the Cure; "and if so, I am heartily sorry for you, because I know only two kinds of people who don't sin—those who haven't yet come to the use of reason and those who have lost it."

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The upkeep of the school, which is the feeder for the congregation. 50 cents will pay for the expenses of a day scholar for a whole month. \$5.00 for a whole year.

It takes \$8.00 per month to provide for a mission pupil that boards at the mission, or \$72.00 per year.

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4. By helping our **churches and chapels** to adorn their walls and make them attractive and fitting temples of the Almighty. Vestments, sacred vessels, altar linen, altar boys' supplies, statues, etc. are always welcome in the poor missions.
5. There are the **orphans** so numerous and the **poor** who "are always with us," that look to the priest for assistance in their helplessness. Hundreds of poor children are almost day and night on the streets of our southern cities, because they either have no parents and no one to care for them, or their parents have to toil 12 hours a day and have no time to look after them. These children ought to be in school, that they may learn how to

become useful citizens, but they have not the clothes or the shoes, or not even the few cents to buy their books.

You see, dear reader, the field of charity for the negro missions is almost as wide as the firmament.

6. By becoming a **special benefactor**.
7. By remembering the negro missions in your **last will** and testament.—Form of bequest, which may be used:

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to "The Catholic Educational Institute of Jackson, Miss." (legal title)

..... (In this place state the amount of money and where it is deposited; if real estate, describe the property and where located) to be used and expended for the appropriate object of the said organization.

Remember that no part of the country is suffering as much as Mississippi and Arkansas, because the people of the black belt have not had a paying crop for the last 3 years on account of the ravages of the boll weevil. The times are hard and the needs of the missions great.

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When in Need

of a

Chalice, Ciborium, Ostensorium or Vestments, Albs, Surplices, etc., as also good Catholic Literature on any subject always address

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THE POPES AND SCIENCE

by

JAMES J. WALSH

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by

James J. Walsh

Fordham University Press
New York

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THE Colored Messenger



A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE
OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

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Quarterly

JUNE, 1917

Volume II
Number 2

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

All subscription money is to be sent to *The Colored Messenger*, Bell & Blair Sts., Jackson, Miss.

Literary contributions are to be sent to the editor, Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., 1914—18 Ave., Meridian, Miss.

MISSIONARY GEMS

"The type of abnegation, courage and virtue to be found in the Catholic missionary, is worthy of the consideration of the whole world. The missions reveal the Catholicity and sanctity of the Church of Christ."—*Lady Herbert*.

"In the duties that join us to God and to the Church, the greatest thing to be noted is that in the propagation of Christian truth every one of us should labor as far as lies in his power."—*Leo XIII. Enc. "Sapientiae Christianae."*

For the Salvation of Souls:

"God gave His only Son,
The Church gives her prayers and blessings,
The missionary gives his life.
What will *You* give?"

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

"The never ending cry is: More Schools for our Negro missions!" —*Our Negro Missions, p. 50.*

The Colored Messenger

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE NEGRO MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

Volume II

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Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

The Message

Shall It Be School or Hospital?

The average student of the missions is inclined to think that mission work consists mostly in charity work. He pictures the missionary like St. Francis Xavier or St. Peter Claver with the cross in his hands rushing from one hospital ward to the other consoling and comforting the sick and dying. He sees him rallying through the village baptizing and preaching to the crowds. All this is ideal. When we come down to pure naked reality, we shall find the missionary as he is leaving the steps of the altar in the morning, attending to his daily routine of work, either in the classroom in his office or in instructing converts or hunting up backsliders.

There is certainly much poetry and enthusiasm in the first way of doing things, but our age has come to greater realization of matters and goes about in a business-like way, trying to find the most profitable solution of the problem.

Here is a great divergence of opinion. Taking especially Negro-missions into consideration, we may put the question into concrete terms: Shall it be school or hospital? Which is the most profitable way to convert the Negro on a large scale? Is it through the school or through charitable institutions?

We decidedly stand on the side of the school. The Catholic school moulds the mind of the child to a pious and pure life. It gives him the reason why he believes in the Catholic Faith; it gives him a weapon to defend himself when questioned about his belief. In short, it raises an intelligent class of members of the Church. This method will not tell and show its fruit at once, but it will tell very forcibly in the long run. Ignorance is the greatest enemy the Church has to fear. This method—of basing the whole

mission work on the school—is the highest type of charity, dealing as it does directly with the soul.

Our modern missionaries among the Negroes are coming more and more to this way of doing things. Their first solicitude is the school. They have a school before they have a church. Once the school is well established, other charities will follow. We do not minimize the importance of hospitals and asylums for the Colored, but methods, business and logic require, first of all, a good up-to-date school.

—o—

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

All subscription money is to be sent to *The Colored Messenger*, Bell & Blair Sts., Jackson, Miss.

Literary contributions are to be sent to the editor, Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., 1914—18 Ave., Meridian, Miss.

MISSIONARY GEMS

"The type of abnegation, courage and virtue to be found in the Catholic missionary, is worthy of the consideration of the whole world. The missions reveal the Catholicity and sanctity of the Church of Christ."—*Lady Herbert*.

"In the duties that join us to God and to the Church, the greatest thing to be noted is that in the propagation of Christian truth every one of us should labor as far as lies in his power."—*Leo XIII. Enc. "Sapientiae Christianae."*

For the Salvation of Souls:

"God gave His only Son,
The Church gives her prayers and blessings,
The missionary gives his life.
What will *You* give?"

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

"The never ending cry is: More Schools for our Negro missions!" —*Our Negro Missions*, p. 50.

The Colored Messenger

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE NEGRO MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

Volume II

JUNE, 1917

Number 2

Rev. P. J. Wendel, S. V. D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

The Message

Shall It Be School or Hospital?

The average student of the missions is inclined to think that mission work consists mostly in charity work. He pictures the missionary like St. Francis Xavier or St. Peter Claver with the cross in his hands rushing from one hospital ward to the other consoling and comforting the sick and dying. He sees him rallying through the village baptizing and preaching to the crowds. All this is ideal. When we come down to pure naked reality, we shall find the missionary as he is leaving the steps of the altar in the morning, attending to his daily routine of work, either in the classroom in his office or in instructing converts or hunting up backsliders.

There is certainly much poetry and enthusiasm in the first way of doing things, but our age has come to greater realization of matters and goes about in a business-like way, trying to find the most profitable solution of the problem.

Here is a great divergence of opinion. Taking especially Negro-missions into consideration, we may put the question into concrete terms: Shall it be school or hospital? Which is the most profitable way to convert the Negro on a large scale? Is it through the school or through charitable institutions?

We decidedly stand on the side of the school. The Catholic school moulds the mind of the child to a pious and pure life. It gives him the reason why he believes in the Catholic Faith; it gives him a weapon to defend himself when questioned about his belief. In short, it raises an intelligent class of members of the Church. This method will not tell and show its fruit at once, but it will tell very forcibly in the long run. Ignorance is the greatest enemy the Church has to fear. This method—of basing the whole

mission work on the school—is the highest type of charity, dealing as it does directly with the soul.

Our modern missionaries among the Negroes are coming more and more to this way of doing things. Their first solicitude is the school. They have a school before they have a church. Once the school is well established, other charities will follow. We do not minimize the importance of hospitals and asylums for the Colored, but methods, business and logic require, first of all, a good up-to-date school.

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a decided success and the Knights are to be congratulated on their splendid work. I am very much in favor of it here in Mississippi, and I sincerely hope that the sentiments expressed in Natchez may be translated into deeds before the next annual convention."

Irresponsible newspapers have had much to say of plots exciting the Negroes against the U. S. Government in this war. It is much waste of time and energy to cast any suspicion on the missionaries. There is only one government against which the latter are exciting the Negroes and that is the kingdom of the Devil and his allies.

They are coming! We read in the annual of the Mission Workers of the Sacred Heart that they provide for the girls of St. Peter Claver's Industrial School at Baltimore an annual retreat, given by a Jesuit Father.

The *Pittsburgh Catholic* tells us that an excellent Methodist minister in that city announces that he has the Devil by the tail and will not let him go. We hope he will not tire and will keep a tight grip. The Devil's cunning, we are glad to learn, has at last met its match. Well employed minister, fortunate congregation!

John Boyle O'Reilly once said:
Races and sects were to him a profanity:
Hindu and Negro and Kelt were as one.

In the annual report of the Negro mission commission we read: "In some regions of the South for a Negro to join the Church is equivalent to ostracism from the ranks of his own people."

"It is a common knowledge, that a school is an indispensable feature of every mission."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Curley of St. Augustine, Fla., says in his report: "The school is essential to the life of the work among the Negroes."

Easter saw all the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word assembled at Jackson, Miss., for a conference on mission work, especially school-matters. These conferences, the object of which is, to perfect our school system, will solidify more and more the foundation of our mission work.

Last month the very Rev. J. A. Burgmer, the Provincial of the S. V. D., paid his official visit to the missions and expressed himself as highly pleased with the results.

The summer vacation of our schools begins the first part of June and will last till the middle of September.

War times are hard times, and especially in the missions. We ask our friends not to forget us with their prayers and their alms.

We read in a Negro Journal the following prayer:

God bless the squire
And all his rich relations,
And teach us poor folks
To keep our stations.

We congratulate Rev. Father Glenn on the erection of St. Anthony's Hospital for Colored, at Memphis. All Memphis needs now is a first-class school to meet the demands of the 60,000 Negroes.

The general cry among the Negroes throughout the South is: Schools, schools, schools; give us Catholic schools! Who will help to erect these schools?

The Need of the Sacred Heart

All you who fain what you possess
To others would impart,
Oh! listen to those words of fire
Breathed forth from Jesus' Heart:

"And other sheep I have," He says.
"And them, too, must I bring,
That there may be one only Fold,
One Kingdom and one King."

To bring them back He little heeds
What tears and blood He spent,
As though without those "other sheep"
He could not be content.

Count not the cost, ye chosen ones,
At which souls must be bought;
Cost what it may, to Jesus' Heart
Those "others" must be brought.

With all we love, and life itself,
Oh! what a joy to part!
To satisfy the burning thirst
Of Jesus' Sacred Heart. —Selected.

A Few Minutes with the Missionary

The New Sacred Heart Chapel in Waltersville, Miss.

Easter Sunday, April 8, 1917, Rev. J. J. Steinhauer, S. V. D., of Vicksburg, Miss., blessed the new Sacred Heart Church in Waltersville, Miss. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gunn, Natchez, Miss., being prevented from attending to the blessing himself, delegated Father Steinhauer to perform the sacred rite. In spite of the cold wave a large crowd of Catholics and non-Catholics had assembled. Father Steinhauer performed the blessing as prescribed in the Ritual and then addressed the congregation, telling them that he had dedicated this place solemnly to be a house of prayer and worship of God. He spoke on the necessity and the value of prayer asking the audience to make this place their home where they will speak to their heavenly Father bringing to Him all their joys and all their troubles.

Here they may thank God for all His gifts; here they may seek His pardon for their sins; here they may ask for His blessings. There will be Mass in the new chapel about every second week and Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. The New Sacred Heart School, which started last year, has proven a success. At present there are about 60 children attending the school whilst only 30 visit the public school. The congregation numbers about 24 members. This church and school is about 2 miles from St. Mary's Church in Vicksburg. The adult members of Waltersville attend St. Mary's Church regularly, but it proves to be too far for the little children. Some of them have to walk 3 miles to St. Mary's Church. It is for them that this church has been erected. In the school the foundation to a Catholic congregation has been laid, but we cannot take any children into the church without giving them a chance to attend to their duty towards God. The building had been purchased last year by the kind help of Rev. Mother Katherine Drexel. It is a combination of school and church. Rev. Father Dorsey, the colored priest who gave a mission in March of this year at St. Mary's, addressed a large

number of non-Catholics in the hall, which now is dedicated to be a place of worship in honor of the Sacred Heart. He explained to the assembly the Catholic Church, its doctrines, commandments, and sacraments. Here a word may be in place about Father Dorsey's mission in Vicksburg. St. Mary's had never seen a larger crowd than during Father Dorsey's mission. The church was taxed above its capacity. People were standing up and sitting in the aisles and in the sanctuary; the staircase leading up to the school-rooms was packed with people, and many were standing outside at the doors and the windows. On one night several of the Knights of Columbus attended the sermon, and they testified that they had never heard an orator so powerful, a speaker so eloquent, as Father Dorsey. Many were converted from enemies to admirers and friends of the Church. Since this mission 12 have joined the Church and more are under instruction.

The erection and dedication of the Sacred Heart Chapel in Waltersville means a step forward in the missionary work among the Colored people of Vicksburg and vicinity. May God bless the work!

Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

The Sisters of the Holy Ghost have the following to say about their school in the capital of Mississippi:

Here in Jackson our children are doing well in school. Most of them are very poor. Our school is a private institution, and the pupils are supposed to pay tuition, 50 cents in the lower grades, up to the fifth inclusive, 75 cents in the grades following, up to high school. Yet in spite of the very moderate charges per month, about half of our 300 children are coming without pay, for the simple reason that their parents or guardians are without means. How could we be so cruel as to send these poor children away if they like to go to the Catholic school and are otherwise good children? How could we refuse admittance to those of whom the Master said: "Suffer the lit-

tle children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?"

Yes, to Him they come, those children going to our school. It is surprising how quickly they learn, and how easily they take to the teaching of our holy religion and to the practice thereof. We have some children in our school who visit Our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament every day at the first recess. When there is an examination, our Catholics even take their Protestant friends along to the church to ask the Blessed Virgin for help that they may have success.

do whatever they could to relieve her sufferings. Such little incidents happen frequently. They show us that the children try to be good and follow the lessons taught them in school. Too bad that their home-life brings them together with people who are frequently opposed, sometimes very much opposed, to the teachings of Holy Mother Church. Then, most of the parents and guardians of our children are adherents of the different churches. They, of course, do not tell their children to go to church on Sunday morning, nor to receive the sacra-



School and hall, Jackson, Miss.

Some time ago, when we had the drawing for medals awarded for good conduct, we missed a number of children. Looking for them, we found them kneeling in church before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, praying that they might have good luck. And surely enough, the girls who had been the leaders in this work of piety got a medal.

Just opposite of our school there is a poor old woman living all by herself in a deserted shanty. She got sick, and had no one to look after her. When our girls learned about it, they went over to see her. It was very cold that day. There was no fire in the room, no stick of wood, no coal to be found. The children got some fuel from the neighborhood, started the fire, swept the room and tried to

ments, neither do they enforce on them the law of abstinence on Fridays. Thus, the poor children are left to themselves to practice their religion. And it means indeed very much for a child to get up early in the morning and to go to church, while parents, brothers and sisters still stay in bed. Or to do without breakfast when they want to go to Holy Communion. Also, not to eat meat on Fridays when all others of the family do eat it.

And besides, how much ridicule must they stand from outsiders, from those who are opposed to our Church? Often they come to tell us how bad people talk against the Catholics, and what remarks they make while they practice their religion. These children find it very consoling to tell Sister their troubles, be-

cause they know that she is a true friend who means it well with them. A good many of them prefer to stay after school hours to be with her a little longer. Others come back to study their lessons or to do some little work for Sister.

There is much talk all over the country about hard times. From the following incident the readers may judge how far this is true of our Colored people here: Last fall there was a girl in our neighborhood who liked very much to come to our school. But how get the books; as there was no one to care for her? She was working for white people in the morning and in the evening, for which she received 50 cents a week and her board. After the first week, she came with her salary to buy a reader. The second week she worked for an arithmetic. But then she needed shoes. Then some other little things. How pay for all her books, not to speak of her tuition? She finally gave it up, finding it almost impossible to manage the job. This is only one case out of hundreds.

This example shows how much good we could do had we the means to practice more real charity among these poor people. It is sometimes very trying for the missionary to be witness of such poverty, to see their need, and to be unable to help. If we think of how much money the nation is ready to spend in carrying on the war at present, and, on the other hand, see the hardships and sufferings of so many people at our very doors, it becomes plain to the thinking mind that something is wrong with the world. It makes one wonder whether the times are already at hand of which Our Lord said: "that the charity of many shall grow cold."

How much could be done had we an orphanage where we could take care of such poor children as the one mentioned above? Of children who lost their parents and have no one to look after them? They could be saved for Christ and His Church. They could be brought up in their innocence, instructed in the right religion from their infancy.

The beginning of such a work could be made very simple. If every one of our

readers were willing to send a small contribution for an orphanage for Colored children, the undertaking would be a reality in a year's time. There is no Colored Orphanage in all the States of Mississippi, where, as we are told, one million of these people are living. For Catholics who have no children, what an excellent chance to build up a memorial for them to tell future generations of their work of charity? Also for those who live in blessed singleness a way is open here for doing untold good in putting up a monument that shall stand for time to come.

To our readers and benefactors the Missionary Sisters send their greetings.

St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.

Father Wendel writes that he had 8 baptisms on Easter Sunday. The head of the Royal Printing Company, a local colored concern, and also the head of the local colored Transfer Company, were among the baptized.

Through the generous help of a white friend of the race, St. Joseph's has now a brass band consisting of 13 pieces. The boys are doing fine and on nice summer nights St. Joseph's resounds like "sounding brass." We shall bring a picture of the band in our next issue.

From April 12—15 the Rev. Father Gruhn, S. V. D., gave a retreat to the young ladies of our parish, which was a decided success. Being the first retreat in this mission, we were a little sceptical about its outcome, but 30 young women



Mr. H. L. Wonders

availed themselves of the opportunity. A very amusing incident happened when some crank reported to the police that the Catholics were carrying on secret meetings, probably against the government.

It must be said to the credit of the Chief of police, that he had too much sense even to attempt to make an investigation. Such are war times.

We cannot close St. Joseph's news column without mentioning the death of Mr. H. L. Wonders, a prominent member of the parish. Mr. Wonders was a convert, and a graduate of Merhury Medical College. He was an example of a dutiful child of the Church and a great lover of Charity. The poor of his own race will miss him more than anyone else. R. I. P.

St. Bartholomew's Mission, Little Rock, Ark.

We call the attention of our readers to Father Hoenderop's article on the Little Rock Mission on another page. Richly illustrated, this article shows the wonderful progress of the Arkansas mission. The only regret that overcomes one reading the item, is that there are not a dozen or more such fine missions and splendid schools in Arkansas. But if God gives us the priests, Sisters and means, we hope they will soon come into existence.

Sarced Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

The holy Lenten season is a time of the most edifying religious zeal in our congregation: even the little ones of the Kindergarten make it a point not to eat candy during this holy season and no Catholic who has any faith at all would go to a picture show or to an entertainment of any kind. This time of year is devoted solely to the service of God and to the salvation of their souls. So, a large percentage of our Catholics came this year every morning during Lent to receive Holy Communion and to attend the holy sacrifice of Mass, which took place as early as 6 o'clock. Some did not miss Mass once during these forty days but came even on cold and rainy days, and we frequently had very disagreeable weather during Lent. Among those who came every morning also were two children who were not eight years of age. One of them, only six years old, asked her mother, who is not a Catholic, to allow

her to come every morning, but there was no one to bring her, and so the mother promised to go with her to church every morning. Soon the mother liked the services so much that she came not only in the morning but also attended all evening service, and during Holy Week she did not miss one service. On Easter Sunday she asked me for a Missal to be able to follow the priest at the altar. It is true what one of our boys whom I baptized on Easter said: "Father, if we could get more people to attend our services regularly and to learn to understand them, we would soon have a very large congregation."—Our evening services on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays were largely attended also by non-Catholics.

During my few years of mission work in the South I made the experience that if our children-converts do not show an extraordinary zeal in fulfilling their religious duties, if they are not taught to make sacrifices for their holy Faith, and if they do not learn to understand and to love the divine services of our Church, the temptation and danger are too great for them soon to fall away from the Church, for there is little that attracts them in our churches, and everything they have to do appears too difficult to them. For these reasons we used the English Missal every morning during the whole Lenten season; a member of the congregation read the Epistle and the Gospel and said the prayers of the Church while the whole congregation said the "Confiteor" before holy Communion. This made our morning Lenten services so attractive and understandable even to non-Catholics. Many told me: "Father, we did never know what you were doing at the altar and what prayers you were saying; now that we know them, we like them so much." On Holy Saturday not only our Catholics but also members of other denominations came as early as 4 o'clock in the morning and listened with great attention to the prophecies which were read to them in English. On Easter we again had solemn baptism, and eight new members were added to the little flock. Many more were on the list but for one reason or other they will have to wait till later.

Blossoms From the Missionfield

Daniel, the Catechist

(From "The Negro Child" by the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis).

BY SISTER BERCHMANS

I know that you must be well disposed towards the Sisters of Providence who are laboring for the conversion of the heathen in Madagascar. Our first settlement was in Betafo, and I thought it might interest you to make the acquaintance of a catechist of that station, who is a truly holy man.

Therefore I introduce our Daniel to you, in his finest attire: white shoes, black leggings, bought for a few pennies from an old dealer, white trousers, black overcoat which replaces the shirt that on ordinary days, according to the custom of that country, falls down over the trousers; finally the indispensable tunic.

In his left hand he is holding his hat, his old hat which he handles with loving care, as it was formerly a pretty white head-gear, and Daniel is economical on account of his large family, which depends upon him for support.—As you see, he has not forgotten his walking-cane, as well as his inseparable companion, the napkin, for he is very careful of his clothes. He never omits to spread the precious knee protector whether at confession, at the Communion rail, or while serving Mass, even before making a genuflection. On ordinary days he uses the bottom part of his wife's dress for knee protector as she kneels beside him. In all these things Daniel is actuated by a supernatural motive. If you should ask him for the reason of his unusual dress, he

would answer seriously: "It is for the honor of God!"

Recently we met on his return from Alakarnisy, where he assisted the priest in conducting the spiritual exercises. His work on these occasions consists in instructing the faithful in the catechism, preparing them for confession by mentioning the sins which they might be most apt to commit, helping them to arouse themselves to contrition, etc. How great was our surprise to see Daniel approaching barefooted, wearing patched trousers, and a simple gray cover over his shoulders, instead of the overcoat.

"Why have you no shoes on today, Daniel?" I asked.—"Alas, Reverend Mother," he replied with a respectful



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Daniel the Catechist

bow, "because my shoes, which you see here across the shoulders of my little servant, are beginning to tear, and since I bought them only for Divine Service, I do not wish to wear them unnecessarily." As a matter of fact, the boy who was following Daniel carried not only the poor patched shoes, but also the precious tunic and the overcoat.

In order to complete Daniel's picture, I must add that when he goes on his apostolic journey, he always takes his large books, the catechism, and the Bible. He ever watches for an opportunity of saving a soul; if he should meet a Protestant or a heathen, he immediately draws him into conversation, and with the help of his books defends his teachings in a truly wonderful manner. How many conversions this simple but sincere and zealous man has already made!

Perhaps you might like to become acquainted with his family also. His wife, Magdalen, is not in the least like him. She is as negligent as he is careful, and as quarrelsome and hot-tempered as he is peace-loving and patient. In addition, she is very moody!

Sometimes when Daniel, exhausted from the day's exertions, comes home in the evening he finds his door locked; he then sits down upon the ground and waits patiently until his stubborn consort chooses to let him in. (*To be continued.*)

Because of Their Faith

There are two little girls in our care who had a rather thrilling experience finding their way into Holy Church. They are J. and M. from "way down near the Swanee River, far, far away." Their mother had made up her mind that her two little darlings should belong to the Catholic Church, like she herself, "for," as she remarked, "no Church can keep my babies pure and good but the Catholic Church." As there was no Catholic school for negroes in the place, J. and M., after the public school was over, went regularly to the good Sisters of Charity, who taught the white children, for instructions in catechism. They came to Mass every morning and strived hard to be baptized.

One must live in Mississippi to know what it means to become a Catholic. The devil certainly moves every strife and places every possible obstacle in the way of him who is about to abjure him and his pomps. So also in J's and M's case,—and worse, because some dissipated member of the household of the Faith lowered himself so far as to become a tool in the devil's workshop. When this "Catholic" heard that these two "nigger girls" were to join the Church, he one day stormed their house, beat up the mother, insulted her and inflicted such wounds upon her that she had to remain in bed for two weeks. As he threatened the children that he would kill them if they continued their instructions, they were hurried away 200 miles to our mission, where they are now continuing their instructions and waiting for the waters of holy Baptism to be poured over them.

Does not this story remind us of the early times of the Church? This is only one instance of an obstacle that is in the way of the negro to join the Catholic Church. He cannot even invoke the protection of the law, for fear something worse may happen to him. There are many of these little martyrs in the "Black Belt" of this "glorious land of the brave and the free." "Sanguis martyrum est semen Christianorum"—The blood of the martyrs is the seed of Christians, was the axiom in olden times. It may not be the real blood, but its equivalent, which will be the fructified seed for the poor, oppressed, downtrodden negro to embrace his only salvation, the Catholic Church. God alone knows what some of these poor people have to suffer. It will never be known except to God and perhaps their priest, who is father and mother to them.

—o—

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing.

In proof of these read these veritable specimens written by school-children:

"Stability is taking care of the stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."



The beginning of St. Bartholomews on Gaines St., Little Rock, Ark.

St. Bartholomew's Mission, Little Rock, Ark.

Its Beginning

BY REV. FINTAN KRAEMER, O. S. B.

Soon after the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Morris at Little Rock, immediately after his consecration, June 11, 1906, it became evident that something would be done for the Colored people of the city of Little Rock. On February 21, 1907, he obtained the Diocesan jurisdiction, when his apostolic zeal was assisted by the fact that he succeeded as Bishop also to the available funds and property of the Diocese, the material means and helps which, by the ordinance of God, are the indispensable conditions and foundations for the development of even the kingdom of God upon earth, just as the human body is a requisite for the existence and the exercise of meritorious works of the soul.

But while the good Bishop was very anxious to begin work for the Colored people of Little Rock, it was not so easy to secure the services of a priest willing and sufficiently free from other missionary labors to undertake the work. When speaking to me about the necessity of this

missionary undertaking and the scarcity and difficulty of securing a priest for the work, I did not know how to answer His Lordship in any better way than to express my willingness to add this work to the duties which I already had as pastor of St. Edward's Church.

Thereupon the Bishop assigned a lot, on Eighth and Gains Streets, as the most suitable of any property of the city belonging to the Diocese, as the center for the new missionary activities in behalf of the Colored people. Upon this lot were two old wooden structures beginning to show decay,—one of these had been used as a doctor's office and a little store in the long ago. I then employed a carpenter to repair and somewhat remodel the old store-building to give it an ecclesiastical appearance, so that it might serve us as a church. The expenses for all these improvements were met by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, while I performed my services from the day I took charge until another priest succeeded me as pastor of St. Bartholomew's Church, without any earthly remuneration, knowing that God

will grant an exceedingly great reward to all those who labor to make His name known among the Gentiles.

While the buildings were being remodelled, I took occasion to meet many Colored people, interesting them in our enterprise, and making friends and possible affiliations for our new congregation. Valuable assistance was rendered to me by Mr. Pleasant Smith, who was the only Catholic Colored man. whom I knew when I began my missionary labors among them. I had often seen him at the Cathedral Church; and all who knew him well, spoke of him as a most reliable and conscientious man. As he was a citizen of many years in Little Rock he naturally knew many well-disposed people of his race, and to these he gave me an introduction.

When the building destined to become our house of worship was sufficiently completed, the Rt. Rev. Bishop dedicated it in the presence of a large number of Colored people. The Bishop named the church and the congregation in Honor of St. Bartholomew, because, as he said, this Saint was his patron, whom he selected at his Confirmation, and then, said he, St. Bartholomew was martyred by having his skin peeled off of him alive, so that it did not matter any about the skin or the color thereof.

The date of the dedication may be found in the Record of Baptisms, which I started for St. Bartholomew's Church.

As I stated above, Mr. Pleasant Smith was the only Catholic Colored man I knew, and for the work that lay before me he proved a great help toward success. By his obliging assistance I soon got acquainted with those people of his race, who, although declaring themselves Catholics, did not feel that they were welcome even in a church of their own, if they had to intermingle with a different race. These people soon came back to their full duties,—and their favor and zeal influenced even some non-Catholics to attend our services and instructions.

Always after Early Mass Services at St. Edwards on Sundays, I hastened to St. Bartholomew's to officiate for the second time, saying Mass and having a

sermon for many Colored people. They proved to be quite regular attendants, showing an eagerness for divine service and Christian instruction. On every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7:30, I gave them a catechetical instruction, recited with them the Litany of either the Holy Name or the Sacred Heart or of the Blessed Virgin. Many of these good people were excellent singers, and therefore I arranged invariably to commence and finish our spiritual exercises with religious hymns. Our congregational singing proved to be quite an attraction, and I believe I am not mistaken when I say, that a hymn before an instruction, when all had vocally exerted themselves, had the effect of a sedative, at least I thought they were always very attentive to my instruction after such a hymn. Likewise had the chanting of some hymn after instruction a soothing effect and a tendency to maintain the enthusiasm in connection with some truth that had been explained to them.

I made it my business to invite as many Colored people as possible to our services, and to tell them that, although they were not Catholic, they were nevertheless most cordially welcome. As a result of this we had always at all our services a fair and respectable gathering of all our people who could possibly take part, together with a varying number of non-Catholics. The number of both Catholics and non-Catholics was always enough to render the instruction to them a work of pleasure. I do not remember that during the whole year which I devoted to the establishment of St. Bartholomew's Church we had any services without the presence of some few non-Catholics.

The founding of St. Bartholomew's Church was a labor of love, and God blessed our endeavors. As a matter of fact, the hoped-for Colored congregation became a reality, the erstwhile scattered sheep were reunited with the apostolic fold, and new affiliations were added by conversions and baptisms, so that after one year of missionary activity the little parish was sufficiently advanced to enable the Rt. Rev. Bishop to place it at the exclusive services of a priest, or pastor.

In reviewing the founding of the Colored Congregation of Little Rock, I find that it was a much easier task than many might surmise. The harvest is at hand, and it certainly is ripe, and greatly promising. The invitation to laborers, to missionaries, is constantly tendered by the grace of God; all of this was applicable to Little Rock.—and when the ecclesiastical superiors are full of enthusiasm for the great work and offer their assistance, as was the fact in Little Rock, then the remaining difficulties are readily overcome, and success will be recorded as a reward for faithful compliance.

In New Hands and Quarters

BY REV. P. J. HOENDEROP, S. V. D.

Rev. Fr. Krueger was the next to take charge of St. Bartholomew's. Though burdened with his other duties, he, as a real missionary, threw himself, heart and soul into the work for his dear Colored people. Many had drifted away. Like the Good Shepherd, he went after them. He saw that education was fundamental to make his work a success. So he opened a school, giving it in charge of the Ven. Sisters of St. Benedict, Shoal Creek, Ark., who soon enjoyed the confidence and love of the Colored children. The results of their efforts was a blessing to

their little ones. Then church and school proved too small for the increasing numbers of the faithful. Yet Fr. Krueger found it impossible to go on with the good work. Being always a great friend of the S. V. D., he repeatedly begged Fr. Sup. Heick, S. V. D., to let the mission be taken over by his Society. This met with the ready approval of His Lordship, whose practical benevolence plays a well-known part in the history of St. Bartholomew's. Be it said right here, that both its members as well as its pastors have their hearts filled with undying gratitude for the fatherly kindness of the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

Rev. Fr. Hoflinger was the first of the S. V. D., missionaries to labor among the Colored in Little Rock. With practical business intelligence and praiseworthy zeal he continued what his predecessors had begun. The Missionary Sisters of the Holy Ghost came at his call to assist him in school, which very soon numbered over hundred pupils. To enable the strenuous workers to expand their field still more the Rt. Rev. Bishop Morris donated to the S. V. D., another place as a new—the present—home for the mission. There, through the kind and gratefully acknowledged assistance of good Mother Drexel, a combination building of church and



Senior and Highschool grades at St. Bartholomew's. / Sister Romana in charge

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Senior and Highschool grades at St. Bartholomew's. Sister Romana in charge



A fine group from Arkansas

school was erected, Rev. Fr. Hoenderop, S. V. D., supervising. A successful collection tour of the Rev. Pastor enabled him to put the new establishment in first-class condition. St. Bartholomew's will keep Fr. Hoflinger in grateful remembrance.

Since 1914 Rev. Fr. Hoenderop, S. V. D., is pastor of St. Bartholomew's congregation. Many converts have been made and the school, being conducted by able hands and headed by a very experienced teacher, is in a flourishing condition. The high-school department, especially, enjoys the distinction of recognized excellent standing. Next to God we owe the success of our humble endeavors and sacrifices to our generous friends and benefactors, of whom we have gratefully mentioned the greatest and to whom we must add Mr. Har-

rington, whom we rightly call the friend of the Colored and the father of St. Francis Mission, 801 Foster St. Little Rock.

St. Francis is a branch mission of St. Bartholomew's, and was opened by the S. V. D. on Sept. 25, 1911. Mr. Harrington, very solicitous for the people that lived in his addition, encouraged the Society to open a school, by offering free of charge for one year a roomy building and part of the teacher's salary. The children, who had never seen a Sister, were afraid, and on October 9 only 13 children enrolled. Very Rev. Father De Lange, Provincial, was much pleased with the beginning and offered much encouragement.

A serious opposition came from a school which was started right next door to us. With the help of good St. Joseph, to whom the Sisters prayed most fervently, this obstacle was removed and the school was transferred to another place farther away. In the beginning of 1912 the Fathers started Sunday-afternoon lectures, which drew considerable crowds and killed a good deal of prejudice.

Unavoidable circumstances brought it about that the school had to be closed for nearly 2 years until September, 1915. Father P. J. Hoenderop, who had been appointed pastor of St. Bartholomew's was fortunate enough to secure a benefactor, who bought the property and named the mission in honor of St. Francis. The new session began with 25 children and is doing fine at present.

Such are the fruits of the cross.

Rt. Rev. Bishop J. E. Gunn on the Colored Missions in Mississippi

(Annual Report to the Negro Mission Board)

"The Diocese begs to recommend to the attention of the Board the application from these two religious communities, who bear the burden of colored work in the Diocese. They are doing splendid service, but everywhere they are crippled financially. The Josephite Fathers are badly in need of Sisters to teach in their schools and they can neither house them nor pay

them. The Divine Word men have the Sisters but they are threatened that they will be withdrawn from them. The Mother House of the Sisters at Techny, Ill., has left these teachers of the colored in houses that are not sanitary and not fit for community work. They have been patient with the Diocese for ten years, hoping for an improvement. The Superiors renewed their application and demanded that we give at least sanitary accommodation to

the Sisters who are teaching in our colored schools. This we have not been able to do up to the present and we present our need to the Colored Board.

"The Diocese again calls attention to the fact that in Mississippi we have one-tenth of the entire African population of the United States. These Negroes constitute 56.3 per cent of the State's population. As most of them live in the country, they are still unspoiled, and an effort made for their conversion now would meet with results. The Diocese again submits to the Board the fact that out of its total of 51 priests it assigns 12 to exclusive colored work, and out of its total of 177 Sisters it gives 32 to school work among the colored. It does more proportionally for the 3,000 colored than it does for the 25,000 whites.

"The beneficiaries of the colored unite with the Bishop in expressing their gratitude for the generous remittance of 1915 and express a hope that the Board will be able to continue its generosity and even increase it in 1916."

The following is a further extract from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gunn's complete and most interesting report:

"Our schools are in good standing before the public. They are on the increase everywhere; yet as classes are advancing the problem is getting more complicated and difficult. There is the great question that we have to solve—what are we to do with our boys and girls after they have finished the grammar grades.

"It is true we must be rather slow in regard to higher education, and prudent, yet we are making a grave mistake if we fail to provide high schools for those of our children who have been in the Catholic schools from the beginning, who have the talents and a solid character, who are called by the Lord to be leaders of their people.

"Or shall the great Catholic Church be satisfied and willing to send those of our children to sectarian colleges to finish their education; or, in other words, shall we educate only the little children, do this tremendous job among the colored at heavy expense and then let the Protestants



St. Francis Mission, Little Rock, Ark.

take in the harvest of the seed we have been sowing?

"Having been for ten years in the schools of our missions in Mississippi and having studied this problem closely, I wish to bring this before the Mission Board, after much study and observation. We must carry on our high schools. We have them already in Jackson, Vicksburg, Meridian, Greenville, and Little Rock. Of course, it means additional expense, but it is necessary if we want to convert the Negro as a race. My plan is this: To educate as many of our boys and girls as we think to be fit and able at our central stations, as mentioned above, to become teachers of their race and send them to the country, where these people are most in need of being taught.

"After they finish in our high school, these students, at least a good part of them, ought to make the State examination for teachers. Thus we could get an able body of teachers—all educated in our Catholic schools—teachers that would well represent the Catholic teaching and reflect honor on their Church.

"Only when this has been accomplished—when we have Catholic boys and girls trained as teachers—only then we are ready to open country schools. In a few years we will be able to send some of such teachers—if we carry them successfully to the high school grades."

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Somehow the average woman's heart aches a good deal more for the poor heathen abroad than it does for the dirty children in the next block.



Pupils of St. Francis Mission, Little Rock Ark.

How We "Get Along" in Arkansas

BY REV. JOHN J. ALBERT, S. S. J.

The first year we were in Arkansas the transportation problem was not so difficult of solution. We had very few Catholics among the colored and no out-missions. "Shanks Mare," as walking is sometimes called, and "the slow train through Arkansas" did very well. However, business soon began to pick up and the converts gradually increased. Moreover, I found a colony of creoles about ten miles southeast of town and then I began to study what I could do to make my work more efficient. How would a bicycle do? It does not look very dignified but the Arkansas missionary is never strong on dignity. People down this way do not know the word, so I did get a wheel. Years ago I was accustomed to riding wheels, but that was years ago. I found to my surprise that going ten miles against a stiff breeze had lost its element of amusement, it was no joke. I gave it up.

My next experiment was with a horse. He was very young and knew no more than his youthfulness called for. I went

about seventeen miles in the country after him, and I had the time of my life introducing him to steam cars, automobiles and countless other things, all perfectly harmless, as any other good horse can tell you. This little horse was born in the country. We might say he was born with a bale of cotton in his mouth; yet it was one of the hardest things to get him to pass respectably by an innocent bale of cotton. I taught him how to single-foot. People all knew that it was I who did the teaching from the manner the animal had of jiggling up and down like a hobby-horse in the same place. I had many a nice time getting him to make those ten long miles.

My horse was a trick horse. He would go around to the kitchen window, poke his head in, and never be satisfied until he had the biggest part of one's dinner. It makes much difference what kind of grub it was, Charlie was "strong" for it. The kitchen window was not the only land of attraction for Charlie. He had a nasty habit of walking up steps, open-

ing the feed-room door with his nose and helping himself. It was extremely hard to make him realize that he belonged in his stable. He was generally everywhere but there. In the most friendly fashion he would take daily trips to a nearby stable. I think he did this because of a secret agreement with the little son of the owner of the stable. The boy would give Charlie some oats and when Charlie came home with the little boy he saw to it that I gave the boy a dime. One day I got tired of cleaning out stables, so I sent Charlie home to the country. That was the end of the horse-back and the buggy-riding business.

The Supernatural Ford

Now we have the supernatural aid of a "Ford" which some unkind friend inflicted on us a few months back. I use the adjective "Supernatural" advisedly. For example, when I first got the machine it assumed the personality of a barber and shaved some wood off the side of the garage. For the sake of veracity I must also add, that on the next evening the garage returned the compliment and shaved some tin off the side of the Ford.

Not long after this my Ford gave another instance of uncanny skill. It went right through a neighbor's fence and as far as his parlor door. There it stopped short, not having the courage, we suppose, to turn the knob and proceed further. Upon taking account of the damages we found that while the fence was down and out, the Ford was as chipper as ever.

This missionary Ford in its short but honorable career will undoubtedly play many a part. I use the word short, because I feel much afraid that a machine of its ability will never live long. If nothing else succeeds in smashing it up, it itself will surely burst from very pride at its wonderful performances. If I am around when the explosion takes place, and if you hear soon after about a new comet being in the starry firmament, you will know by this token that that comet is I.

Soon after the fence episode, the Ford essayed to do some ploughing in the buck-

shot mud, for which the Arkansas River bottoms are so noted. In this escapade honesty demands that I tell the whole horrible story of how that Ford overrated even its supernatural powers and had to submit ignominiously to being hauled out of the mud through the kindness and by the strength of an old reliable natural-born Arkansas mule. No danger of the Ford bursting with pride that day.

Some time later, as if ashamed of its shortcoming and in order to prove that it was still something above the ordinary it took me down to another plantation and tried to turn around in the soft loam of a soon-before-that-time potato patch. The soft wheels slipped around in the soft dirt and could make no headway. Even if it meant my transmigration into a lovely comet I determined to try something desperate, so I pulled the gas-lever down to about fifty miles an hour, and would you believe it, that old possessed-of-something machine, conscious of a new-found power, picked itself up and actually flew out of that clay just like some bird-like zeppelinic or other angelic-like substance.

Well, thanks be to God, we are both still alive. Today we were on an errand of mercy. We took an old colored man to the hospital. Some day when you come our way the Ford and I will show you some of Arkansas. Pray, however, that it will not be the poor thing's judgment day, because then you would not only get a look at the buckshot mud, but the Arkansas sky might claim your attention and there would be two new comets in the sky instead of one.

In conclusion, I do not wish to show you any hard feeling, but perhaps the readers of the *Colored Messenger* might be gracious enough to send in a few extra dollars in order that you, the editor of this splendid quarterly, might be able to run around ole Mississippi in a Ford.

(Bravo! Father Albert, no bad suggestion. Though we have no special affection for the supernatural side of the Ford, we think it a mighty good and in the end the cheapest thing, to get around the missions and stations.—*The Editor.*)

St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural College, Rock Castle, Virginia

The St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural College is located at "Belmead," Powhatan County, Virginia, on the James River, 41 miles west of Richmond. The express, telegraph and post offices are located at Rock Castle Station, on the James River Division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, directly opposite the College.

The property of the College embraces upwards of 3000. acres, of which 1000 are

The trades taught are wheel-wrighting, blacksmithing, horse-shoeing, carriage and wagon building, wagon painting, upholstering, harness making, carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, masonry and concreting, bricklaying, cooking and agriculture. Students are also offered opportunities of learning to fire and care for engine and heating boilers; to run steam engines and pumps, and acquire a knowledge of the operation and management of grist,



Brassband, St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural College

under cultivation. With its fine equipment of buildings, shops, barns, etc., the College comprises quite a town in itself.

The College, which was founded twenty-two years ago, has been maintained continuously during that period for the benefit exclusively of the Colored Youth of the Southern States. The object of the institution is, so to educate its students that when they return to their homes, they will be skilled artisans or agriculturists. The ardent wish of the Founders of the College is that the graduates of the College will be numbered among the representative men of their race.

saw and planing mills, and wood-working machinery.

The farm, which is cultivated according to scientific methods, is fully equipped with all necessary buildings and modern agricultural machinery. Students in the agricultural course are instructed in all matters pertaining to dairying, the planting and raising of crops of all kinds, and the raising of live stock and poultry. Lectures are given at regular intervals in order to insure an intelligent understanding of the modern and up-to-date methods of farming.

Applicants must be at least fifteen years

of age, not less than 5 feet 2 inches in height, and weigh at least 110 pounds; they must also be perfect in health, of good moral character, and be well recommended. All applications must be signed by at least two reputable citizens of the locality in which the applicant resides, preferably a teacher, clergyman, or public officer.

Each student must pay his own traveling expenses, and on arrival at the College deposit with the Director a sum sufficient to cover his traveling expenses to his home in case he is obliged to return.

No charge is made for tuition, and the charge for board, washing, etc., is nominal, and can be worked out each month by an industrious student. A flat charge of \$2.00 a month is made for clothing, and this amount must be paid by the parent or guardian of the student.

While discipline is rigidly enforced at all times at the College, the students are afforded ample opportunity for recreation and enjoyment. A band and orches-

tra, trained by competent instructors at the College, are maintained, and from time to time entertainments are held in the spacious recreation hall. Regular hours are set apart for recreation, and all healthful out-door sports are encouraged.

Cadet Corps

The College has believed and taught "Preparedness" for the past twenty-two years. It has a regular battalion of three companies, independent of the organized military Brass Band of thirty pieces. The students body. The Uniforms are Fatigue States Infantry Military Drill. The officers are selected from among the student body. The Uniforms are Fatigue and Full Dress. All students must be members of the Battalion or Band. The College has all the features of a first-class military college. The students have thorough instruction in the use of rifle, saber and all gymnastic apparatus.

For further information apply to Brother Director, Rock Castle P. O., Virginia.

From Our Correspondence Bag

Dear Rev. Father:—"Nothing appeals to me more, than your work among the Negroes. I was once in better circumstances and regret that I cannot help now, but have to call upon charity organizations to help me with my two children, but as God in His mercy is so good and gives me help, so also I shall do for others as soon as I can. Meanwhile my prayers are with the missions." L. M.

We are glad to hear what a friend of the Colored Missions writes from St. Louis, Mo.

"Your work appeals to me. I pray for your success.—Your Fathers have a splendid field. Do you know we have a Colored St. Vincent de Paul Conference here, St. Elizabeth's? They are on a perfect equality with us. We take breakfast together at our quarterly Communion and meetings. N. N."

Again our March issue:

Rev Father: "The March issue of the Colored Messenger has an item on its

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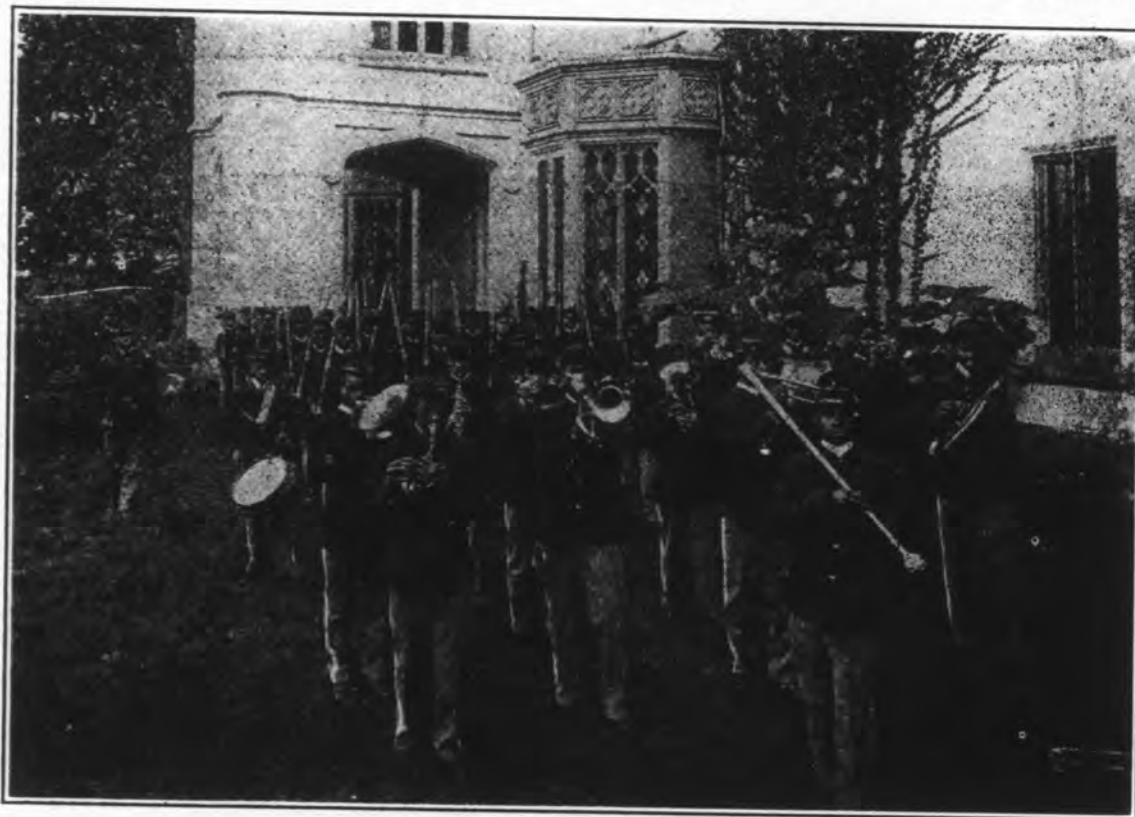
"I have been following very closely your magazine and the work of your Society among the Negroes. One feature is especially appealing to me, the thoroughness and efficiency, which you lay upon the work of the schools in your charge."

St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural College, Rock Castle, Virginia

The St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural College is located at "Belmead," Powhatan County, Virginia, on the James River, 41 miles west of Richmond. The express, telegraph and post offices are located at Rock Castle Station, on the James River Division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, directly opposite the College.

The property of the College embraces upwards of 3000 acres, of which 1000 are

The trades taught are wheel-wrighting, blacksmithing, horse-shoeing, carriage and wagon building, wagon painting, upholstery, harness making, carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, masonry and concreting, bricklaying, cooking and agriculture. Students are also offered opportunities of learning to fire and care for engine and heating boilers; to run steam engines and pumps, and acquire a knowledge of the operation and management of grist,



Brassband, St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural College

under cultivation. With its fine equipment of buildings, shops, barns, etc., the College comprises quite a town in itself.

The College, which was founded twenty-two years ago, has been maintained continuously during that period for the benefit exclusively of the Colored Youth of the Southern States. The object of the institution is, so to educate its students that when they return to their homes, they will be skilled artisans or agriculturists. The ardent wish of the Founders of the College is that the graduates of the College will be numbered among the representative men of their race.

saw and planing mills, and wood-working machinery.

The farm, which is cultivated according to scientific methods, is fully equipped with all necessary buildings and modern agricultural machinery. Students in the agricultural course are instructed in all matters pertaining to dairying, the planting and raising of crops of all kinds, and the raising of live stock and poultry. Lectures are given at regular intervals in order to insure an intelligent understanding of the modern and up-to-date methods of farming.

Applicants must be at least fifteen years

of age, not less than 5 feet 2 inches in height, and weigh at least 110 pounds; they must also be perfect in health, of good moral character, and be well recommended. All applications must be signed by at least two reputable citizens of the locality in which the applicant resides, preferably a teacher, clergyman, or public officer.

Each student must pay his own traveling expenses, and on arrival at the College deposit with the Director a sum sufficient to cover his traveling expenses to his home in case he is obliged to return.

No charge is made for tuition, and the charge for board, washing, etc., is nominal, and can be worked out each month by an industrious student. A flat charge of \$2.00 a month is made for clothing, and this amount must be paid by the parent or guardian of the student.

While discipline is rigidly enforced at all times at the College, the students are afforded ample opportunity for recreation and enjoyment. A band and orches-

tra, trained by competent instructors at the College, are maintained, and from time to time entertainments are held in the spacious recreation hall. Regular hours are set apart for recreation, and all healthful out-door sports are encouraged.

Cadet Corps

The College has believed and taught "Preparedness" for the past twenty-two years. It has a regular battalion of three companies, independent of the organized military Brass Band of thirty pieces. The students body. The Uniforms are Fatigue States Infantry Military Drill. The officers are selected from among the student body. The Uniforms are Fatigue and Full Dress. All students must be members of the Battalion or Band. The College has all the features of a first-class military college. The students have thorough instruction in the use of rifle, saber and all gymnastic apparatus.

For further information apply to Brother Director, Rock Castle P. O., Virginia.

From Cur Correspondence Bag

Dear Rev. Father:—"Nothing appeals to me more, than your work among the Negroes. I was once in better circumstances and regret that I cannot help now, but have to call upon charity organizations to help me with my two children, but as God in His mercy is so good and gives me help, so also I shall do for others as soon as I can. Meanwhile my prayers are with the missions." L. M.

We are glad to hear what a friend of the Colored Missions writes from St. Louis, Mo.

"Your work appeals to me. I pray for your success.—Your Fathers have a splendid field. Do you know we have a Colored St. Vincent de Paul Conference here, St. Elizabeth's? They are on a perfect equality with us. We take breakfast together at our quarterly Communion and meetings. N. N."

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The Master Has Need of You

Vocations to the Religious Life are special graces of God given to chosen souls for a twofold purpose, to render salvation easier and more certain for the recipients, and to place them in a state of life where they may be workers in the Master's Vineyard on earth.

To coöperate with God in the salvation of souls is the life's work of the Religi-



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ous. The call, the vocation, to that work comes from God.—"You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." Hence to refuse to embrace the vocation is to resist the Divine call. "The harvest is great, the laborers few." Souls outside the "kingdom of God" because workers are lacking to gather them in, because vocations are not recognized, or are resisted; the call of God not hearkened to, as the things of time and the pleasures of the world prove more attractive than God and heaven.

Our colored people constitute a promising portion of the Lord's Vineyard where the laborers are indeed few. We need both priests and sisters, not only for but from our colored Catholics; we need an increase in the number of those devoting their lives to this part of the kingdom of God on earth. The Oblate Sisters of Providence is a community composed exclusively of colored women, bound to God's service like all other Religious by the triple vows of religion, who devote their lives to labor for the good of their own race. The care of orphans, conducting academies and parochial schools is the work their vocation demands. Their foundation dates back to 1824, when their first house was opened in Baltimore, Md., by their founder, Rev. Father Joubert, a French Sulpician. Their Mother-House and Novitiate is in Baltimore; their Ecclesiastical Superior, Rt. Rev. Bishop Corrigan, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore.

Young ladies wishing to become members of the Sisterhood should apply to the Rev. Mother Superior, St. Frances Convent, East Chase Street, Baltimore, Md., after the approval of their Father Confessor has been obtained. A testimonial of a good character and virtuous life must be furnished.

The advice of the Confessor should be sought and his opinion followed in selecting one's State of Life; in the not seeking this advice may be found the cause of the loss of many vocations. Have you given your vocation any serious consideration? Your own eternal interests demand your giving it consideration. Have you felt that God may be calling you to the Religious Life? Your Father Confessor should decide for you. If you are not acquainted with the Oblate Sisters of Providence, and the work they are doing for their own people, a visit to their Orphan Asylum for Colored Children, at Normandy, Mo., or to St. Rita's Convent and School for Colored Girls, at 3128 Laclede Avenue, St. Louis, would arouse interest in their work.

The work is God's work, the laborers few—The Master has need of you.

Items of Interest

A Mother's Prayer

Very early one morning I was called to a hospital in a Kansas town. On my arrival the nurse led me to the room of a patient who had asked for the ministrations of a Catholic priest. On our way down the corridor she informed me that this man had been very restless during the night, and that he had given way to repeated attacks of violence, during the course of which he had torn several of the bed clothes. He had jumped out of bed and struggled with some imaginary enemy on the floor, though she could not understand how one so weak and helpless as he was could give such manifestations of strength. She further told me he could not last long, but was yet in perfect possession of his mental faculties.

On entering the room I could see that she was right, the patient had not very long to live. He looked up at me with piercing eyes, whose brightness was accentuated by the death-like pallor of his emaciated face. In a weak voice he inquired:

"Are you the Father?"

"Yes, my friend," I replied, "I am a Catholic priest, and I want to help you."

"Well," he continued, "my good old mother told me to send for you as soon as possible, and I'm glad you've come."

"Is your mother here in the hospital?"

"Why no! Mother is away down in Oklahoma. I grew up in the Catholic Church till I was eighteen years of age. Then I began to keep company with a non-Catholic girl, and to please her and her family, I gave up my faith, and became a member of hers. My three boys and my girl now hate the very name of Catholic. It's all my fault, God pity me! In addition to this sin of apostasy I have done other great wrongs in my life."

"And, last night Satan entered this room. I recognized him. I knew he had come for me, and I struggled fiercely with him. But then I saw my dear old mother, eighty years of age, standing here beside me. Bending over me she threw her arms around me to protect me, and I could hear her calling on the Lord Jesus,

and Mary, His Mother, to save me. There in Satan's presence she begged me to send at once for a Catholic priest, and to make my peace with God. That's why I called for you."

"But your mother wasn't here. Why, the nurse told me that no one had entered this room save herself and the doctor."

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The poor fellow made his confession and I administered the Holy Viaticum. I shall never forget the look of faith and love and peace that came into his dying eyes as I held up the Sacred Host. Ten minutes after I had anointed him he expired, holding my hand and repeating after me, prayers for the departing soul.

Explain the circumstances as you will. For my part, I can see in the case forceful evidence of a definite answer to a devout mother's prayer, who for long years had petitioned God for the return of this child of hers to the true faith. And I am sure that at the moment the dying man beheld her in his room at the hospital, she was praying for him.

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Two little six-year-olds stood watching a fractious horse snort its disapproval at an approaching motor car.

"What makes a horse act naughty when he sees an auto?" asked one of the tots, and the other little wisehead replied:

"It is this way: Horses is used to seein' other horses pull wagons, and they don't know what to think of 'em going along without a horse. If you saw a pair of pants walkin' down the street without a man in 'em you'd be scared, too."

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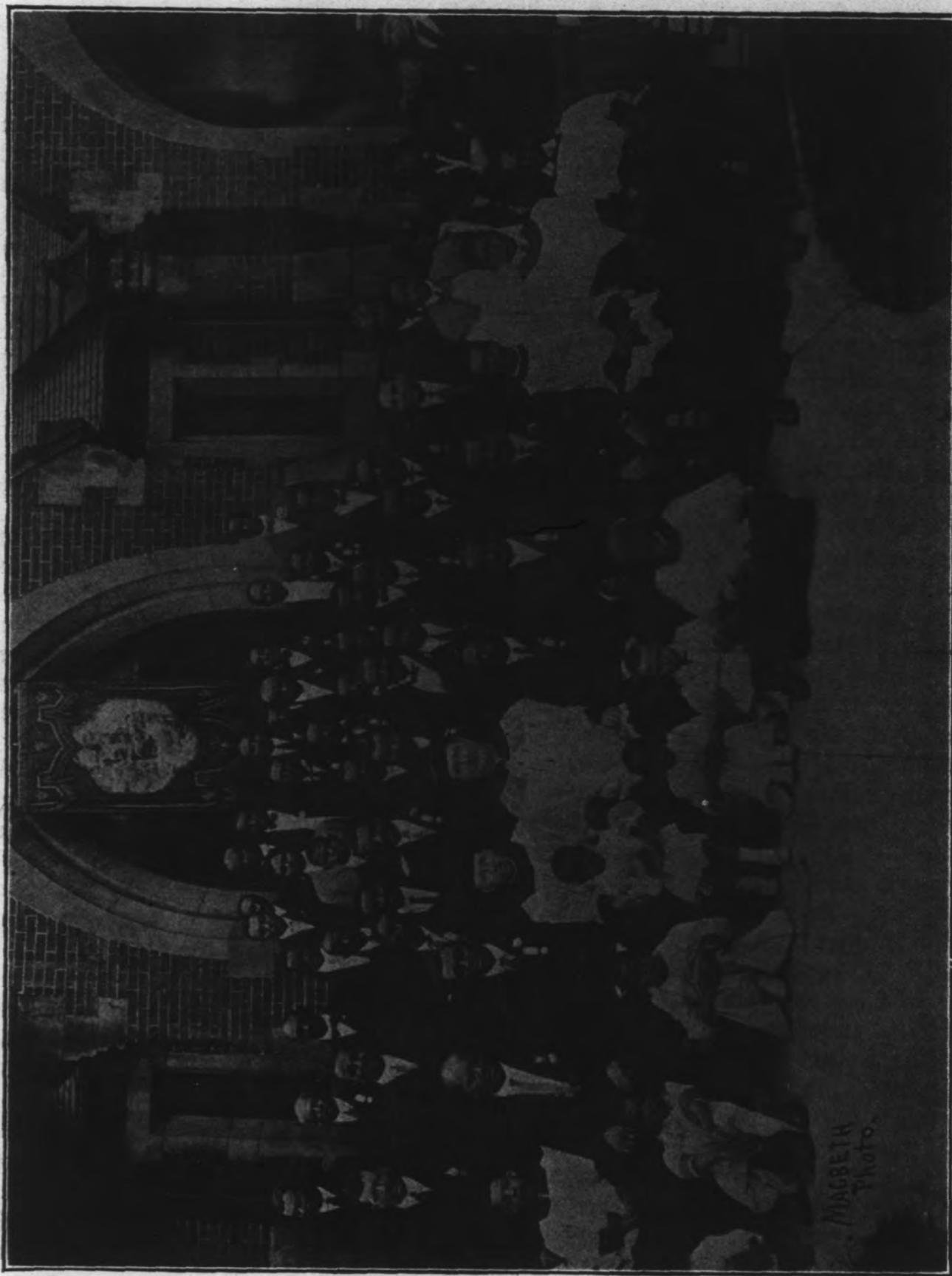
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"Why should I not be happy?" answered the boy. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed," said the king. "Pray tell me of your great possessions."

The shepherd boy answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the

valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too, Am I not, therefore, as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a smile, "but your greatest treasure is your contented heart. Keep it so and you will always be happy."

Voices from the Sunny South

BY REV. FR. GRUHN, S. V. D.

It was on the first day of the new year 1917. Illness banished me to my apartment, which is a room as cosy as it is small. It now had added to its capacity of office, sleeping room, recreation and re- you see, all kinds of rooms, and yet but

thick curly hair, black as only the children of Africa have it. Thereupon, a face of almost the same color and a pair of eyes; then an other, so big and black that the dark of the hair and cheeks was utterly outrivaled. Then, a mouth open,



Canning fruit, St. Francis Orphan Asylum, Normandy, Mo.

one. This is the privilege of the poor missionary among the poorest in the country of incomparable plenty.

I found myself all alone.—The missionary quite often shares lonesomeness with Him who from His bloody deathbed cried: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—The peaceful stillness all around was suddenly interrupted. Voices became audible before the door of my dwelling, and together with them the shuffling of feet that knew no shoes. Then, a gentle knocking at the door.

"Come in!"—The door opened, slowly but surely, and I saw, first a shock of

with white ivory teeth, showing forth a smile that was brighter than the very sun whose rays go only to the skin whilst the former's charms seize upon your very heart.

Who are the kindly visitors? Little Mae, of six, and her brother Mat, of seven, Southern summers.

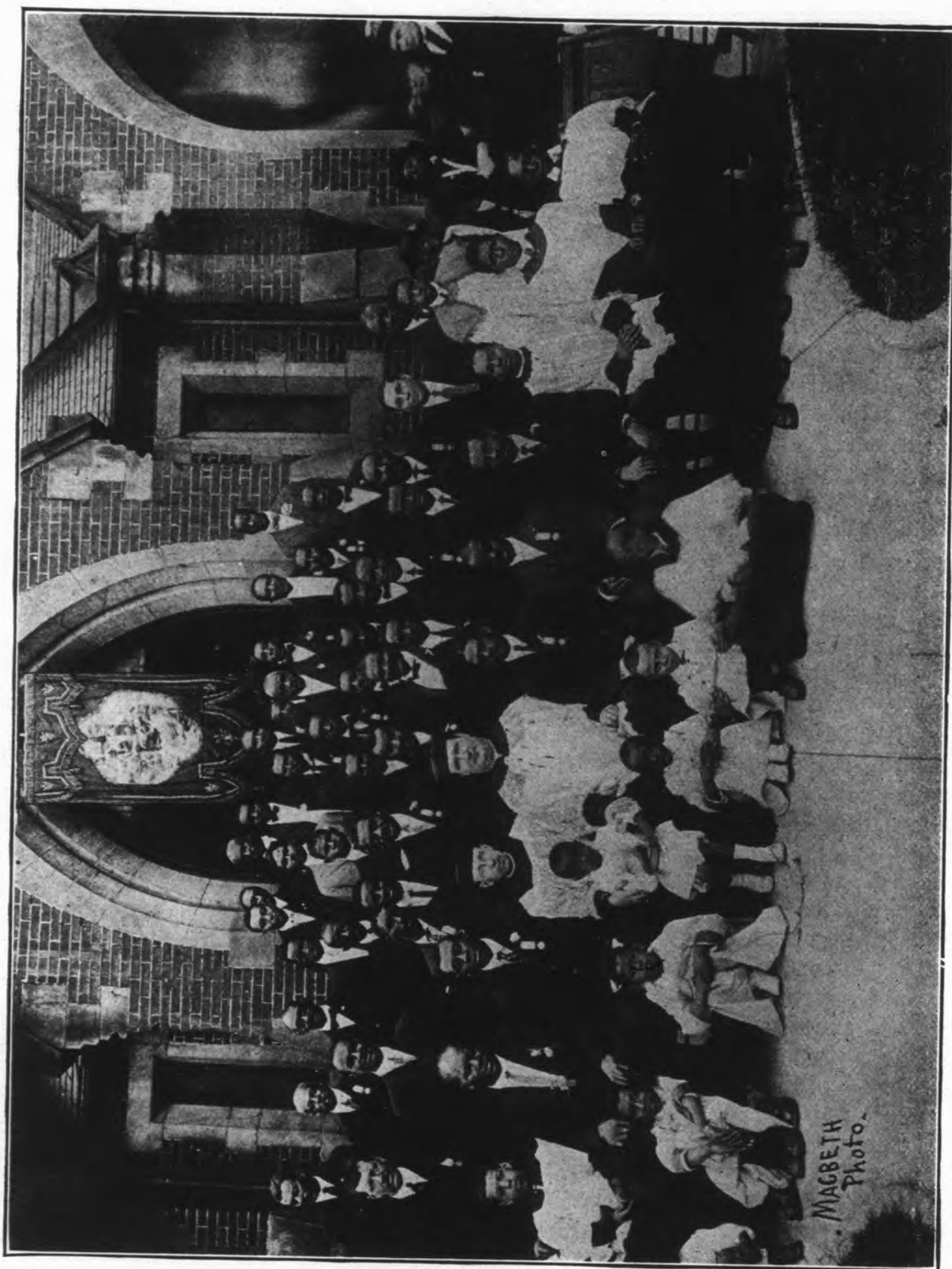
"Father, please, may we come in?"

"Yes; don't you know that children are always welcome here?"

And in they came, the little girl and her darling brother.

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Mae and Mat gaze at me with their dark and deep eyes in whose depths one reads the history of a people that, for countless generations, has been an outcast bearing the yoke of untold woes.

"Well, my little friends, what brings you to me this morning?"

"This, Father!"

And their tiny hands hold out to me a bunch of flowers, genuine flowers, in January.



The pupils of the Holy Ghost Academy, Techny, Ill., are a jolly crowd of girls; they are also zealous little missionaries and subscribers to the Colored Messenger

What flowers do you think they were?—I'll tell you: Violets! Lovely blue violets!

"Thank you, children dear, and God bless you. But get some water in the small glass over there and put them in, and place them right here upon the table that I may see and enjoy them and always think of you!"

So they did, and, standing again before me, they now smiled their brightest smile and their eyes shone more wondrously than the star of Bethlehem.

Why? They seemed to realize that they had been little missionaries of joy to the sick Father and that they had done good to him whom they loved and knew to be a friend of flowers, who had oftentimes told them of the three most beautiful things God had left to man when he exiled him from Paradise—The *flowers*, the *stars*, and *children's eyes*!

The stars were far off and hidden just now. But flowers were there on my table, lovely blue violets, and children's eyes rested on me with their sacred lustre of innocence.—

Paradise—where is it?—The most learned do not know—The children's eyes tell you that it is within the innocent heart.

I laid my hands on the brows of my little friends: "God bless you, Mae; God bless you, Mat!"—

"Good-bye, Father!"

"Good bye, children!" And off went little Mae and her brother Mat. The door closed and I fell musing and thinking.—

I thought of one of my friends in the cold North, who is a great lover of flowers. How he would envy me for these flowers on my table, the lovely blue violets, in January.— I thought of many people whom God has given a white complexion and who believe and tell you the Negro is a blockhead (thus it was emphasized to me on the very day when I wrote these lines) and has no heart and no loftier feeling whatever, and is not capable of any noble sentiment.

But is there any nobler sentiment than that of compassion, gratitude, and love? Surely, my violet-children are a golden argument against such generalized uncharitable and unjust accusations.

My illness gradually disappeared. The old strength began to return. I walked the garden paths along the fence which surrounds the mission property. Up went my eyes to the blue Southern sky. With the fresh air I breathed in new vigor and life. Yet, soon I had to stop in my walk. The smell of some dainty flowers had taken me by surprise and, looking down at my feet, I saw the flowers: Lovely blue violets.

Unfortunately, I had not been careful, and my foot had trodden upon a few. They were lying there ready to die, a sweet-smelling sacrifice of human carelessness.

My thoughts wandered to the black sons and daughters of the sunny South, to the nation that, by its peculiar fate had been forced to live low and, as it were,

to be not more than a shadow of human-kind, vegetating on the wayside of civilization and dying, let me say, like the violets under my feet.

A few days later I had to go to our good Sisters' small chapel to say the customary weekly Mass. I ascended the altar. I put down the chalice and stepped aside to adjust the missal. This done, I went back to the middle of the altar when my eyes beheld, on either side of the tabernacle, quite close to the Holy of holies, a small vase and in it flowers:

Violets—Lovely, heavenly blue violets—on the altar of the Most High.—

Ah, dear Lord, when will the time come that on Thy altars, in the sanctuaries of our Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, also stand the statues of a new generation of Saints, coming from the valley of tears, yet rising so high from among the lowly black children of Africa and their brothers and sisters here in the sunny South, like, on the altar of my morning sacrifice, the violets? Will it ever come?—

The Catholic Church the Negro's First Educator

The Catholic Church Played This Role, Says Authority on the Subject. The Logic of Georgia's and Florida's Action.

By C. B. of C. V. in the "Truth".

The Commonwealth of Georgia has further blackened its hitherto not too immaculate record by a piece of legislation which prohibits the teaching of Negroes by people of white color, aimed directly at the work of the Catholic priests and Sisters among the black men of the South.

In this action Georgia is in complete accord with her past, which has been one continued struggle against the education of the blacks and against the efforts of Catholics in particular in that direction. As early as 1740 the teaching of Negroes has been forbidden by the State, and this has been supplemented at other times by further legislation. (See "Digest of the Laws of the State of Georgia," by Marbury and Crawford, page 438.)

This hatred of the Negro and the Catholics has in it a fatal logic, for it is influenced by the memory of the past, which shows the Catholics to have been the first in this country to have endeavored to raise the black people from their state of degradation to some stage of enlightenment. In the recently published book by (Dr. C. G. Woodson on "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915), we have the record of this fact, and also the testimony that the Catholic Church ever consistently continued in this course, even in the face of violent race persecution.

"The Spanish and French missionaries," we read in the introduction, "set an example which influenced the education of the Negroes throughout America. *** Being anxious to see the Negroes enlightened and brought into the Church, they courageously directed their attention to the teaching of their slaves, provided for the instruction of the numerous mixed breed offspring and granted freedmen the educational privileges of the highest classes. Put to shame by this noble example of the Catholics, the English colonists had to find a way to overcome the objections of those who, granting the enlightenment of the slaves might not lead to servile insurrection, nevertheless feared their conversion might work manumission." (Page 3.) "It was not until the French provided that masters should take their slaves to church and have them indoctrinated in the Catholic faith that the proposition was seriously considered by many of the Puritans. They, like the Anglicans, felt sufficient compunction of conscience to take steps to Christianize the slaves, lest the Catholics, whom they had derided as undesirable churchmen, should put the Protestants to shame." (Pp. 23, 42.) The early Protestant masters, in fact, denounced the education of the Negro as "an impracticable and needless work of Popish superstition. (Note, p. 25.)

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"Thank you, children dear, and God bless you. But get some water in the small glass over there and put them in, and place them right here upon the table that I may see and enjoy them and always think of you!"

So they did, and, standing again before me, they now smiled their brightest smile and their eyes shone more wondrously than the star of Bethlehem.

Why? They seemed to realize that they had been little missionaries of joy to the sick Father and that they had done good to him whom they loved and knew to be a friend of flowers, who had oftentimes told them of the three most beautiful things God had left to man when he exiled him from Paradise—The flowers, the stars, and children's eyes!

The stars were far off and hidden just now. But flowers were there on my table, lovely blue violets, and children's eyes rested on me with their sacred lustre of innocence.—

Paradise—where is it?—The most learned do not know—The children's eyes tell you that it is within the innocent heart.

I laid my hands on the brows of my little friends: "God bless you, Mae; God bless you, Mat!"—

"Good-bye, Father!"

"Good bye, children!" And off went little Mae and her brother Mat. The door closed and I fell musing and thinking.—

I thought of one of my friends in the cold North, who is a great lover of flowers. How he would envy me for these flowers on my table, the lovely blue violets, in January.— I thought of many people whom God has given a white complexion and who believe and tell you the Negro is a blockhead (thus it was emphasized to me on the very day when I wrote these lines) and has no heart and no loftier feeling whatever, and is not capable of any noble sentiment.

But is there any nobler sentiment than that of compassion, gratitude, and love? Surely, my violet-children are a golden argument against such generalized uncharitable and unjust accusations.

My illness gradually disappeared. The old strength began to return. I walked the garden paths along the fence which surrounds the mission property. Up went my eyes to the blue Southern sky. With the fresh air I breathed in new vigor and life. Yet, soon I had to stop in my walk. The smell of some dainty flowers had taken me by surprise and, looking down at my feet, I saw the flowers: Lovely blue violets.

Unfortunately, I had not been careful, and my foot had trodden upon a few. They were lying there ready to die, a sweet-smelling sacrifice of human carelessness.

My thoughts wandered to the black sons and daughters of the sunny South, to the nation that, by its peculiar fate had been forced to live low and, as it were,

to be not more than a shadow of human-kind, vegetating on the wayside of civilization and dying, let me say, like the violets under my feet.

A few days later I had to go to our good Sisters' small chapel to say the customary weekly Mass. I ascended the altar. I put down the chalice and stepped aside to adjust the missal. This done, I went back to the middle of the altar when my eyes beheld, on either side of the tabernacle, quite close to the Holy of holies, a small vase and in it flowers:

Violets—Lovely, heavenly blue violets—on the altar of the Most High.—

Ah, dear Lord, when will the time come that on Thy altars, in the sanctuaries of our Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, also stand the statues of a new generation of Saints, coming from the valley of tears, yet rising so high from among the lowly black children of Africa and their brothers and sisters here in the sunny South, like, on the altar of my morning sacrifice, the violets? Will it ever come?—

The Catholic Church the Negro's First Educator

The Catholic Church Played This Role, Says Authority on the Subject. The Logic of Georgia's and Florida's Action.

By C. B. of C. V. in the "Truth".

The Commonwealth of Georgia has further blackened its hitherto not too immaculate record by a piece of legislation which prohibits the teaching of Negroes by people of white color, aimed directly at the work of the Catholic priests and Sisters among the black men of the South.

In this action Georgia is in complete accord with her past, which has been one continued struggle against the education of the blacks and against the efforts of Catholics in particular in that direction. As early as 1740 the teaching of Negroes has been forbidden by the State, and this has been supplemented at other times by further legislation. (See "Digest of the Laws of the State of Georgia," by Marbury and Crawford, page 438.)

This hatred of the Negro and the Catholics has in it a fatal logic, for it is influenced by the memory of the past, which shows the Catholics to have been the first in this country to have endeavored to raise the black people from their state of degradation to some stage of enlightenment. In the recently published book by (Dr. C. G. Woodson on "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915), we have the record of this fact, and also the testimony that the Catholic Church ever consistently continued in this course, even in the face of violent race persecution.

"The Spanish and French missionaries," we read in the introduction, "set an example which influenced the education of the Negroes throughout America. * * * Being anxious to see the Negroes enlightened and brought into the Church, they courageously directed their attention to the teaching of their slaves, provided for the instruction of the numerous mixed breed offspring and granted freedmen the educational privileges of the highest classes. Put to shame by this noble example of the Catholics, the English colonists had to find a way to overcome the objections of those who, granting the enlightenment of the slaves might not lead to servile insurrection, nevertheless feared their conversion might work manumission." (Page 3.) "It was not until the French provided that masters should take their slaves to church and have them indoctrinated in the Catholic faith that the proposition was seriously considered by many of the Puritans. They, like the Anglicans, felt sufficient compunction of conscience to take steps to Christianize the slaves, lest the Catholics, whom they had derided as undesirable churchmen, should put the Protestants to shame." (Pp. 23, 42.) The early Protestant masters, in fact, denounced the education of the Negro as "an impracticable and needless work of Popish superstition. (Note, p. 25.)

The "Code Noir," or Law for the Blacks promulgated by the French king, under the guidance of Catholicism, which led to

this action on the part of the Protestant English, is described as follows: "The Code Noir obliged every planter to have his Negroes instructed and baptized. It allowed the slave for instruction, worship and rest not only every Sunday, but every festival usually observed by the Roman Catholic Church. It did not permit any market to be held on Sundays or holy-days. It prohibited, under severe penalties, all masters and managers from corrupting their female slaves. It did not allow the Negro husband, wife or infant children to be sold separately. It forbade them (the masters) the use of torture or immoderate and inhuman punishments. It obliged the owners to maintain their old and decrepit slaves. If the Negroes were not fed and clothed as the law prescribed, or if they were in any way cruelly treated, they might apply to the Procureur, who was obliged by his office to protect them." (Note, p. 23.)

To do justice to Georgia we state that since the article was written Georgia voted down this discriminating law, showing that there are still men in that state who keep their heads cool even when race-passion rises high.

It was not only the French and Spanish Catholics that manifested this interest in the Negroes. The English Catholics of Maryland set a like example. (See pp.

107, 108.) All through pre-Revolutionary history, and even after that, it was the Catholics and the Quakers who ever stood as the Negro's friend. The first seminary for the education of Negro girls, established in the District of Columbia, was conducted through the encouragement of Father Vanlomen, by Maria Becraft, a Catholic Negress, who afterwards became a member of the Sisters of Providence. (Page 133.) When the "snow riot" closed so many of the Negro schools in the District, it was the Catholics and the Quakers who boldly continued to teach; when sentiment compelled the Protestant churches to confine the Negroes to the galleries, the Catholics, of course, continued to admit them to the body of the church on an equal footing with the other worshippers. (Page 135.)

This little historical review, which could be supplemented by many other quotations from Dr. Woodson's work, gives a clear insight into Georgia's action. It also reminds Catholics of the necessity for them to continue the work of their predecessors in the support today of the Indian and Negro missions. In the conversion of the American Negro to the Catholic Church lies the basic hope of his social as well as religious salvation, and it is the first step toward the solution of the Negro problem.



Boy's Thought of Lincoln

Some days in school when teacher says,
"Jim, name the presidents," I up and com-
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And say them all from Washington clear
through Buchanan; then
I have to stop and clear my throat. I al-
ways have to when
I come to Abraham Lincoln's name
E'en though the teacher whispers:
"Shame!"

Can't you remember, Jim?"
Can't I remember him?
Why, he's my hero! That is why
I get choked up and want to cry.
Once he was just as poor as I
And homely, too, and tall and shy,
And he was brave and made his place—
Climbed to the top and freed a race.
When I think what he dared to do
I just vow I'll do something too.



How to Help the Missions

We are often asked about our needs and how people with limited means can help in our mission work among the colored. For their information we give a few hints, that will be welcome to our benefactors.

1. The greatest help given the missions is fervent **prayer** for the spread of God's kingdom among the colored race.
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3. By sending us **donations** for the many needs of the missions.

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The upkeep of the school, which is the feeder for the congregation. 50 cents will pay for the expenses of a day scholar for a whole month. \$5.00 for a whole year.

It takes \$8.00 per month to provide for a mission pupil that boards at the mission, or \$72.00 per year.

\$20.00 will pay for the salary of one teacher for a month. There are repairs and improvements on the buildings, not to speak of the erection of new ones much needed.

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5. There are the **orphans** so numerous and the **poor** who "are always with us," that look to the priest for assistance in their helplessness. Hundreds of poor children are almost day and night on the streets of our southern cities, because they either have no parents and no one to care for them, or their parents have to toil 12 hours a day and have no time to look after them. These children ought to be in school, that they may learn how to

become useful citizens, but they have not the clothes or the shoes, or not even the few cents to buy their books.

You see, dear reader, the field of charity for the negro missions is almost as wide as the firmament.

6. By becoming a **special benefactor**.
7. By remembering the negro missions in your **last will and testament**.—Form of bequest, which may be used:

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to "The Catholic Educational Institute of Jackson, Miss." (legal title)

.....(In this place state the amount of money and where it is deposited; if real estate, describe the property and where located) to be used and expended for the appropriate object of the said organization.

Remember that no part of the country is suffering as much as Mississippi and Arkansas, because the people of the black belt have not had a paying crop for the last 3 years on account of the ravages of the boll weevil. The times are hard and the needs of the missions great.

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of a

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THE Colored Messenger



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OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

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Northern points, mostly St.

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Thousands have

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some of the best and

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Good-bye to the land of their

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Mollison of Vicksburg, said the other day,

those that return are of the undesirable

type, but the better class will stay. Our

experience has shown this to be true.

The Catholic Church has never in its history, save the emancipation-period,

had a more splendid opportunity to go

about this Negro mission work on a large

and efficient scale, than now. The fruit

is ripening, and lucky the one who grasps

the opportunity. The Negro is by his

northward move emancipating himself

from the preacher's yoke that has kept

him in shackles and ignorance and made of him nothing but a money-making machine for the last six decades.

Unless some organized effort is put forth on part of the Church, these Negroes will be lost to her, just as at the end of the slavery period. It is a

fact, that in the late sixties

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We priests in the South, who are tied

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placed so that we can do nothing but call the attention of those to these affairs, who are the divinely commissioned shepherds of the world. We are hampered for lack of organization, practical help, and much prejudice from within.

When the September number of the C. M. gets into the hands of our friends, our schools will be about to open again. We ask you to say a little prayer for their success, as they are the backbone of the missions.

Father McGuire's address at the auditorium of St. Elizabeth's Colored Church at St. Louis, as reported by "The Fraternal Clarion," a Negro paper of that city, has made a deep impression with all who heard and read it. He says among many things: "The darkest hour is the hour of dawning. When this nation shall have been chastened in the fires of affliction, when she shall have had fresh proof of your (Negroes) loyalty and usefulness, when the scales blinding her to past injustice shall have fallen from her eyes, then may you confidently expect a full measure of all the blessings guaranteed by the Constitution to every one living under the flag of rising hope."

The New York Freeman's Journal tells us, that Rt. Rev. Bishop Dougherty confirmed a class of 50 Colored converts at Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

The Rev. Father Bart, pastor of St. Teresa Church, Anacostia, D. C., has made

arrangements to have a High Mass every Sunday for Colored people only, served by Colored altar boys.

Allan Bradford, a Colored man about 30 years old, was electrocuted in Sing Sing prison the other day for the murder of his wife. "Tell the young men of my race to let whiskey alone, and stay away from rough company," was the last message he left.

A rich piece on "Why the Negro Leaves the South" is reported, though not expressed in the same words in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal from Gainesville, Fla. "This city had, in 1910, 6183 inhabitants, of whom about half were Colored people. Just after the war Northern white people gave the Colored people a block of land for school purposes and for a while helped them. Then the land was turned over to the Colored people on the theory, that the state would provide a school. For many years the state has provided a five months' school for Colored people and an eight months' school for white people, pay-

ing the Colored principal \$45.00 and his assistants \$35.00 a month. The white principal gets \$125.00 a month and his assistants \$60.00. Recently a rich townsman, Thornton Springfellow, who owns land near the Colored people, decided that it would make his property more salable if the city acquired the Colored people's property and moved the school further out towards the country. The Colored trustees refused to assent to this, where-

Abraham Lincoln

Standing in the nation's annals,
Throned in the hearts of men,
Crowned by them hero triumphant,
With a martyr's diadem.

Savior of a nation's honor,
Liberator of a race;
By thy fearless proclamation
All its wrongs wouldst thou efface.

Second father of thy country,
Freedom's champion, fair thy fame,
Wheresoe'er the eagle's pinions
Spread, is honored Lincoln's name.

When the trembling nation shuddered
Lest from union it had swerved,
Rang thy tones throughout its distance,
"Union must, shall be preserved!"

Where the "Stars and Stripes" float proudly
Emblem of a nation's power,
Thou art held in fond remembrance,
And shall be till its last hour.



upon the County Superintendent, Dr. Kelly, abolished the Colored school."

It was pleasing to read in the Extension magazine of the fine work the Rev. G. J. Buisink is doing among the Colored people of Cameron Parish, La., besides his arduous tasks with the whites.

The circular sent us by Rev. Bro. Gratian of St. Emma's, Rock Castle, Va., contains the following most gratifying passage: "Of course there are a great many so-called colleges for the benefit of the Colored youth in the South, but with the exception of Tuskegee and Hampton, none can compare with St. Emma's."

The "Little Missionary" tells of the work of the Capuchin Fathers in the Congo in the year 1645, that they converted in the first five years no less than 600,000 Negroes.

The Ven. Catherine Emmerich gives the following explanation of the black color in her vision of the creation: "God placed a sign upon Cain that no one should slay him. Cain's posterity gradually became colored. Cham's children were also browner than those of Sem. The cultivated races were always of a light color. They who were distinguished by a particular mark engendered children of the same stamp; and as corruption increased the mark also increased until at last it covered the whole body, and people became darker and darker. But in the beginning there were no people perfectly black; they became so only by degrees."

Someone said the other day in his report on the Negro Missions, that the Protestant Churches have done nothing for the Negro. The poor man was evidently ill informed or has been walking with blinded eyes through the Southland. If they have done nothing else, they have at least watched for the opportunity and gathered them into their folds, when Catholics lay asleep. Just consider the amount of money that is, *e. g.*, spent by the A. M. A., a white Protestant organization for Negro educational establishments. There is, *e. g.*, Straight College in New Orleans with 86 teachers and 525 students, about 6 students to every teach-

er, all with highly paid salaries. This organization supports a score or more of such institutions. Where do we find a Catholic support of that kind?

"My Southern fields are ripening to the harvest,

But laborers are few.

Come, wanderer, with me through the golden meadows

All wet with dew."—*Faber*.

When a man tells you, that one religion is as good as another, hand him a counterfeit dollar and watch him come to his senses.

To make peace with one's heart on battle terms is the most enduring form of peace.

For the first time in the history of the Mississippi State Medical Examination Board, a Negro was given a license to practice, on June 22, at Jackson, Miss.

Quite a while ago our attention was called to the way in which some papers neglect to print the word Negro with a capital N. Of course, in many cases this is done in harmony with the practice anything in the colored line is treated. The better class of Negroes demand this little recognition of their racial pride.

The Fathers of the Divine Word spent a week in seclusion at the beginning of June, giving their time entirely to God and the salvation of their own souls in a retreat.

Do not forget to send us the subscription to the COLORED MESSENGER, which you promised for your friends the other day. It is only 50 cents.

The Negro problem is rapidly moving northward. This means that new efforts on part of the Church to educate and prepare the Negro for his new position in life must be made.

A very serious warning comes from Dr. W. S. Leathers, executive officer of the University of Mississippi Medical School faculty on the prospects of an enormous increase of that much dreaded disease pellagra in this state. In some parts of Mississippi the Negro population has almost been decimated by this loathsome malady, and the outlook grows

worse. It is possible that there will be an increase of pellagra owing to the fact, that many families of the state are selling their milk cows and therefore robbing their homes of one of the most important articles of diet in the prevention and cure of this disease. Moreover, owing to the high price of foods, unless the people of the state grow their own food products, such as peas and beans, and have poultry, eggs, and other antipellagrous foods for use on the family table, pellagra will undoubtedly increase during 1917 and 1918.

After the East St. Louis outrages, the lynching business is no longer a monopoly of the South, and already the Southern papers are paying back with the same money this "Holier-than-Thou" attitude.

The reading of Monsignor Burke's "Our Colored Missions" and his checks are two wonderful sources of comfort for soul and

body of the man on the lonely firing line.

We are most anxious to have our magazine made "Second Class" matter and so are compelled to make another change to the effect, that the C. M. in future will be shipped from Techny, where it is printed. We hope our readers will not get confused. Send editorial matters to the same address as formerly, Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., 1914—18 Ave., Meridian, Miss., and all subscriptions and money to THE COLORED MESSENGER, Techny, Ill.

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"Take pains," said the window.

"Be straight," said the ruler.

"Stick to things," said the paste.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Never miss a second," said the clock.

"Be sharp," said the scissors.

"Keep clean," said the washstand.

"Keep posted," said the ledger.

"Be well read," said the red ink.

"Absorb everything," said the blotter.



A SOUTHERN OAKDRIVE

A Few Minutes with the Missionary

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.

The session is over, school is closed, the Sisters are at their home in Techny to enjoy the company of dear fellow Sisters, friends, and associates on the road of perfection. Here in Vicksburg in the meantime busy hands are at work to build up a comfortable residence where the Sisters may dwell during the strenuous work of school and mission life. The house badly needed repairing and remodeling; it was altogether unfit for a Sisters' convent. It served its purpose in the first years when there were but two or three Sisters needed, but there was no way to accommodate seven Sisters in the narrow walls of the convent-building. Much has been said about the condition of the house, so that it is needless to sing the old song again. We are building, we are remodeling and repairing to give the Sisters a cozy home after they have borne the day's heat in the school's sacred sanctuary.

School closed, and the closing was a solemn one; the Commencement Exercises were the *non plus ultra* of what can be

achieved in any school. One of the main features was a spelling match. Though the examination was strictness incarnate, it was hardly possible to get any of the scholars down from the stage. Four of them entitled themselves to premiums offered originally to the one best speller. At the exercises two received medals and diplomas for completing the bookkeeping-course; one was awarded a diploma of proficiency in typewriting; nine received diplomas in penmanship from the Palmer Company.

We are looking for a new opening in September with a splendid number of children. *Sempre avanti!* May God, who gave us a good session last year, give us all His blessing in the year to come.

Catholic Institute, Jackson, Miss.

It was indeed a grand occasion, something that cannot be beat, as they say, the Closing Exercises of our school. Although late, and running the risk of tiring the reader with old stories, I still cannot refrain from mentioning it.



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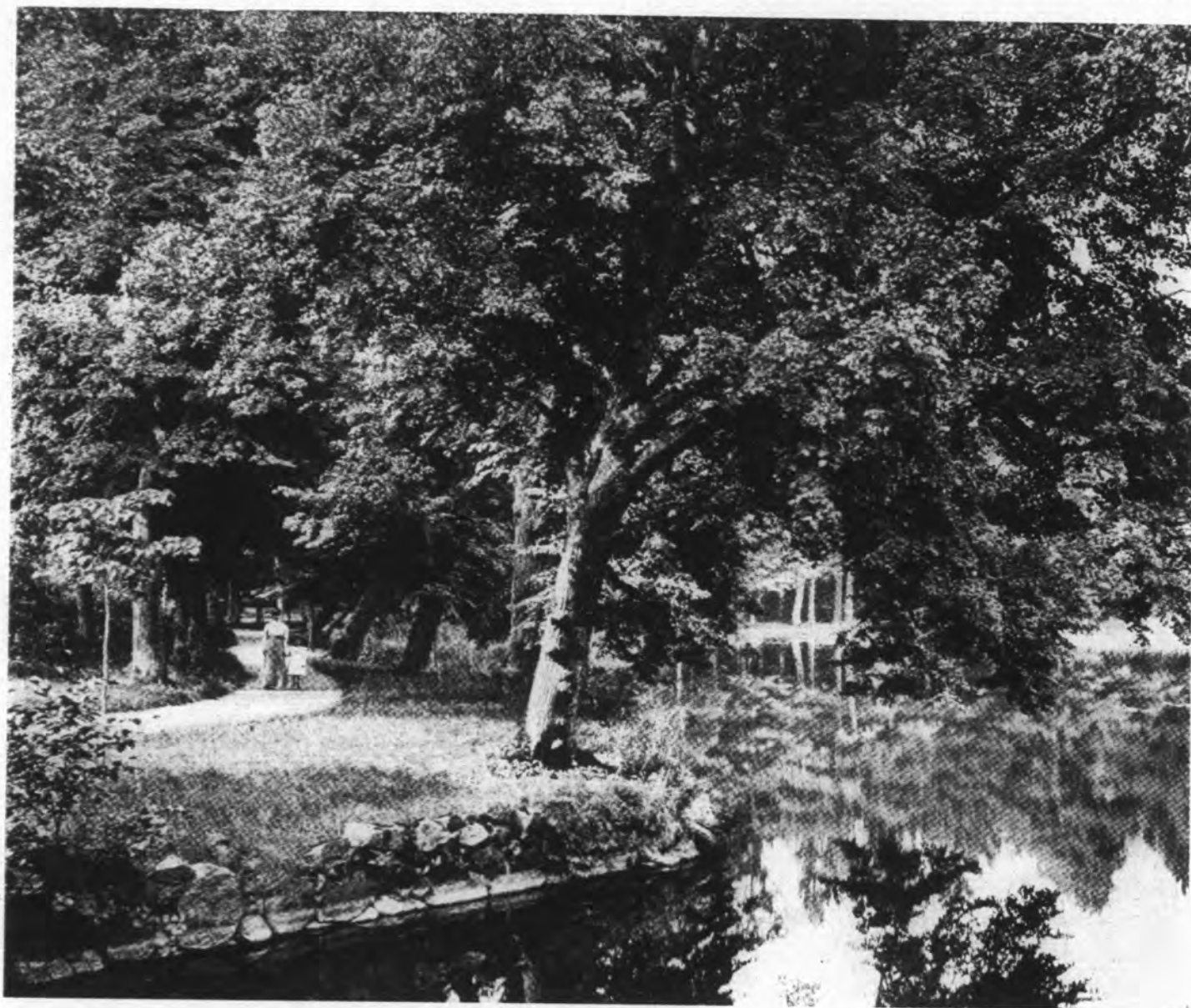
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We always have been trying to make the Commencement Exercises a success, because this is the only occasion for us to bring the work the Catholic Church is doing for the Colored race before the public. Here the parents have a chance to witness what the Ven. Sisters can accomplish with their offspring whom they entrusted to their care.

This also is the reason why our Sisters are taking so much pains in arranging the program, and are devoting so much of their leisure time for practice in training the children to do their part well.

Thus parents and children and their many friends are looking forward to the school concert with joyous anticipation as to a most solemn event. And we are glad to say that the closing of the session of 1916-17 was successful beyond expectation. It was inspiring to all who witnessed the exercises, a great delight to parents and children, especially to those students of the 8th Grade who were awarded a certificate, entitling them to enter the high-school department if they desire to do so.

Among the happiest of the crowd were those (21 in number, some quite young) to whom the Palmer Company of Chicago awarded diplomas for efficiency in Business-writing, a clear proof that the work is going on well. We are very anxious to make our high-school a success. And doubtless, if we find the means to erect the buildings we need for that work, we will succeed.

Finally, a word of thanks to our readers, who by their prayers and personal sacrifices furnish the means for the support of our missions. Looking back at the past session, we feel that we are much obliged for the generosity we received through the Catholic Board for Missions among the Colored people. Eleven out of the 32 Sisters teaching in our schools in Mississippi received their monthly payments from the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John E. Burke, the Director General. Without the assistance of the Members of the Board we were at a loss how to keep up our schools, on which we rightly place the only hope for a thorough conversion of

the millions of souls of the Colored race, who must be brought into the true fold of Christ, who gave His life for them.

Notice that the Colored Messenger will be sent from now on direct from Techny, Ill., where it is being printed. All subscriptions, donations, and correspondence to be addressed: THE COLORED MESSENGER, Techny, Ill.

St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.

The picture of St. Joseph's Institute Band speaks more than my poor words can express. Music and singing are two things which have always been strong features at our mission, so we could not rest till we had a brass band. Through the generosity of a white friend of the Colored race we were enabled to purchase some instruments, and furthermore, through the kindness of his brother, a music teacher, the band was inaugurated. The band is a source of much pleasure and attraction at the mission. There are many, many things needed to make the band complete. Perhaps there is an instrument or two in your attic or cellar that has not seen the light of day for many months. Quite a number of implements are required to make a modern and up-to-date drummer and blower. We can assure you that any of your instruments will bring pleasure to our Colored lads.

This is not all about the music. Quite a long time ago we were the happy recipients of an 88-note player piano. This instrument has brought more cheer to the mission pupils and ourselves than anything else, besides whiling away the weary hours. There is a time when you say: Oh, I am tired of hearing such and such a piece all the time. You are right, but then pack it up and send it to us, our folks never grow tired.

At our school closing last June we had an attendance of over 700 people. The best Negro lawyer of Mississippi, the Hon. W. E. Mollison, was the speaker of the day, and his words were quite interesting.

A miracle of grace. The telephone rings. Who is this? The hospital. There is a young Colored man here who wants to see the Catholic priest. All right, I shall be there in a few minutes. When I arrived at the hospital I found a boy named Lewis Wilson, who had been accidentally shot. His face was familiar to me. Upon inquiring further he told me that he had been a regular attendant of our Sunday school—there are so many Protestants at our Sunday school that I can hardly remember them all. "Father," he said, "I want to be baptized." "How is that, my young man," was my question. "You know, I am going to die, and you always told us in Sunday school that we must be baptized to go to heaven. I have never been baptized." I baptized the young fellow, and a few days afterwards he died.

It is true, hardly a Sunday school passes without my telling the scholars of the Sacrament of Baptism, its absolute necessity and holiness, for very many of them have never been baptized.

Send those musical instruments to Father Wendel at Meridian, Miss.

St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Arkansas

The Story from St. Bartholomew's this time is brief but good. Father Hoenderop reports the reception into the Church of a number of adult converts, showing that the little mustard seed is very much alive in Arkansas.

The school had four graduates last term, who finished the course prescribed by the School Board of the missions. The ceremony of conferring the diplomas was attended with the usual solemnity, and a great crowd of spectators added to its significance.

The little mission school at St. Francis had a most interesting closing, being the second in its

history. The people in that section begin more and more to appreciate the work of the Mission Sisters.

When last June His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Bishop Morris, celebrated his silver sacerdotal jubilee, St. Bartholomew's Congregation joined with grateful hearts in the solemn jubilee of the whole diocese. Very few congregations in Little Rock owe as great a debt of gratitude to our beloved Bishop as does St. Bartholomew's. May the Lord spare the Shepherd and his flock many more years.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

With the Commencement Exercises on May 30 our school closed one of its most



St. Joseph's Institute Band

successful years. It was a great honor to the school that our very Rev. Father Provincial and Rev. Father Heick, the superior of the Southern Missions, were present at the exercises and addressed a large crowd of nearly thousand people. By their coming in such large numbers the people of Greenville showed their interest in the development of the institution and they were highly pleased with the skillful acting of the school children. For over four hours the people listened to them with such attention that every word of the children could be understood. The stage showed many improvements as compared with last year; a beautiful scenery was painted for it by our Ven.

Sister Superior, which would do honor to any stage. We also had better music and singing, which deserve high praise. The recitation by one of the high-school students was a true masterpiece. But the most beautiful sight of the evening was the thirty kindergarten children and the way they acted, sang, and spoke on the stage. Better, however, than the exercises do the exhibits of the children show the real work that is done in the school, and a special feature of this year's exhibition was the agricultural products of our school garden, which showed the people what able work can be done even by school children under the guidance of good teachers.



At their ancestors' well on the old plantation

Really Neutral

While examining a confirmation class in a small country mission, Bishop Hennessey came across a real neutral in the person of an eight-year-old girl of German parentage. She was rather stout, and the Bishop asked her if she were a Bohemian or a Pole. With the frozen look of the Sphinx she uttered an emphatic "No." "French, perhaps?" said

the Bishop; again an emphatic "No." "Maybe you are Spanish or Irish?" "No." "Oh, I'm sure you are German." Still a cold "No." "Well, what in the world are you, anyhow?" An answer came as if from a catapult: "I'm a Catholic." Some ginger there, but is there any question of her neutrality?—*Catholic Advance*.

Blossoms from the Mission Field

Daniel, the Catechist

(From "The Negro Child")

Continued

Daniel had seven children, four of whom are still living. His first son, Ignatius, died when quite a little child. At the birth of this child, Daniel, not yet sufficiently instructed in his religion, did not wish his child to remain longer under the dominion of Satan, and so baptized him. After this hasty action he hurriedly went to the Fathers to give them news of the birth of his son, adding with great satisfaction: "My child no longer belongs to the devil, but to God, because I baptized him!" The Fathers told him that it was not right to have done so; father or mother may baptize his or her child only in extreme necessity. Very much upset, Daniel returned home not quite so elated as when he started out.

The four remaining children are very interesting, and would be lovable if their mother would keep them cleaner and more tidy. The eldest, a girl about twelve years old, was named for Mary of Egypt. From the day of her birth her father consecrated her to God, and a few years ago Daniel begged us to receive her, saying that it was time to offer the sacrifice dedicated to God. Daniel's earnest request was granted. Mary was received among our children. In her childlike faith and simplicity, she is a worthy daughter of her father. She is talented, but naturally has also the faults of her age; her excessive liveliness at play, and her liking for fruit have frequently brought her to harm, as for instance: One Saturday—Saturday was washday—the children went early to the river. Mary noticed a beautiful peach hanging on a high branch. With the agility of a squirrel, she climbed the peach tree, had already taken hold of the luscious fruit, and was just about to fasten her white teeth into it, when, suddenly, her foot slipped, and the little mischief fell to the ground, striking a picket on the way which caused a deep wound in her leg. Without shedding a tear, she herself drew

out the splinters which had done her such injury, and said: "Our dear Lord has punished me for my disobedience and greediness." If asked if she suffered much, she would answer with a sweet smile: "Jesus upon the cross had more terrible wounds, and He suffered without complaint; I will try to do the same." She really showed wonderful courage; the doctor having sewed up the wound, could not refrain from praising the strength and patience of such a young girl. Besides, Daniel was there, and he encouraged her, saying: "Offer this up, my daughter, for the exaltation of the Church!" In such a good school, Mary was bound to make progress in virtue.

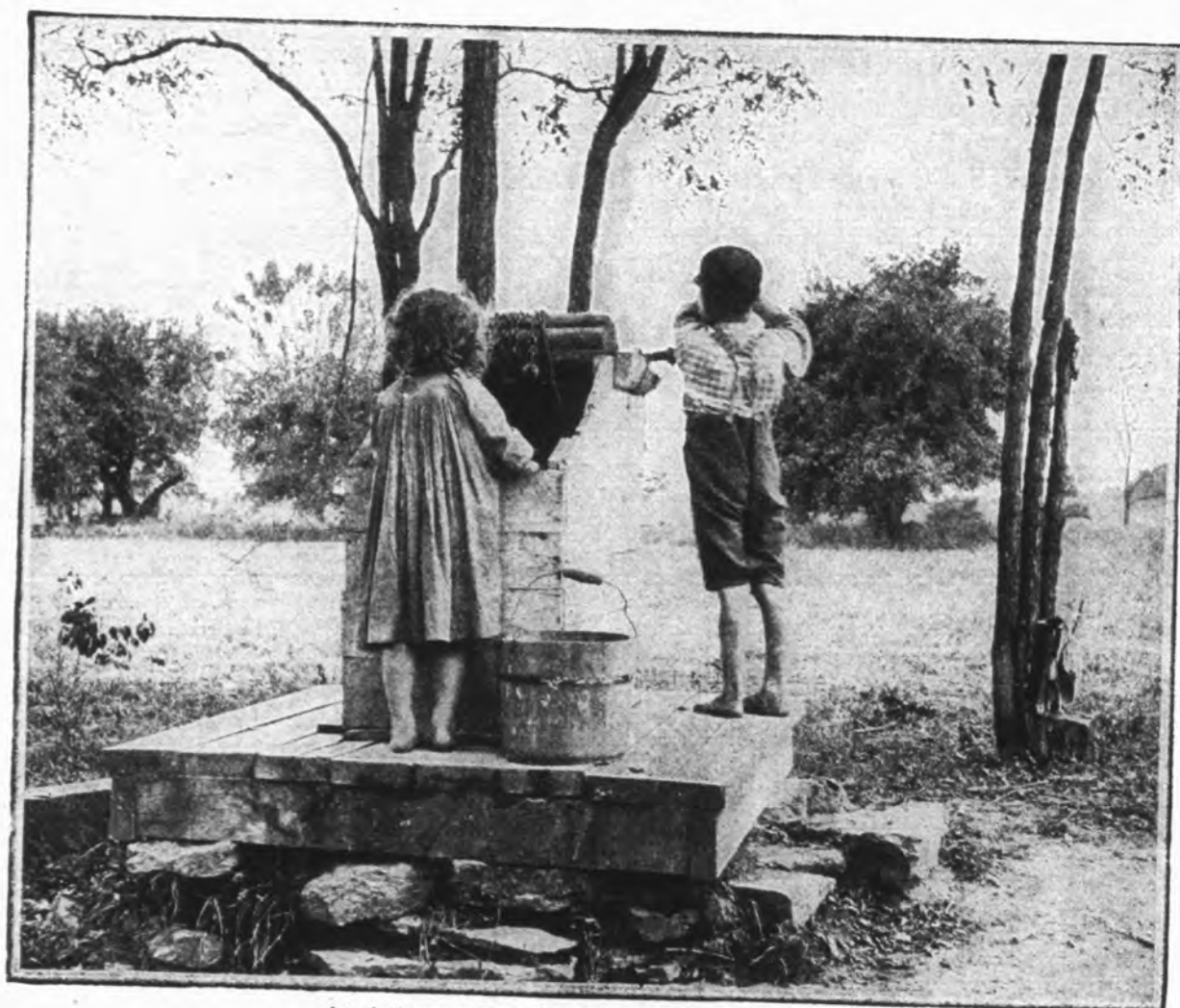
On the feast of All Saints she received her First Holy Communion. Since then, Daniel is overcome with joy, and it is touching to see him approach the Holy Table with his daughter,—almost daily.

Ursula, Daniel's second daughter, has a less amiable disposition than her sister. She helps her mother with the housework, and goes for a walk, carrying her little brother and sister on her back. Sometimes both of them cry and scream at once; in order to quiet them, Ursula boxes their ears. All the more determined is Daniel in trying to bring them up well. It is really interesting to watch him preparing them for the Sacrament of Penance. At such a time, Ursula looks very serious, and when she comes out of the confessional, her expression is entirely changed. When, later, she looks around in church, slaps her little brother, or teases her companions, she need only be reminded of her confession, and immediately her manner changes.

As for the two smallest ones, Cecilia and John Berchmans, they can do little more than play and scream. Little John distinguishes himself particularly by an inclination to ring the church-bells. Let us hope that he may inherit his father's zeal. The latter frequently recommends his little boy to the prayers of the Sisters, with the remark: "I pray God that he may some day be a priest!" May his wish be realized!

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A Colored Tertiary

"Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." These words of our dear Lord may well be applied to Mr. George Perkins, who died in Washington, Mo., on March 2, 1917. His face, indeed, was black, but his soul was white as snow. While speaking with him one never thought of the color of his body. The beautiful whiteness of his soul shone in the kindly light of his eyes, the courtesy of his speech, the correctness of his manner. One day he was introduced to a strange Father. After he had left, the Father remarked that there was something unusual about George. Being asked what he meant, he replied, "He has such a heavenly look."

George Perkins was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was dear to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He was a favorite with the children, because he always had a kind word and a winning smile for them. The grown people cherished him for his solid virtue. Known by all for his deep faith and his great reverence for our holy religion, he was a very humble man. He never made a show of his piety and religion. But he was not ashamed to own up to his religious convictions; nor was he afraid to defend the Catholic Church when occasion offered. George gained a livelihood by working in the gardens and doing other small jobs. Thus he would often be seen on his way to work with his wheelbarrow. When he met a priest, he would at once set down his wheelbarrow, raise his hat respectfully, and say, "Praised be Jesus Christ." If anyone cast slurs on the Catholic Church or on our holy religion, George was always ready with an answer. On one occasion, for instance, a non-Catholic lady began to criticize the Catholic pastor for decorating and repairing his church. Like Judas of old,

she said to George, "I don't see any use in throwing away money by fixing up the church that way. The money might have been used much better for some other good purpose." "Oh, I don't know," Perkins replied in his usual quiet way. "You try to have your front room fixed up as fine as you can. You want to have a fit place to entertain your visitors. I don't see why it should be wrong to fix up the Church where our dear Lord Himself is our visitor."

George had a very great love for our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Although he had to work hard all day long, he was in church every morning at a quarter past five o'clock and received Holy Communion even when there was no Mass at that hour. He was there, summer and winter, not only when the weather was fair, but also when it was raining and snowing. One morning it was cold and rainy. When George rose and prepared to go to church, his good wife expostulated with him, say-

ing that the weather was too bad to go out. "If I were to go out to get a ten-dollar bill," he answered meekly, "you would not ask me to stay at home. And holy Mass is worth far more to me than ten dollars." And to holy Mass he went.

The deceased was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and he knew well how to appreciate this great grace. "Father," he once said, "I just love the Third Order. The longer I belong to it, the better I like it. I can pray so much better since I joined, and I wouldn't give it up for anything." His patron in the Third Order was St. Benedict the Moor. As he knelt with the other Tertiaries the Sunday before his death to say the Rosary for the deceased Tertiary Henry Jaspers, he little dreamed that he himself would be among the dead within six

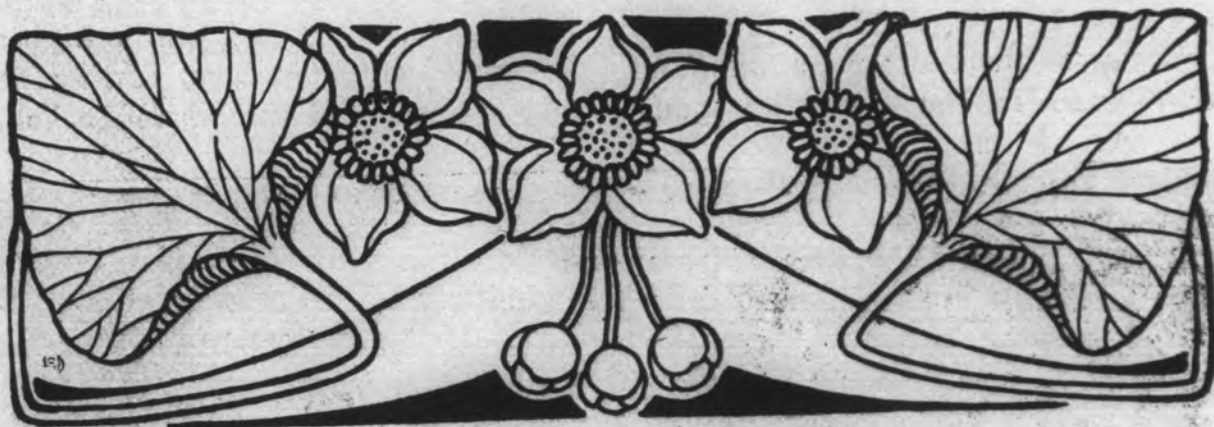


George Perkins

days. On the next day he did not appear at the Communion rail. This was unusual. Tuesday morning came, and again he was missing. "That's strange," remarked one of the Fathers, "something must have happened to George." Wednesday the report came that George was sick. Thursday afternoon he received the holy Sacrament of Extreme Unction. By Friday noon he was dying. Every now and then he was heard to say, "My Jesus, mercy." The Father attending him prayed aloud for him. At times he would pause in order not to tire the dying man. But George was not to be tired. Again and again he asked the Father to continue to pray. At half-past seven o'clock in the evening he died. It was the first Friday of the month, the day of the Sacred Heart. George had always worn the badge of the Sacred Heart when he went to Holy Communion. It seems as if our dear Lord wished to reward him for this devotion by taking George to Him-

self on the day consecrated to His Sacred Heart.

George Perkins, who had lived and died as a fervent and practical Tertiary, was also buried as a Tertiary, dressed in the large brown habit of St. Francis. As he lay in the coffin, many people, old and young, from all over the city, came to his humble home to view his remains. He who had always been so humble and unassuming in life received special marks of honor after death. Solemn funeral services were held for him Monday, March 5, in the presence of a large congregation. After the solemn Requiem High Mass, the altar boys surrounded the casket and accompanied it to the doors of the church. There, in the vestibule the coffin was opened and the school children crowded round to take a last look at the mortal remains of him whom they had so well known and loved as the janitor of their school. May the good God give us many more Tertiaries like George Benedict Perkins.—*Communicated.*



Colored Catholic Chaplain Killed on French Front

The first black Catholic chaplain with the Colonial troops in the field has laid down his life for his men. The Abbé Gabriel Sane was born in 1869 and was converted to Christianity. He made his studies in Senegal, his native country, and was ordained priest in 1902. When he saw his compatriots leaving in great numbers for the war, he asked his bishop the favor of going with them, if only as infirmier or interpreter; for he spoke six

languages. Msgr. Le Roy, chief military chaplain, who received him in France in 1916, appointed him chaplain to the Senegalese Tirailleurs, who received him with enthusiasm. All, Christians and Mussulmans, were equally devoted to him. He has just been killed in Champagne by a bursting shell. His body was brought in by another missionary, Dr. Letavin, of the Holy Ghost Order, who had come from the farthest wilds of the Amazon, Brazil, to serve the armies of France.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

BY REV. P. M. CHRISTMAN, S. V. D.

Greenville is the county seat of Washington county, Mississippi. It is situated in the center of the Yazoo Delta. The Yazoo Delta is a strip of bottom land between the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers which is so low that to protect it from overflows it requires an unbroken line of levees averaging 15 ft. in height. Mississippi is known as a cotton state, and cotton is grown in every county of the state, but the largest yields are in the Delta, the greatest cotton-producing region of the world. The largest Indian-corn producing districts of the state are also found in the Delta. This explains why so many beautiful towns are spread over the whole Delta with a wealthy population, made up chiefly of, oftentimes highly educated, farmers and able businessmen, who are influential persons in the political and social life of the state. The work on the farms is almost exclusively done by Negro labor. The Negroes outnumber the white population and are represented in the Delta by many

property owners, some well-to-do farmers, and able workmen, who are better paid here than in any other part of the state. The Delta has, besides, the distinct honor of having two Negro towns, well managed and an honor to the race: Mound Bayou and Deo Volente.

Now, Greenville is not only the geographic but also the business center of the Delta, because it is served by the Southern and Mississippi Valley railways and by various passenger and freight steamboat lines on the Mississippi river. There are large warehouses, compressors, and gins, extensive cotton-seed oil works and sawmills. Greenville is therefore the largest town, the "Queen City of the Delta." It was especially during the last twenty years that Greenville grew very fast, and it now has good streets, electricity, and gas; it has its "White Way," first-class stores and beautiful schools. Only last year a high school, a magnificent structure, costing \$80,000, was erected, and the white Catholic con-



The Finest Lot of School Children in Greenville, Miss. Sisters' Convent in the Background



The Boys Enjoy Baseball

gregation enjoys the honor of having the most beautiful church in Mississippi.

It was for such reasons that the superiors of our Southern Missions decided, four years ago, to establish our fourth mission in Mississippi in Greenville. It was, however, not so easy to find a place suitable for our purpose. Places in the center of the city were either too small or too expensive or for other reasons not desirable. But Very Rev. Father Korstenbroeck, the pastor of the white congregation, was so anxious to have a mission in Greenville for the benefit of the Colored people that he himself bought, close to the city, sixty acres of land of which he sold ten acres to our society for the purpose of erecting a school and mission, on it.

Rev. Father Hoenderop, S.V.D., was commissioned to build school and convent in July, 1914. But the property was so neglected, the ground so low, the drainage so poor that the ground had first to be raised several feet and a high concrete sidewalk laid along the front of the property before anything else could be done. Father Hoenderop with his untiring zeal, his practical sense, his experience as builder, and his ability as manager of the workmen succeeded in having the school



Tennis is a Fine Pastime at the Sacred Heart Institute Greenville, Miss.

ready for opening in October, 1914. When the school was completed and furnished, it was, no doubt, the most attractive and best-equipped school for Colored children in Greenville. Besides, it was the first school-building in brick. If I should describe the many sacrifices the good Father had to make during the time he was building, the old shed in which he sometimes had to sleep and to eat, the other poor accommodations he had to be content with, the picture would not differ very much from that of the hardships of a heathen missionary in dark Africa or China. But lack of space forbids going into details.

After school and convent were erected, Rev. Father J. Stein, S.V.D., was appointed rector of the mission and principal of the school. He was still a young missionary, only one year in America, and engaged in the Colored work as assistant to Rev. Father Heick in Jackson. He had, however, in so short a time given

many proofs of zeal and ability, so that his superiors did not fear to put him in charge of a new mission and school, both of which had to be built up by him.—

This was not the first attempt to give the Colored people of Greenville a private school; several Colored men, mostly ministers of the Baptist



A Most Useful Member of the Mission

denomination which is represented here by eighteen churches, tried before us to give their people good private schools, and three of them even opened high schools or gave their undertaking the high-sounding name of a college. But though they were backed by a very large and popular denomination, and established by men of the Colored race, their institutions failed or are now at least without any influence, because the accommodations which they offered their children were inferior to those of the public school; the teaching staff gave but little satisfaction, and they were unable to put the schools on a financial working basis.—

disappointed as that we could have impressed them with the hope of giving them a better school in the course of time, and giving them an inferior one for the present. We were thus compelled to erect a good and well-furnished school building and teach the children on a superior plan of study and according to the modern methods of teaching. And we were the more able to do so, not only because of the superior training of our teachers, but also because the public school buildings for Colored are neither modern nor well-furnished but very simple frame-structures and some of the teachers of these schools are ill-prepared for their



Greenville's High School

We came to Greenville for the very same purpose, to erect a private school, and what spoke strongly against us, besides the failure of the other private institutions, was that we were quite unknown to the people, because of our faith; for all the Colored people of this section did know of our Church they had heard from their ignorant ministers, and they again had received all their information from such filthy papers as the "Menace." Then, we were whites and foreigners. There was therefore no other way to make our undertaking a success than to build a school superior to the public schools, to accommodate the children better, to give them abler teachers, and to raise them morally and socially to a higher standard. The people had already been fed with too many promises and had too often been

responsible position because poorly paid. Our attractive school building was therefore the best advertisement of our school and a most effective advertisement, too; for soon after the opening an unexpectedly large number of children flocked to it. It was important for the Father as well as for the teachers to win the confidence of the children and through the children that of the parents. And how well they succeeded in this may be seen from the fact that already at the end of the first school year the children felt completely at home in the school. The result of the first year's work showed about sixty children who attended regularly and to whom the teachers had so endeared themselves that we were absolutely sure that they would return, and their number grew the second year to about eighty. The at-

tendance at school was, of course, much larger. But it was very important to have some children on whom we could absolutely depend, because the Protestant ministers were, naturally, opposed to the growing influence of the school. We felt the weight of their opposition already the second year, and it found its most drastic expression during the third year when they erected a Protestant institution to make our school impossible. The influ-

services regularly. One lady, whose name should not be forgotten in the annals of the mission, deserves special mention. She showed from the beginning so much genuine faith, deep piety, and an almost rigid regularity in attending divine services that, except in case of sickness, she would never miss Mass nor a devotion on Sundays and, whenever possible, she comes to Mass daily and receives Holy Communion. She is also a generous con-



Sister Marcellina and Her Little Tots of the Kindergarten at Greenville, Miss.

ence of that institution is, at present, reduced to almost nothing.

Was the mission work crowned with the same speedy success? The progress of a mission never will and never can be as rapid as that of a school; for the different denominations, especially the Catholic Church on the one side and all Protestant sects on the other, are so diametrically opposed to each other that the people have first to "get used" to our Church before their eyes can be opened to the beauty and power of its truth, while education and its aims are essentially the same in either public or private schools. When Rev. Father Stein came here, he found about ten Catholics who attended the

tributor to the Church and a very active member of the congregation, trying to be an apostle of our Holy Faith to her people and to be of as much service to the mission as she can. The very same can be said of the first adult convert whom Father Stein baptized already in October. In pious souls like these the grace of God manifests itself most wonderfully, and one can almost see how it works in them and slowly transforms their hearts. Another grown member was added to the congregation on Easter, who is now a very faithful Catholic, and so the whole congregation consisted for the first year of four grown people: two ladies and two men. Our best Catholic children so

far came from these three families. Besides these few grown persons, 24 children were received into the Church already the first year. It is, however, not an easy task to keep children-converts, to infuse genuine faith and true piety into their hearts, and to have them attending the services of the Church regularly. Their Protestant parents take them, oftentimes against their will, to their churches on Sundays, where they meet friends and relatives and never hear a kind word about our holy faith, but only bitter remarks. These are repeated to them at home, in the streets, and by their friends. If, therefore, many of these children-converts sooner or later fall away from the Church, one need not be surprised. They need a special grace of God to guard and guide their hearts. Thus the number of children-converts has not the same value as the number of good adult converts, though Catholic children who persevere in their holy faith will, in their later life, make good Catholics, as they have gone, in our schools, through a really thorough Catholic train-

ing.—In 1915 another grown person was received into the Church, and with her a whole family had become Catholic; also ten more children joined the Church the same year.

This is in a few words a picture of the two years' work and its success of the first pastor of Greenville, Rev. Father Stein. But it says nothing of the many disappointments he met with, of what he suffered, especially as he never enjoyed very strong health. And, besides the Father did not have his own home, but had to live and to work in a school-room. No wonder that already after two years his feeble health broke down, and his superiors, fearing that he would soon become unable to do any work, asked him to return to Techny, the central institution of the S.V.D., to build up his health. There he serves now as professor and prefect of the mission boys. His successor is Father Christman, whom he presented when arriving in Greenville with a new and nice little home, the best gift he could offer him.

(To be continued.)

Why Negroes Leave the South

The emigration of the Negro continues, and no means have yet been found to stop it. The problem is of paramount interest to Catholics, as we have shown in our little editorial. We thought it well to reproduce here two letters which are frank and to the point. They are written by non-Catholics. The first one is from *The Freeman's Journal*, N. Y. The second from *The Catholic Standard and Times*.

Sir:—Herbert Spencer, in "The Study of Sociology," characterizes as a grave difficulty to the development of social science the tendency of the investigator too often to suppress or overlook data unfavorable to his point of view or objective.

Mr. Spencer's critics, even in our day, are numerous; but his conclusion in this particular instance finds ample corroboration and justification in *The Tribune's*, Atlanta, (Ga.) correspondent's communi-

cation in to-day's issue of your splendid paper, in which the country is informed of the economic crisis Georgia is facing because black men are seeking a more congenial clime. We read that the Legislature of Georgia must act in order that "these measures may stop the stream." "It is necessary that it be stopped." "If the emigration continues indefinitely Georgia faces economic collapse." "She is literally being bled white." And why?

Because, writes the *Tribune* correspondent, 5,000 Negro adults have left Georgia since last July in search of employment on farms in the North and Northwest, where they expected to get \$4.50 and \$5 a day for their labor; that before they leave, those who have sell cabin, mule, corn—everything not portable; that in the "Land of Promise" many of the Negroes, failing to find the higher wage, accept the lower, become dissatisfied and

eventually, becoming public charges in a strange country (the large cities), drift back home, sadder and wiser and "broker."

And now conscription! That monster which has fanned anew the smouldering embers of the Emma Goldman-Alex Berkman combination's fire, which has uncovered more pro-German plots, threatens alike the sensitive Georgia vascular system—Georgia is almost bled white.

The Negro has never proved an ingrate. It is the fact of American history in the last 300 years that the Negro has more nearly typified the injunction of Christ to "turn the other cheek" than any of the conglomerate extractions which in the aggregate make up the American nation. And equally true, that if Georgia regarded the Negro as the principal element of its life's blood, which it now confesses in your correspondent's gloomy picture, there has heretofore been nothing in its conduct to reasonably justify such a conclusion. On the other hand, its very attitude, manifest in countless acts a thousand times a thousand, justifies the contrary conclusion.

Does not its senior United States Senator owe his political preferment to his successful delusion of his fellows (white voters) on the Negro issue, to which plane his opponent, Georgia's foremost editor, refused to descend?

Does not its junior United States Senator point with pride to his vote against the retention of Negro firemen on the Georgia railroad when a member of the commission which the Governor of Georgia appointed to settle the controversy between the white firemen who desired to oust Negro firemen, and the Georgia railroad, which determined to retain them?

Does not Georgia lead the civilized world in the taking of human life, not only without due process of law, but in the most brutal and public manner? And are not most of its mob victims Negroes? Did not Atlanta, the Georgia metropolis, close the Negro high school and threaten to remove the highest grade of the Negro graded school?

So, how can Georgia expect so much of its greatest economic force when it has built under that force such a flimsy social structure?

If higher wages in that land of plenty just over the horizon were the cause of the Negro hegira from Georgia, those who return sadder and wiser and "broker" would prove an asset to Georgia and a deterrent to migration that not even conscription could overcome. The rural Georgian is simple-minded, and the broken-spirited, destitute, returning wanderer inflames his imagination so as to turn the beautiful land of promise into a virtual unfertile wilderness, inhabited by huge man-eating beasts. Yes, the cause of the Negro's desire to leave the South in general and Georgia in particular is not merely to get better wages and escape conscription.

The colored track laborers along the New Haven Railroad receive \$2.10 a day and pay \$5 a week for board. They can beat this on the docks at Newport News, Charleston, Savannah, or Jacksonville. And board would cost as much. As to conscription, there are more Negroes ready and willing to enter and reenter the army than the Administration has manifested an inclination to accept.

The principal cause of the Negro movement away from the South is the response to the cry of his soul to get out of bondage. He may not realize it as such; it may seem to most of him as the fear of the evil spirit of the South, of the spirit of Georgia, that burns, hangs, and destroys him; but it is none the less the cry of his soul to go! Go where his children can have a chance to be men and women, even if they perish in the attempt, away from Georgia, that lynched Frank and elected Dorsey, his prosecutor, in vindication of the mob. Fly, fly from Georgia, whose spirit execrates Slaton and glorifies Watson!

It is because Georgia of the mob and for the mob is no longer a government of the people for the people, because she is a mobocracy rather than a democracy, that her black sons have left her and "she is literally being bled white." And no

enactment of the Georgia Legislature can undo the mountain of injury done by Hoke Smith and Tom Watson. If Georgia desires to do right by her Negroes let her Legislature put into motion the machinery that will give her black citizens the same right of citizenship her white sons enjoy. Until then Georgia should literally bleed white.

R. B. LEMUS.

New London, Conn., May 30, 1917.

The South's Astir

A letter to the *Journal* entitled "The State of South Columbia, S. C.," bearing the signature, "J. M. Des Champs," gives a most gruesome picture of the social and political conditions which have brought about a great movement of the Negro population toward the North which is causing the planters and other employers of labor much uneasiness and some searching of hearts. The whites are beginning to ask themselves have they dealt as they ought with regard to their manumitted brethren. Mr. Des Champs, in the course of a powerful *peccavimus* sums up the confession and outlines the remedy in a contrite yet hopeful way. In the course of his survey he says.

We of the South are to blame for the conditions which make their going easily possible. There is a spirit of oppression prevalent here exercised against the Negroes which makes their burdens well nigh unbearable to them. The constitutional rights given them by our Federal Government are wholly or in part denied them. We as white citizens make the laws under which they are forced to live. They are taxed without representation. If they do wrong, we arrest them, try them, fine them, and punish them. They are forever at our mercy. For this reason we should be more just to them than to ourselves even, for they are as helpless babies in our power to do with them as we please. This fact, I think, none will deny.

Unconscionable whites in the South have not hesitated to misuse their educational superiority to inflame the minds of the Colored population, upon whom so

many of them depended for social and field service. A quarter of a century ago we got a copy of a pamphlet which was being widely distributed through the South. Its title was: "Man or Baboon?" The question referred to the dark-skinned brother, only a score of years previously from a bondage worse than that of the Pharaohs over the children of Judah.

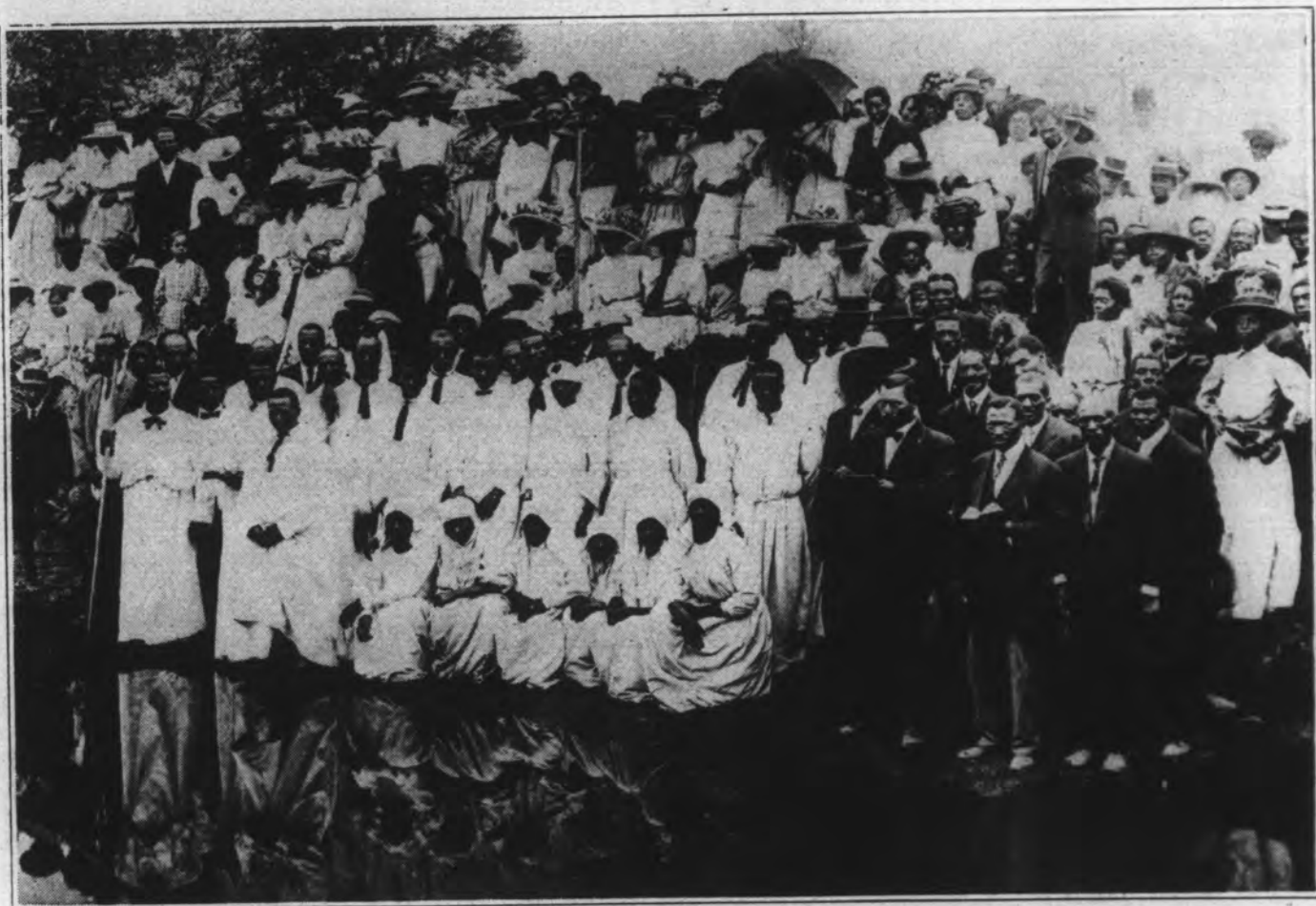
The Catholic Church has always been the friend of the Negro. Black, or brown, or yellow makes no difference in her eyes. All are children of a common Father, she not only preaches, but she perpetually practices and inculcates as duty. Her saints have gone down among the galley slaves of the Moors, to take the places of some of them at the oars and to redeem them from their servile position, thus acting Christ's Gospel as well as preaching it. The example of St. Vincent, St. Peter Claver, Father Damien, Father De Smet, and the many other devoted helpers of the dark man and the red man is utterly ignored by the Tom Watson school of popular educators. These have labored with selfish diligence to restrict immigration (as in the advocacy of the Burnett Bill), simply because a large proportion of the immigrants to these shores come from Catholic countries. Now the situation has changed. In the exodus of the Negroes to the North they perceive the Nemesis they and their forbears have invited by their inordinate aversion and insensibility to the claim of gratitude. Mr. Des Champs continues:

That they are underpaid is a fact well nigh universally admitted. Their wages in general are such as they cannot live on comfortably, and they are often forced to steal or starve. The homes rented to them are nothing short of a scandal to us. The Negro quarters in our cities are places of darkness, filth, and neglect. They become veritable incubators of every kind of disease to be distributed by them throughout our cities and State. Our laws are discriminatory in their application toward them, criminal traps are set for them in business transactions and when the plot matures, they are punished for the sins which others have com-

mitted against them. For supposed offenses they are snatched from their homes and lynched without a semblance of legal proceedings. Cheap and disgraceful politicians have been riding into office over their helpless backs, bleeding from abuse for these many years; and all have turned a deaf ear to their dying groans. They have suffered, wept, prayed, but in vain. At last God has heard their cry and has come to their help.

groes will be distributed and the more rapidly civilized. The North will become less white and more black. The South will become less black and more white. The advantage to both North and South will be mutual.

Now, after this picture of conditions in the Southern States of America, why are non-Catholic missionaries paid to go among Catholic people who have no cause to esteem their services and refuse to ac-



Baptising Day in the Colored Baptist Church. Ready to take a dip.

It is indeed time that life were perceptible in the hitherto torpid mass.

The Negroes are leaving our State and the South in general in the hope of bettering the conditions under which they have toiled and over which they have no control for over a half-century. Though free, their attitude is that of free slaves. It is this condition that is driving them from us and the hope or promise of a better condition abroad that is moving them on.

But the final result will be good. God is in the movement. It will prove a blessing to all parties concerned. Through it the race problem will be solved. The Ne-

cept them? Why do they go? Wherefore? What's the guerdon?

"Negroes will migrate to the North by the hundreds of thousands because their treatment by white people in the South is becoming unbearable. Their exodus is leaving some towns almost deserted, and many sections are suffering great losses because of the sudden scarcity of Negro labor. So permanent is the effect of the migration that if the 350,000 Negroes who came North within the last year were offered good pay in their former home towns less than 10 per cent of them would return."

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cept them? Why do they go? Wherefore? What's the guerdon?

"Negroes will migrate to the North by the hundreds of thousands because their treatment by white people in the South is becoming unbearable. Their exodus is leaving some towns almost deserted, and many sections are suffering great losses because of the sudden scarcity of Negro labor. So permanent is the effect of the migration that if the 350,000 Negroes who came North within the last year were offered good pay in their former home towns less than 10 per cent of them would return."

These assertions were made Sunday by speakers at a Negro mass meeting at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, 240 West Fortieth Street. The Rev. A. Clayton Powell, the pastor, said the Rev. A. L. James at Ocala, Fla., discovered last week that his entire parish had moved to New York. He followed them and is preparing to organize them in a church in Harlem.

"In a parish in Georgia another Negro preacher found that thirty families had moved away in one week without his knowing it," said Dr. Powell. "There is a moral reaction against ill treatment by the whites. The Negroes have at last become tired of reading signs, 'Negroes and Dogs Not Admitted Here,' or 'This Car for Negroes Only.' In the last twelve months the Negro movement northward has been cyclonic. The 350,000 Negroes who have left their Southern homes in that time caused an economic loss to their employers of at least \$200,000,000. Yet,

if these Negroes were asked to return on the basis of their Northern wages, not 10 per cent of them would accept. They have come North to stay.

"The negro problem is rapidly moving northward. It means that new efforts to educate and prepare the Negro for his new position in life must be devised."

Frederick R. Moore, editor of *The Age*, said that although the Negroes owned \$2,000,000,000 worth of farmlands and implements, homes valued at \$1,500,000,000, and have two hundred millions in Southern banks, their gradual emigration northward was inevitable, "because of the brutal treatment at the hands of the whites." "In Birmingham and Atlanta if a Negro woman tries on a hat or gloves in a store and does not buy them she will be insulted by the white clerk," he said. "If a Negro steps on a streetcar on the end reserved for white people he will be knocked off by the conductor. The Negroes have no rights which the whites feel bound to respect."

From Our Correspondence Bag

Very Glad to Help

"I am very glad to send you another dollar for two new subscribers for the COLORED MESSENGER. It is a little help for your good work and your Colored people."—St. Louis.

The Right Spirit

"Here is one dollar for my own subscription and for someone else who might derive benefit from the C. M. if it is sent to him."—Miss M. V.

Poor in Means and Poor in Health, but Rich in God

"I am sending you money for two subscriptions, and I am sorry I cannot do more. When I tell you that I am 75 years old, a poor old woman and have to work hard for my living, with poor health, you would wonder how I accomplish all I do for the missions, but God helps."

Mrs. E. M. G.

A Most Worthy Cause

"We received the COLORED MESSENGER and think it a very worthy cause to try to help the poor Colored people, who are more neglected than any other race. I think we want to live with them in heaven, for God does not make any distinction between white and black, so I think we ought to do our share at least and try to educate those in need."—Miss M.K.

Always Watching for the C. M.

Here is a subscription for four years for my dear C. M. magazine. Send one of these copies extra to my address, that I can give it to some poor little girls in this city. Their mother is a widow and very poor. I always watch for my C. M. I just love to read about the Negro missions and I am proud to see the fine headway they are making. Much credit is due to the teaching Sisters in such success as you make."—Yours, A. C. K.

Negro Soldiers

In the Washington, (D.C.) *Evening Star*, James Croggen has written about Negroes in the Battle of New Orleans, and intimated that this was the first employment of Negroes as soldiers in the American army. Albert N. Seip immediately corrected Mr. Croggen, who is a noted archeologist and antiquarian, with the following facts:

"Referring to James Croggen's statement that 'judging from some of the muster rolls, where the word "Negro" appears with their names, there were not many such in the service, though the law was silent as to color.' Bancroft, volume 6, page 142, speaking of the battle of Monmouth, says: 'So many histories omit to record that, of the "revolutionary patriots" who on that day periled life for their country, more than 700 black Americans fought side by side with the white.' On page 300, same volume, the well informed historian remarks: 'The question of recruiting the army by the enlistment of black men forced itself on attention. The several states employed them as they pleased, and the slave was enfranchised by the service. Once Congress touched on the delicate subject; and in March, 1779, it recommended Georgia and South Carolina to raise 3000 active, able-bodied Negro men, under thirty-five years of age; and the recommendation was coupled with a promise of a "full compensation to the proprietors of such Negroes for the property." The resolution appears to have been adopted without opposition. North and South Carolina both having been represented in the committee that reported it. But South Carolina refused by great majorities to give effect to the scheme. Bancroft's history is full of references to the part taken by Negroes as soldiers. in the Revolutionary War, both in the northern and southern campaigns, and judging from the difficulties Washington had in keeping and recruiting his army, and his well known sentiments in favor of employing Negroes as

soldiers, I have no doubt that many such served and fought for our and their freedom."

Thomas H. R. Clarke adds the following:

"The diary of Baron von Clauser, a German army officer sent to this country by his government to report upon military activities, was published in part by the New York *Herald* a few years ago and contained, among other things, the following memorandum:

"I have visited Gen. Washington's camp at White Plains to-day. He has 20,000 troops under him, one-fourth of which are Negroes, and the best drilled and disciplined regiment in camp is a Rhode Island regiment, three-fourths of which are composed of Negroes.

"In Livermore's historical papers it can easily be discovered that provision was made by the legislature of several of the colonies, subsequent to the establishment of the camp at White Plains, for the recruiting of several more thousand black soldiers.

"These facts, it would seem, dispose of the statement that 'there were not many such in the service.'

"Whether this relatively large number of Negro soldiers under Gen. Washington all served in mixed regiments I do not know, but in the battle of Rhode Island the Hessian mercenaries were defeated with great loss of life by Negro soldiers operating in distinct units under Col. Greene (see George W. Williams' "History of the Negro Soldier").

"We cannot forget, also, that it was a regiment of Haitian Negroes, serving under the leadership of such men as Christophe and Dessalines, who afterward figured prominently in Haitian affairs, which saved the colonial brigade from a severe defeat by a brilliant rear guard action in the retreat from Savannah. (See essay by T. G. Steward, former officer in United States Army, in his book entitled "The Negro Regular")."

An American Negro Catholic Bishop

BY WALTER F. McENTIRE (*In the Lamp*)

The See of Panama is the oldest See on the American continent. The first church in the diocese was built in a temporary colony on the Atlantic side of the isthmus—Santa Maria de la Antiquira del Darien—early in the sixteenth century. The seat of the bishopric, however, was soon changed to old Panama, and no trace of the earlier settlement was left. The only thing remaining to mark the location of old Panama is the ruins of the tower of the church, sometimes called St. Augustine and sometimes St. Athanasius. The cathedral of the diocese at this time is located in the present (new) city of Panama and was built from the private purse of one of its bishops, and that man a Negro. This bishop was Rt. Rev. Francisco Javier de Luna Victoria. One of the historians says that he was "the first bishop of Negro blood in America and probably of native birth to wear the mitre." So far as our investigations have led us, it appears that he was the first bishop of American birth, and we have yet to find a record of another Negro bishop in America.

His Father a Charcoal Burner

The father of Bishop Luna Victoria was a freed Negro slave who pursued the avocation of a charcoal burner, making his charcoal near Boca de la Reo Grande and peddling it on his back in the streets of Panama, as one there may see many Negroes still doing.

This freed slave lived for no other purpose than to read and educate his son and offer him for the sacred ministry, and he saw his purpose accomplished. Luna Victoria was not only a man of virtue and learning, but a successful man of affairs as well.

We read in the records that the Episcopal See of Panama became vacant by the promotion of Bishop Juan de Sastaneda to the See of Cuzco, Peru, and it having been offered to and refused by several members of religious orders, "the mitre fell upon the head of the priest

Francisco Javier de Luna Victoria, a Negro, native of the country, who had ascended in the degrees of the ecclesiastical hierarchy by his merits and his virtues." The news of his nomination caused such a disappointment among the members of the Chapter of the Cathedral that one of them said: "Is Luna Victoria the Bishop of Panama? Then I must go cut wood in the mountains." Surely, this worthy man was not moved to speak in this manner because Luna Victoria was a Negro, for there was no antipathy to Negroes then in the Church in the South American country, as we shall later point out. Luna Victoria was well received and accepted by the people of Panama in those days when it was known as "a proud and wealthy city."

Transferred to Peru

He took possession of the diocese on the 15th of August, 1751. "The new prelate furnished at his own expense the cathedral and enriched it with jewels and precious vestments, placed the bells on the towers, and was transferred to the See of Trujillo, Peru, in 1759." He continued to furnish the money until the building was completed on the 3rd of December, 1760, "as may be read on the front of the same."

The See of Trujillo was established by Gregory XIII in 1577. The city was founded by Gonzalo Pizarro in 1535. Near the city lie the ruins of the Gran Chimú, known originally as Chan-Chan, being the title of the Indian sovereign who fell before the Incas—"one of the most stupendous monuments extant of departed civilization. From these ruins over \$16,000,000 in gold were recovered by the Spaniards."

When Bishop Luna Victoria took charge of the diocese, Trujillo was a flourishing city of importance, and the Church was the possessor of a cathedral and a number of other institutions, including "a college founded there earlier than 1621."

And here we may note that Peru has given to the Church saints, the records of whose lives shine as the stars: St. Toribio, St. Francis Solano, St. Rose of Lima and Blessed Martin de Porras, a colored man.

And thus we discover again, as we have often done before, under a black skin, a pure soul, a kind heart and a brilliant mind, and we may be permitted to express that in our future historical rambles we may meet with this good bishop again and know him better.

How Could It Be?

Some people in this country, reading this article, still wonder how these "proud and wealthy cities" could and would accept a Negro bishop, but this will be made clear from the following statements drawn from histories of South American countries, written by non-Catholic authors who describe our Church as "teaching a religion (sic) made up of the errors of Rome mixed with Negro and Indian superstitions."

In South American countries, race antagonisms or aloofness is non-existent.

There the conqueror and the conquered, the master and the slave, the white, the black, and the brown man have always worshiped on a footing of equality, and it is no doubt largely to this equalizing policy of the Church that the absence of race antagonism is due. There is just as much social inequality in South America as in any other country, but the dividing lines of the various ranks are drawn by wealth or poverty, by education or ignorance, by gentle or common breeding, as they are elsewhere—rarely, if ever, by color; the highest positions in the state and the professional community as well as in the Church are occupied by men of other blood than that of those of pure European descent.

And what has been the moving cause to these conditions? The answer is easy. The Church has always sternly refused to countenance racial or social distinctions within her doors.

God made all men in His image and likeness.

The soul is black or white just as it is made so by its possessor, and not by the color of the individual's skin.

Items of Interest

What I Saw

BY MAY SINCLAIR

"I shall never become a Catholic," writes Miss May Sinclair in her new book, "A Journal of Impressions in Belgium." Womanlike, however, she immediately adds: "But if I do, it will be because of the cure of Melle, who turned our new motor ambulance into a sanctuary after a French soldier had baptized it with his blood. The soldier was mortally wounded. He was lifted in first, very slowly and gently. The curé climbed in after him, carrying the Host. He knelt there while the blood from the wounded head oozed through the bandages and through the canvas of the stretcher to the floor and the skirts of his cassock. We waited. There was no ugly haste in the Supreme Act; the three mortal moments that it lasted (it could not have lasted more)

were charged with immortality, while the curé remained kneeling in the pool of blood.... I have never seen, I never shall see, anything more beautiful and more gracious than the soul that appeared in his lean dark face and in the straight, slender body under the black soutane. In his simple, inevitable gestures you saw adoration of God, contempt for death, and uttermost compassion."

Miss Sinclair's book is a record of her experiences with a field ambulance corps, compiled from a diary which she managed to keep.

Poor Wounded Soldier

This pretty story of a Belgian child appears in a recent book: "A Little House in War Time." The writer tells it in a few touching words:

A Belgian babe of two, a dimpled, radiant creature, seemingly untouched by

the storm which had flung her from her own luxurious nursery into a bare English lodging, was found, two days after her arrival in exile, kissing and talking to the little crucifix which hung round her neck. Her mother bent to listen.

"Dear Jesus!" the child was saying, "poor wounded soldier!"

An Easy Job

From the *Catholic Union and Times*.

Former Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, always takes great delight in telling the following story: He attended the dedication of a public building at which were present a number of elementary school pupils. By way of giving his youthful audience an object lesson in various forms of patriotic service, the Governor pointed to his military aide, who was in a gold-laced uniform, and asked: "Who is this man?"

"He is a soldier."

"What does he do?"

"Fights for his country."

"Who am I?"

"The Governor."

"What do I do?"

"Nothing," chorused the children, who, incredible as it may seem, had not been coached beforehand.

His Best Girl

His mother. Sometimes he calls her "mudder," sometimes her little name is "muz." Sometimes he can only curl his tongue around her name and produce something that sounds like the language of Far-Away Land and might be "murver." Sometimes it's the soft Southern "mammy," and the little Westerner says "Mama" short and quick.

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Communion is the test of Catholicity. There was a time when a man could hang on the skirts of the Church by going to Confession and Communion once a year—at Easter time. That law still stands, and a good many are still merely Easter Catholics. But there is a mighty army of others. Thousands of Catholics in this country receive Communion every day. Other thousands there are who approach the Holy Table at least once a week. These people will be found to be living strictly in accord with the teachings of the Church and the earnest desire of the Pontiff.—*The Catholic Sun*.

How to Help the Missions

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2. By subscribing to **The Colored Messenger**. Get your friends to subscribe. Offer to pay for subscriptions to be sent where the magazine will do most good.
3. By sending us **donations** for the many needs of the missions.

Some of these needs are:

The upkeep of the school, which is the feeder for the congregation. 50 cents will pay for the expenses of a day scholar for a whole month. \$5.00 for a whole year.

It takes \$8.00 per month to provide for a mission pupil that boards at the mission, or \$72.00 per year.

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4. By helping our **churches and chapels** to adorn their walls and make them attractive and fitting temples of the Almighty. Vestments, sacred vessels, altar linen, altar boys' supplies, statues, etc. are always welcome in the poor missions.
5. There are the **orphans** so numerous and the **poor** who "are always with us," that look to the priest for assistance in their helplessness. Hundreds of poor children are almost day and night on the streets of our southern cities, because they either have no parents and no one to care for them, or their parents have to toil 12 hours a day and have no time to look after them. These children ought to be in school, that they may learn how to

become useful citizens, but they have not the clothes or the shoes, or not even the few cents to buy their books.

You see, dear reader, the field of charity for the negro missions is almost as wide as the firmament.

6. By becoming a **special benefactor**.
7. By remembering the negro missions in your **last will and testament**.—Form of bequest, which may be used:

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to
 "The Catholic Educational Institute of
 Jackson, Miss." (legal title)
(In this place state the amount
 of money and where it is deposited; if
 real estate, describe the property and
 where located) to be used and expended
 for the appropriate object of the said or-
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Remember that no part of the country is suffering as much as Mississippi and Arkansas, because the people of the black belt have not had a paying crop for the last 3 years on account of the ravages of the boll weevil. The times are hard and the needs of the missions great.

Spiritual Advantages:

All who help our negro missions will share in the Holy Masses of 800 priests, the good works, prayers and Holy Communions of over 2000 lay Brothers and students of the Society of the Divine Word and of about 800 Mission Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Every week 12 Holy Masses are said for the living and 12 for the dead benefactors. Special prayers are offered by the missionaries and the colored children for their benefactors daily and on Sundays and at the "Holy Hour" on Thursday nights.

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THE Colored Messenger



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OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

All subscription money is to be sent to THE COLORED MESSENGER, Techny, Ill.

Literary contributions are to be sent to the editor, Rev. P. J. Wendel, S. V. D., 1914—
18 Ave., Meridian, Miss.

MISSIONARY GEMS

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

"If the number and the resources of the missions are increased, we may hope, by the grace of God, that the twentieth century will be the century of the Sacred Heart, to whose feet will be gathered in, the nations that still sit in the shadow of infidelity and death."

—Rev. Hilarion Gil, S. J.

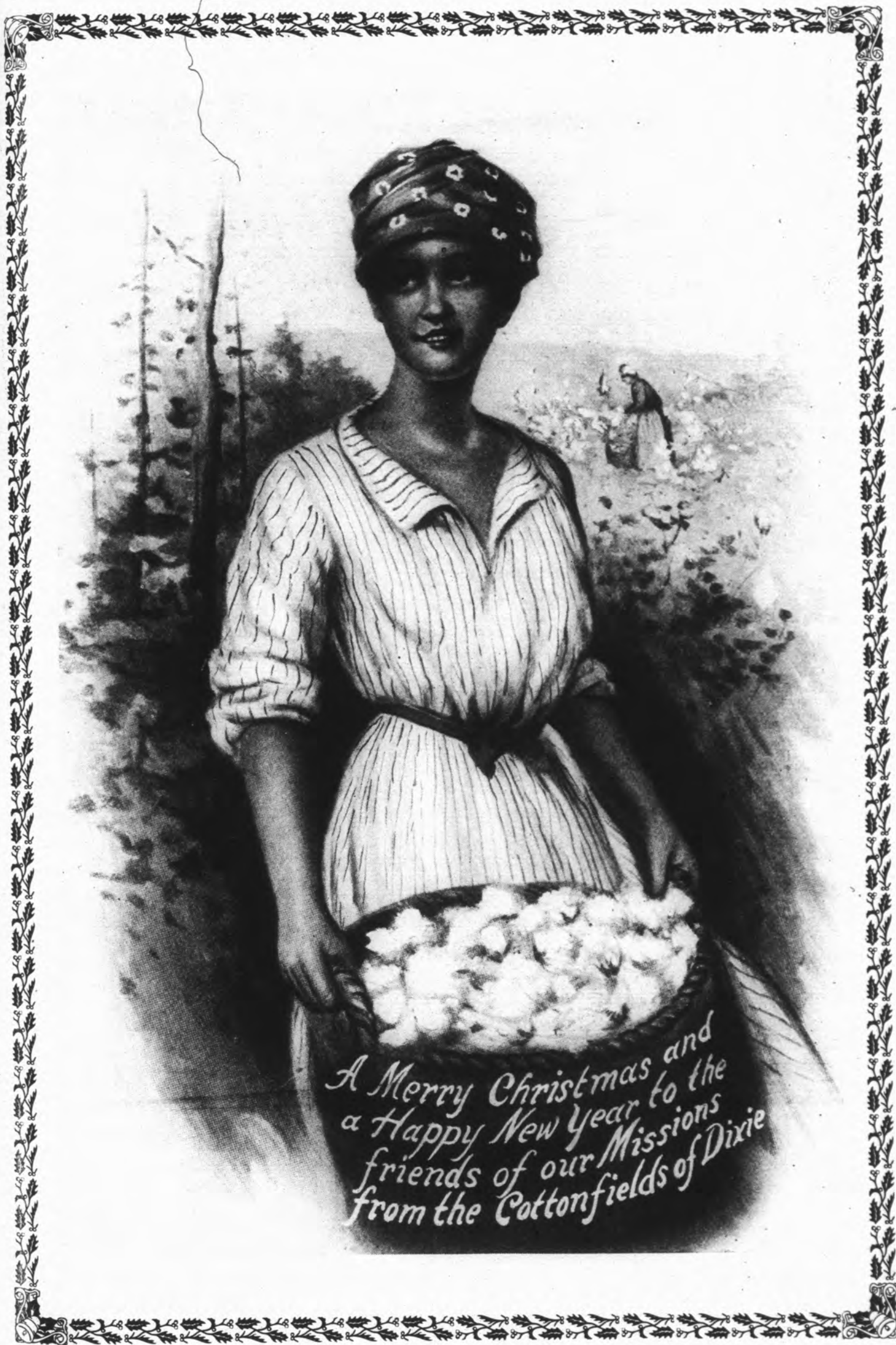
"Thousands have gone to the North, and still many more thousands are raising their hands to the North to send them priests, Sisters and schools." N. N.

"There are still people that believe the Negro has no soul. The question was asked one of our Sisters the other day by a lady, and the answer was: 'A soul as dear to Almighty God as your own, Madam.'"

"What we want is to be shown, not his defects, of which we are too conscious, but his merits, to which we are too blind." W. F. McIntire on the Negro.

"For he that is merciful, shall be their shepherd, and at the fountain of waters he shall give them drink."

"The Church knows no color line in the house of God, and any man who tries to lay one down is not a true Catholic." W. F. McIntire.



*A Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year to the
friends of our Missions
from the Cottonfields of Dixie*

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

All subscription money is to be sent to THE COLORED MESSENGER, Techny, Ill.
 Literary contributions are to be sent to the editor, Rev. P. J. Wendel, S. V. D., 1914—
 18 Ave., Meridian, Miss.

MISSIONARY GEMS

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

"If the number and the resources of the missions are increased, we may hope, by the grace of God, that the twentieth century will be the century of the Sacred Heart, to whose feet will be gathered in, the nations that still sit in the shadow of infidelity and death."

—Rev. Hilarion Gil, S. J.

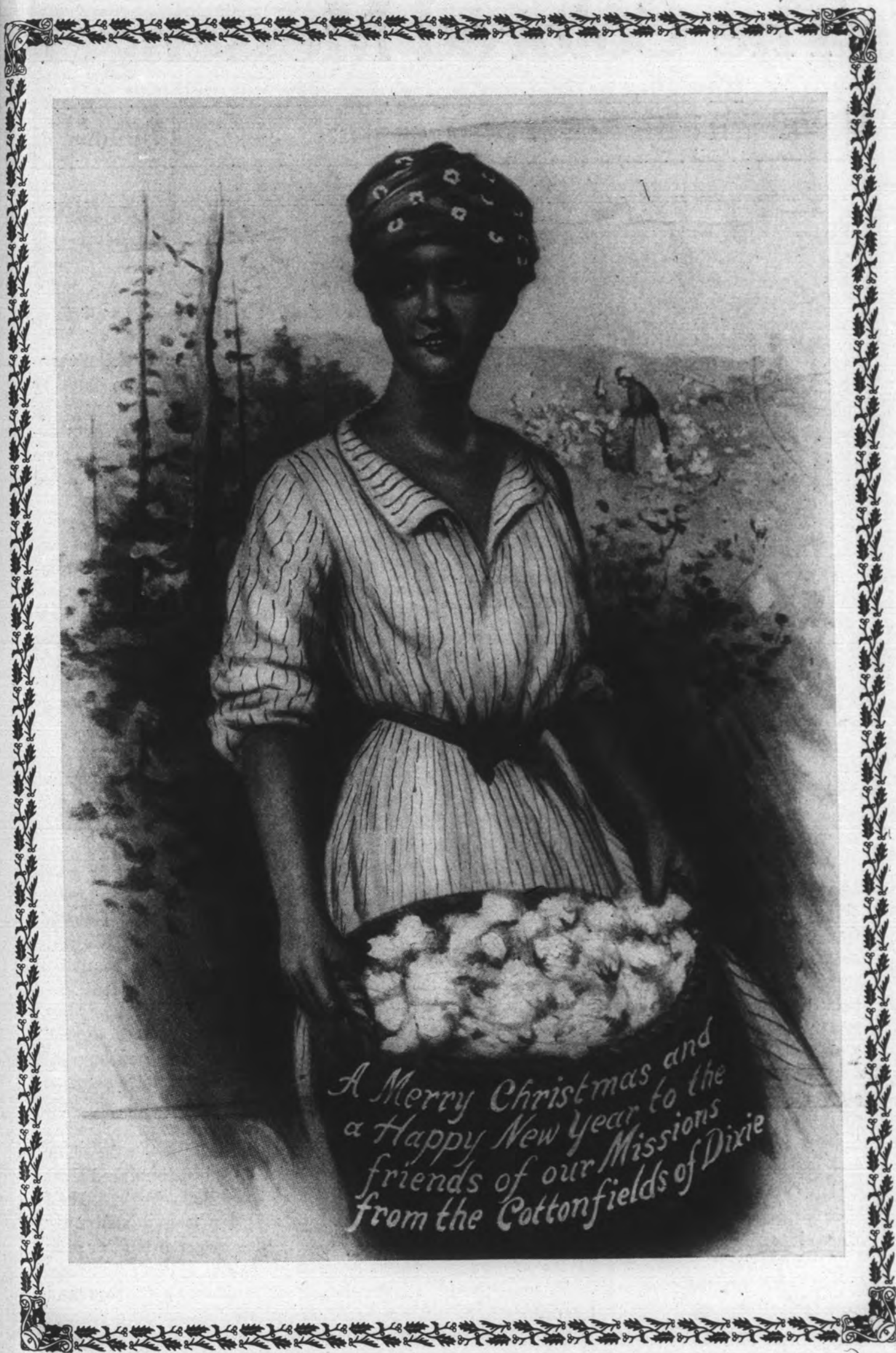
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The Colored Messenger

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER

Volume II

DECEMBER, 1917

Number 4

Rev. P. J. Wendel, S. V. D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

The Message

Our Chance

It was during the Civil War and right after it, that the Negro was emancipated from slavery unto the liberty of human beings and it seems to be now over 60 years after Lincoln's famous proclamation, that also during a war, the Great World War, the Negro is throwing off the shackles of slavery. He is following the general trend of the world for liberty: political and educational and social. He is determined to have it and no power on earth can stem the tide, because it is his divine right, the irresistible, natural desire of his heart.

The Negro is looking for an education, he is striving to put himself into the right relation between his Maker and himself, he is grasping the opportunity for that wherever he can get it. He is looking for schools to raise his children, who are destined to be a vital factor in our nation's future life.

We remember the time when we could hear from the lips of the less educated class: "I ar'nt gwine to have no edrcation, as long as I know how to make a dollar, I am gwine satisfied." These times are passing fast and the emigration has brought out the slogan in the South: "You must be educated to make a decent living." Many of the uneducated ones who left for the North have made sad experiences and have obtained only inferior jobs. These are the ones who have taught those at home a lesson. The Negro North and South thirsts for an education. He takes it wherever he gets it. If it happens to be religious or irreligious, Masonic or Mormon, Catholic or Protestant, he takes it as long as it is offered to him in an attractive way. The consequence will be that he is moulding his

mind accordingly: religious or irreligious, Catholic or Protestant.

Here lies a vast field for a philanthropist to take an active part in the shaping of the future of a race. Give us the means and the Catholic Church will perform almost miracles and within the next three decades create a strong Catholic Colored people.

Small News

All the priests and Sisters in our missions wish our friends and benefactors a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the Infant give us the grace to make many conversions to our holy Faith and our benefactors in return for their benefactions eternal life. "O Lord, give all those who do us good for Thy Name's sake eternal life. Amen.

We call the attention of our readers in arranging their Christmas gifts, to look over the inside back cover of the C. M. which explains the various ways our friends can help the missions. It is good reading for poor and rich.

We are condoling with the Colored Catholics of Mater Dolorosa Church Pascagoula, Miss., who lost their beautiful church and rectory in a fire recently.

Newspapers reported the other day, that this war has made 30,000 new millionaires in America. Are you one of them? We are decidedly not, because the war had the opposite influence on us, it made us poorer than ever.

Why the Negro leaves the South. The city in which we live appropriated last year \$69,000 for the city schools. Half of the population is black and still only \$9000 of this money was used for the Colored schools.

If we do not provide high schools and colleges for our Colored Catholic girls and

boys, we will be heavy losers in our great investment in elementary schools. The Protestant college and high-school banker will reap the cream of our harvest. This is a serious business proposition for our Colored Catholic missions. Think it over.

A conversation we overheard the other day between a white man and a Negro had the following course: White man: "John, they are taking now also niggers for the war and they will soon come and get you. "Why, boss, I didn't think that they would allow us to kill white men."

Soon we are again on the threshold of a new year and we would like to express the wish of several priests in the Colored work, that the year 1918—say next summer vacation—may see a national convention of all those interested in this work. There is no reason why all of us, who work for the same great purpose, should stand so much apart from each other. Why can there not be an exchange of ideas and methods? Even if the convention would serve no other purpose but the mutual inspiration, it will have done immeasurable good and will have given a new impetus to some that have grown grey and weary in the field.

Commenting on the "Missionary Bureau" at our headquarters in Techny, Ill., the "Our Colored Missions," N. Y., have the following to say: "As the Fathers are busily engaging themselves throughout the South and many of their parishes are the most progressive in Negro evangelization, we may hope that a great many neophytes will be sent through the Missionary Bureau to the section which is our special care."

The same monthly expresses in its September issue our heart's long cherished desire and wish: It says: "There is no orphanage in the whole of Mississippi for Colored children. The Negro population of the state is upwards of a million. There is no doubt that many destitute children are lost to salvation, because there is no refuge to which they might be committed, where the grace of baptism would be administered. Here may be another opportunity to some charitably disposed Catholic with abundant means to rescue from perdition children thrown upon the

unkind sustenance of a grudging public."

"But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth

When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."—Kipling.

The special predilection for being a preacher of the old time darkey is told in the life of Booker T. Washington. He met, on a hot day in July, an old man in the cotton field, who was thus praying to the Lord: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot, dat I believe dis darkey am called to preach."

We don't doubt that President Wilson meant what he said in one of his memorable addresses: "The man who seeks to



divide man from man, group from group and interest from interest is striking at the very heart of America." This theory put into practice would bring about a fine harmony between the races of our land.

It looks as such, but it is not an impertinent question to ask: "Is the unity of White and Colored Catholics only the communion of Saints or is it more?"

In "The Episcopal Church and the Color Line" we read that Bishop William Montgomery Brown, Episcopal Bishop of Kansas, calls the mixture of Negro and White a mess of Anglo-Afro-pottage. The Rev. gentleman has a queer conception of race prejudice saying: "It is a divinely implanted instinct for the preservation of racial integrity, neither a white man's country, such as the U. S., nor a white man's church, such as the Episcopal church, can afford the Negro the opportunity of self-government, which is absolutely essential to the development of a people."

The Colored race has a black Billy Sunday, a regular sure enough Billy Sunday slang, actions, vim and eloquence with a punch. In order that no one may be mistaken as to the identity of the two notables the man of the Hamitic race is known as "Black Billy Sunday." Billy of Philadelphia must take care, lest his laurels be taken from him and it may be well for the former ball player to originate some more funny phrases and stunts to keep his record clear. The right name of Black Billy is Rev. Dr. J. Gordon of California.

It is a very gratifying fact to know that the Colored papers have not tried to defend the riotous acts of the Negro soldiers that "shot up" Houston the other day. These soldiers were false to their uniforms and also false to their race. Their criminal outrage will tend to make people forget the good work of other Negro soldiers.

No doubt the Negro race as a whole is yet a stranger to the benign influence and the truths of our holy faith.

"The Colored Harvest" in a recent issue bears witness to our assertion in our last editorial: "The Negro Exodus and the Church": "The Negro exodus to the North has affected many of our Southern missions. The harvest of past years of labor should not be lost. It is well to bear in mind that God attaches much to human endeavor even in His own work. God can work without us, but He rather prefers to work with us."

We have just received Bulletin No. 39, the report of the Department of the Interior on Negro education. In Volume II, p. 370, we read of St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.: "A good school with commercial course for advanced pupils. The teachers are thorough in classroom work and in discipline. The recommendation is 'that teacher training be introduced.'"

Holy Ghost Institute, Jackson, Miss., p. 355: "The grades are well taught, the discipline is good. The grounds and buildings are well kept." Recommendation: "That manual training and gardening be made part of the regular course."

St. Joseph's Institute, Meridian, Miss., p. 362: "A well managed school. The school-work covers 9 (1914) grades with

instruction in cooking, sewing and gardening. The grounds are well kept and the buildings in good condition." Recommendation: "That this work be encouraged and extended."

St. Bartholomew's Institute, Little Rock, Ark.: "Religious interest is strong in this school, attendance 153."

Sacred Heart Institute, Greenville, Miss.: A good day school. Neatness, order and religious instruction were emphasized. Two brick buildings and good classroom equipment." Recommendation: That this good work be encouraged by the denomination. That manual training and gardening be made part of the regular course."

The latest report of the Colored Orphan Asylum at Normandy, Mo., conducted by the Oblates of Providence, which we received a few days ago, would be a revelation to many, that hear and see little of the Colored work. St. Francis' is one of the best institutions of its kind in the country. Write to the Mother Superior for a copy. We are informed that the new bishop of Charleston, S. C., has secured these splendid Sisters for the Colored work in his diocese.

Not very seldom Catholic traveling salesmen, who pass through the sections of our missions, take the opportunity of paying us a visit. They are highly impressed with the work the Fathers and Sisters are doing and always unanimously express the thought, that if more people had a chance to see these missions and if the work was better known, there would be a greater response to our calls for help to carry on the work of God.

Again a Christmas full of blessings for you and us. Remember our children in these hard times and do not forget the poor missions in all your Christmas joy and happiness.

Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look:
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took.
Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at your door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you, where waiting is o'er.

A Few Minutes with the Missionary

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.

St. Mary's Mission opened the session 1917-18 with the unexpected high number of 166 pupils on the first day. This breaks the record of all former sessions since the mission was established some ten years ago. This number was as unexpected as it was desirable. The constant increase up to the present makes the number of pupils reach the high average of 241. We aspire to do great things with such a nice lot of children.

The Sisters, on their return from the North, were agreeably surprised at seeing their remodeled home nearly finished. Rev. P. J. Hoenderop, now pastor of the mission, is striving to complete the convent in all its details. He is confident that his former friends will not forget him and lend him a helping hand in meeting his expenses.

Friday, Oct. 6, proved an eventful day for our mission. Among the 38 men drafted for the army was Rusp. Pitts, one of our Catholic boys. All the school children took part in a grand parade and St. Mary's School brought up the rear,

accompanied by their pastor, Father Hoenderop. So the public could see for themselves what great work the Catholic school is doing for the race.

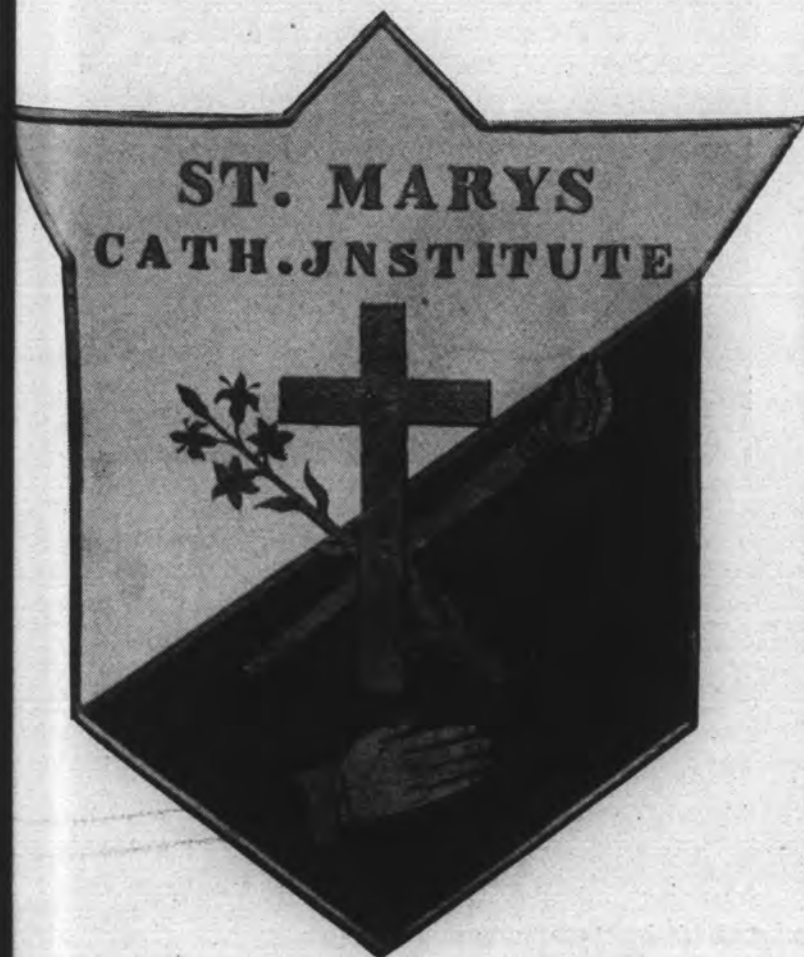
Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

The steady migration of the Southern Negro to the North is bound to bring changes in the order of things. Laborers are becoming scarce in the South. Dealers, merchants, and manufacturers are frequently in difficulties as how to deliver their goods. If you have to do some repair work, it will take weeks to find a man to do the job. Who would have dreamed of such conditions a year ago?

Our Mission, too, has been greatly affected by the exodus of our people to the Northern States. About 70 per cent of our church members are gone. They were quick in selling their few things, or rather in giving them away almost for nothing, to follow their friends to the land where they were told, they would find plenty of work and good pay.

To judge from the letters they are sending home they seem to like it there. Yet, they also confess, that they do not feel at home in those large churches up North; that they miss the Rev. Father and the good Sisters to whom they were so much devoted. They also miss their schools which the charity of good Catholic people lately established in the larger cities of the South. And this is one of the reasons why some of them are coming back. They begin to realize the good work the Catholic school is doing among the Negroes of the South. This fact did not escape the attention of the public. As a consequence, we got more pupils than we expected. And what we considered a loss, turned out to be a gain. The enrollment at the opening of the new session proved to be larger than that of any previous year.

One of our teachers in the lower grades has now over 70 little children in regular attendance. And week by week their number will increase. Mother Provincial at Techny, Ill., always willing to help the Colored Missions, was much



worried at how to bring relief to that Sister. Yet, blessed those who trust in the Lord. Happiness came to our little Convent the other day when the good news was received that one more missionary Sister was on the way to assist them.

Our agricultural department, which was started last year, is doing fine. We had an excellent corn crop. People thought it was the best that could be seen in the surrounding country. Children are taking great interest in gardening, which is indeed one of the most practical branches to be taught them. We must not neglect to teach our Catholic children how to make their living. "First to live, then to philosophise." We need more land to make it a success. Who is going to help support it?

Our boys and girls, especially, our orphan children, are praying to the Divine Infant that good people may remember them at this holy season. War time makes the sufferings of these poor unfortunate children more acute. May there be many of those that are more blessed by Divine Providence who will send St. Claus to the Colored Mission with his gifts to gladden the hearts and make them sing: Glory to God in the highest."

Jackson's Mission is sending best wishes for "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to the readers of the COLORED MESSENGER.

St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.

In spite of emigration and hard times St. Joseph's had last September the finest opening in its history. The enrollment is well over 200 with a nice quota of 12 in the high school. God's own time usually sets in when men least expect it.

The school took in the annual Mississippi Alabama Bi-state Fair and was judged as the second best exhibit of all the Colored schools of the state, as far as they were represented, and the best of the city schools. The practical side of the exhibits telling of the work of the school surprised the public. There was dressmaking—several of the dresses made at the Institute were sold on the spot—domestic science, crocheting, fine needlework, drawing and ordinary schoolwork. Among the

latter the handwriting of the pupils was a revelation to many, so that they hardly could believe, that it was done by the children.

The brassband, though young, had some pleasant experiences, having been engaged to play at the Red Cross Carnival and Parade in the city and at the Newton



LITTLE MYRTLE PARKER
is a Faithful Catholic and a Regular Attendant of
St. Joseph's Institute

County Fair. The boys are very proud of their achievements. We appealed last time for some more instruments for our band, but none have been sent to us thus far.

St. Joseph's has given two of the young men to the army, Mr. William Lawton and Mr. Ernest Hill, a nice percentage of the congregation.

With the school also the mission is increasing and we have quite a few children and some grown people in the instruction class. The little mustard seed is sprouting.

The students of the school have composed themselves an Institute yell, and have begged me to let the good readers of the C. M. know it so that they may see how much they love the school. They yell and sing it at any of the public and social functions of the school. Here it is:

S. J. I.—S. J. I. St. Joseph's Institute
My-My-My!

You'll wish her and you'll watch her,
You'll say she isn't high,
But she'll be the school, bye and bye.
Stop—look—listen!

S-a-i-n-t J-o-s-e-p-h-'s — yes!

C-C-C-C-C-C-C-C B-o-o-m!

(Tune: My Little Girl)

St. Joseph's Institute, you know I love
you,

And I'll talk of you each day.

St. Joseph's Institute, you know I am
striving

And I'll help you on your way,

I see the place from where you started
And your efforts are so bold,

St. Joseph's Institute, we see you rising
And your height cannot be told.

We wish our friends and benefactors a
merry Christmas and a happy New Year,
and may they not forget God's missions.

St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

The school-opening was very disappointing this year, and the look into the future a rather gloomy one; but the new pastor surely struck the right key when inspired by the idea, "It pays to advertise," he undertook a campaign of advertising and boosting the school to the best in the short time allowed. Today the school has recorded 167 children—about 20 more than last year—and the number is still increasing.

The filial school St. Francis at Harrington addition opened this year with 30 children. God indeed rewarded the untiring zeal of the two Sisters who for over four years rain or shine, hot or cold went every day to this little place where the soil seemed to yield no fruit in spite of all the efforts and the many sacrifices.

Little Rock seems to be a Verdun for the mission. The Protestants have in-



St. Bartholomew's Institute, Little Rock, Ark., which serves as church, school and convent

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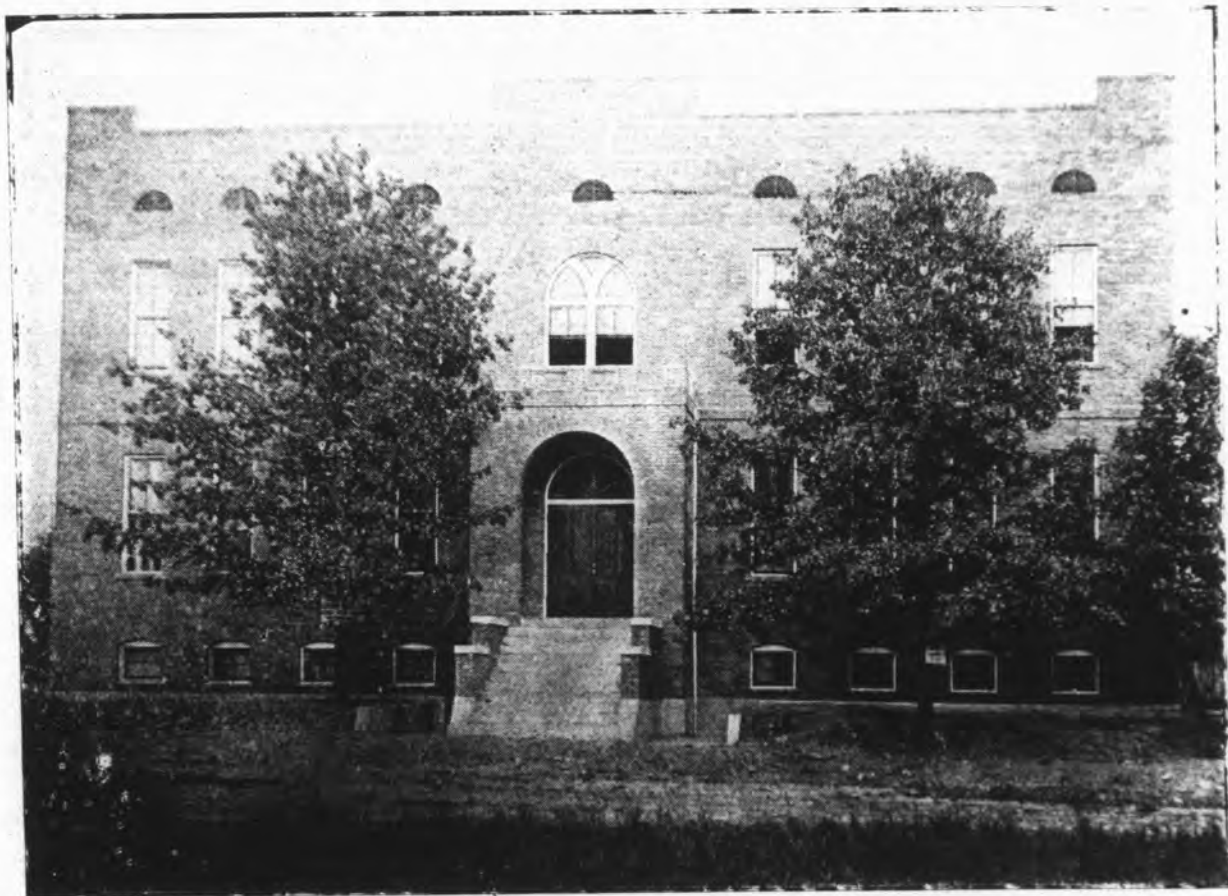
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deed a well fortified position. The secret and non-secret societies, the well equipped schools and colleges, and last but not least, the bitter prejudice against all that is Catholic preached from the many pulpits and instilled into the hearts of the children in the schools are a strong bulwark against the efforts of the Catholic missionary who tries to spread the divine truth and the blessings of the Sacraments among the Colored population of the Arkansas valley. But in spite of these difficulties the Church is growing. One of the members of the congregation told the writer of these lines, that she remembers well the time when there were not more than two Colored Catholics in Little Rock. Since this mission is started 108 have been baptized and at present the congregation numbers 103 members.

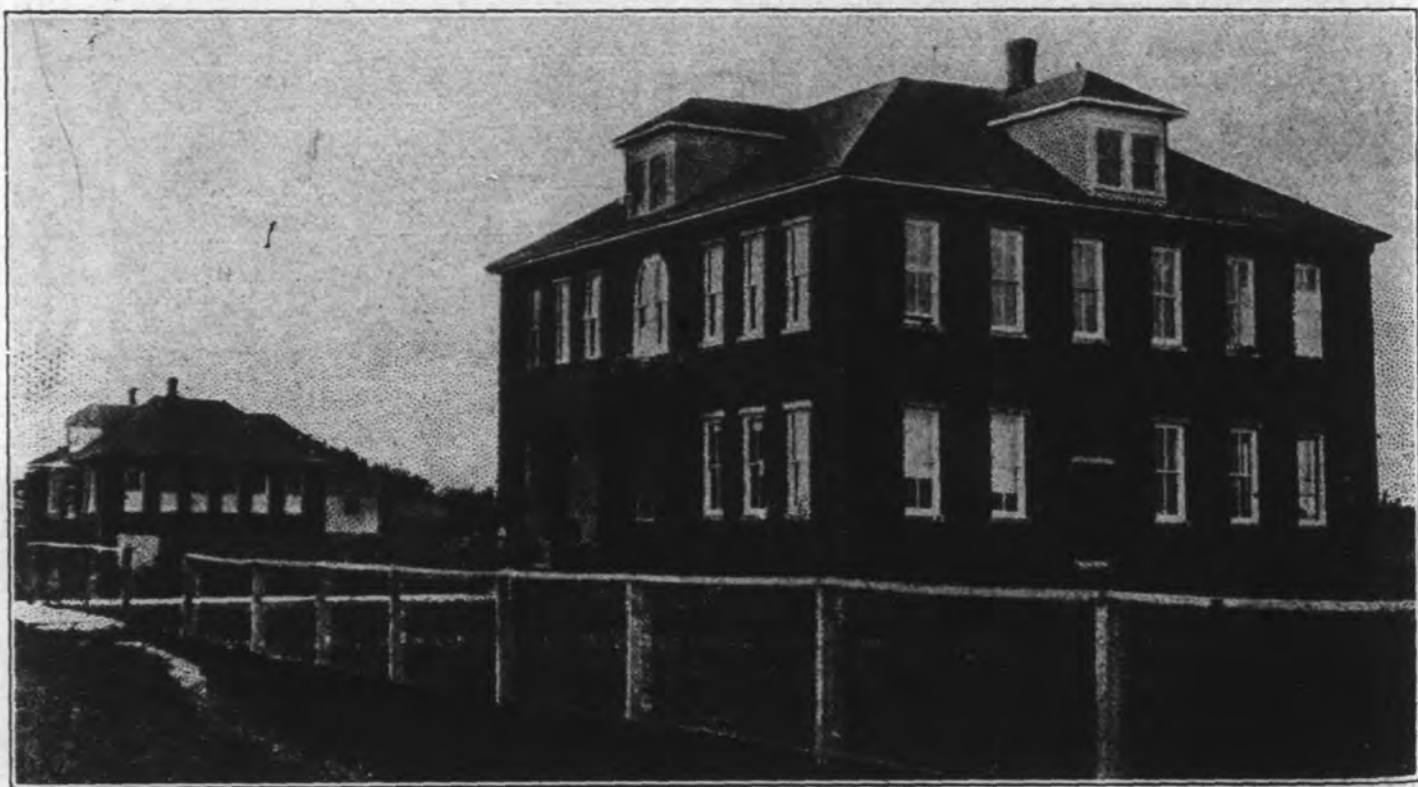
All the stations of the missions of the Society of the Divine Word have comfortable convents for the Sisters, who work so hard in our schools, except Little Rock. Here the Sisters, have a schoolroom which has to accommodate 9 Sisters, a small diningroom and a kitchen. We must admire the patience and the heroic spirit of poverty of these Sisters, who uncomplainingly content themselves as best they can in these poor accommodations. We wonder why not long ago a good home had been provided for

them. It is the money question. May God arouse the liberality of kind benefactors to help us to provide at least those accommodations which are of dire necessity.

It is well for the friends of this mission to know, that since September Rev. J. J. Steinhauer, S. V. D., who until then in charge of St. Mary's, Vicksburg, has been placed in charge of St. Bartholomew's.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

Woe to the poor missionary who has to build during the time of war! But I was compelled to do so to give our Sisters a new home. Last year they were so poorly accommodated that two Sisters had to sleep on the rear porch of the convent, as there was not room enough for all in their sleeping apartment. They had no separate dining, study and recreation rooms and the one small room which served all these purposes was much too small. The chapel also was so small that it was impossible to place even a little stove to heat it in winter. No wonder, therefore, that three of our Sisters took seriously sick at the end and one at the beginning of last school-year, and the doctor attributed the cause to poor accommodations. So there was no choice but



SACRED HEART INSTITUTE, GREENVILLE, MISS



MISSION SISTERS OF THE HOLY GHOST AND THEIR MOTHER PROVINCIAL

to provide the Sisters with a larger and better home. It was then decided to do it in the cheapest way and put a second story on the old building. Now, as the remodeling and enlarging of the convent is done, there is another problem to be solved and that is how to pay for it. True, the very generous donation of a kind benefactor covered over half of the cost of the addition, but the figures for the building have run much higher than we first thought they would and, besides, the convent will have to be furnished by the mission. I hope that the one or other kind benefactor will help us to pay the large debt that rests on the mission. I am, however, very glad that the Sisters now have a comfortable home, because

they still have many chances to practice a self-sacrificing spirit and to do it in better ways without undermining their health. Good and strong health is absolutely necessary to do any efficient work in the missions.

The Greenville school opened Oct. 1st. We feared that the number of children would fall below the mark of last year, as we had lost, on account of emigration, about thirty, and food prices are so high that many parents cannot afford to send their children to private institutions. But already on the first school day so many new pupils came that they filled not only the vacancies of those who left but made the attendance the largest we so far ever had.

Did you know that \$5 will pay the expenses of a day scholar in our missions for one year? \$8 those of a boarding student for one month? And \$20 the salary of a teacher for one month? Help the missions with one of these items as a present to the dear Infant in the crib.

deed a well fortified position. The secret and non-secret societies, the well equipped schools and colleges, and last but not least, the bitter prejudice against all that is Catholic preached from the many pulpits and instilled into the hearts of the children in the schools are a strong bulwark against the efforts of the Catholic missionary who tries to spread the divine truth and the blessings of the Sacraments among the Colored population of the Arkansas valley. But in spite of these difficulties the Church is growing. One of the members of the congregation told the writer of these lines, that she remembers well the time when there were not more than two Colored Catholics in Little Rock. Since this mission is started 108 have been baptized and at present the congregation numbers 103 members.

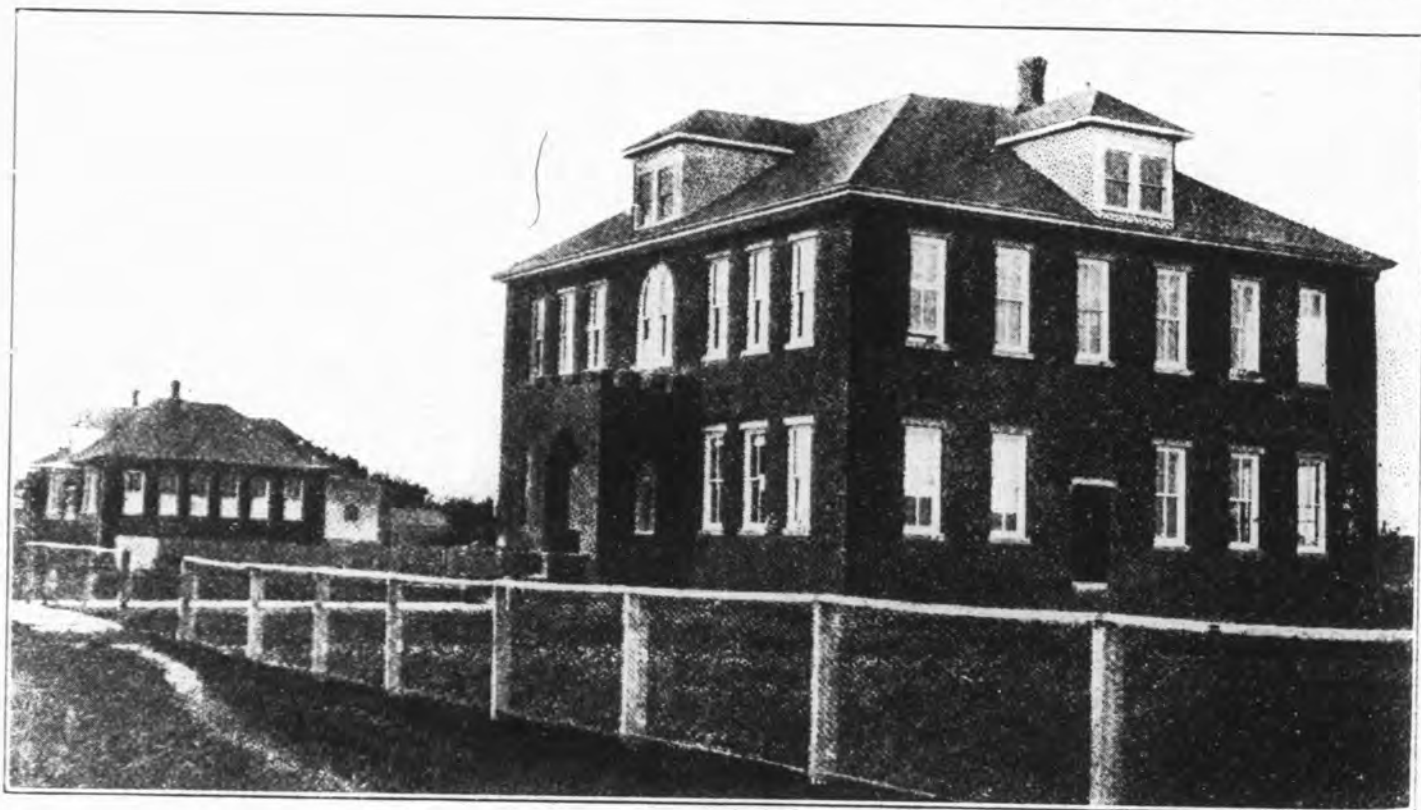
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It is well for the friends of this mission to know, that since September Rev. J. J. Steinhauer, S. V. D., who until then in charge of St. Mary's, Vicksburg, has been placed in charge of St. Bartholomew's.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

Woe to the poor missionary who has to build during the time of war! But I was compelled to do so to give our Sisters a new home. Last year they were so poorly accommodated that two Sisters had to sleep on the rear porch of the convent, as there was not room enough for all in their sleeping apartment. They had no separate dining, study and recreation rooms and the one small room which served all these purposes was much too small. The chapel also was so small that it was impossible to place even a little stove to heat it in winter. No wonder, therefore, that three of our Sisters took seriously sick at the end and one at the beginning of last school-year, and the doctor attributed the cause to poor accommodations. So there was no choice but



SACRED HEART INSTITUTE, GREENVILLE, MISS



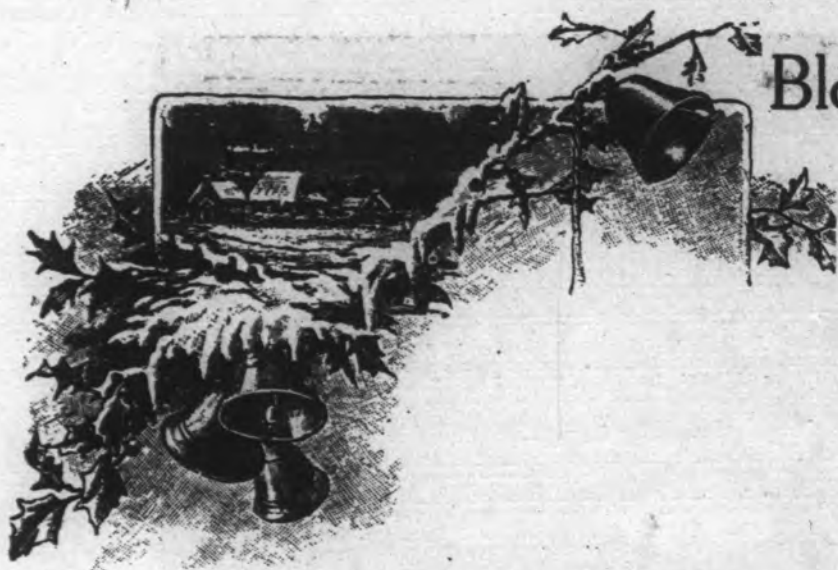
MISSION SISTERS OF THE HOLY GHOST AND THEIR MOTHER PROVINCIAL

to provide the Sisters with a larger and better home. It was then decided to do it in the cheapest way and put a second story on the old building. Now, as the remodeling and enlarging of the convent is done, there is another problem to be solved and that is how to pay for it. True, the very generous donation of a kind benefactor covered over half of the cost of the addition, but the figures for the building have run much higher than we first thought they would and, besides, the convent will have to be furnished by the mission. I hope that the one or other kind benefactor will help us to pay the large debt that rests on the mission. I am, however, very glad that the Sisters now have a comfortable home, because

they still have many chances to practice a self-sacrificing spirit and to do it in better ways without undermining their health. Good and strong health is absolutely necessary to do any efficient work in the missions.

The Greenville school opened Oct. 1st. We feared that the number of children would fall below the mark of last year, as we had lost, on account of emigration, about thirty, and food prices are so high that many parents cannot afford to send their children to private institutions. But already on the first school day so many new pupils came that they filled not only the vacancies of those who left but made the attendance the largest we so far ever had.

Did you know that \$5 will pay the expenses of a day scholar in our missions for one year? \$8 those of a boarding student for one month? And \$20 the salary of a teacher for one month? Help the missions with one of these items as a present to the dear Infant in the crib.



A Negro's Meditation

This is the title under which the following affecting lines appeared in the last number of the *Bulletin of the African Missions*, issued by the White Fathers:

One evening after supper I was walking in my banana grove saying my beads, watching the heavens with its millions of stars and I thought: Heaven is far away—and far, far away in heaven is God, greater than King Mutu, greater than the King of the English, greater than the Pope. And He, this great and good God, is thinking of me, Herman Mushomeza (catechist) of Nayanga. And I am neither a king nor a prince, but a simple man. How wonderful it is. Some day I shall see the king. He will look at me, and the next day he will not look at me. And this great God looks at me during the day when I am working and at night when I am asleep. When I speak to Him, He hears me. I speak like a



Blossoms from the Mission Field

child and He hears, and if I speak nonsense, still He hears. How wonderful.

And He lets me want for nothing. It is for my sake that He makes the bananas grow, that He sends the rain, that He makes the sun shine. And He likewise takes care of my soul; once He died for me on the cross, and He has sent missionaries to instruct me. At first I did not want to believe in Him. How foolish I was. But the missionaries have opened my eyes, and I believed and was baptized. And Jesus Christ nourishes me with His blood, though I am not a prince but a simple man. And I said to myself: I must love this great God, since He has so loved me. My heart was on fire and, as it were, stifled in my bosom. I was drunk with the thought that this great God loves me, who am so little. I cried aloud in my joy and ran towards the house and grasped my wife by the arm, exclaiming: "Agnes we must love God much because He has loved us so much." But Agnes did not know what was the matter and said, looking closely at me: "Husband, you are mad." And it is true; I am mad with the love of God.

The Rev. James M. Hayes writes in "The Sisters' College Messenger:"

We have received a few letters and thank God, they are very few, from people who tell us that, because of other demands, they are unable to do anything for the Catholic Sisters' College. Down in Mississippi there is a little Colored girl, Jessie Robinson, who recently joined the Sisters' College League. Her teacher tells us how Jessie became a member.

REV. FATHER HAYES:

Kindly accept one dollar as a contribution to the Sisters' College Fund. It has been donated by Jessie Robinson, of Jackson, Miss., who saved it from her nickels and pennies. We wish we could do more for you among the Colored, but they have suffered so much from the storm and cyclone.

Respectfully,
SISTER TIBURTIA,
Superior, Jackson, Miss.

Toombs and the Negro

Discussing in its broader aspects the recent silent parade of the thousands of Negroes in New York, as a protest against the recent Illinois outrage, the Louisville Courier-Journal recalls a story of Robert Toombs as proof that both the Negro's personality and his antecedents commend him to generous treatment.

Toombs, as is well known, was a fire-eater and infected with Southern prejudices. He was in full sympathy with the Southern thought of his day on the Negro question. He did not believe in racial political equality. But he believed the Negro was entitled to justice and protection.

It was this feeling which led him to go to the rescue of a poor Negro in Atlanta, who was charged with murder. He was in the courtroom when the case was called. He believed he recognized the accused and questioned him. "Are you not Tom Gartrell?" he asked. The prisoner said he was.

Thereupon Toombs said he would take the case and ordered the clerk to put him down as counsel. The State witnesses made a circumstantial case against the prisoner and then the defense put on the witnesses without evidently making much impression on the jury.

Suddenly Toombs stopped the taking of testimony and majestically addressing the court and jury said:

May it please your honor, and may it please you gentlemen of the jury: At the battle of Gettysburg, when Gen. Pickett's charge had been repulsed, a Confederate Colonel, severely wounded, was left upon the field. The Federals were raking the ground with their batteries and no soldier dared to return for his leader.

At that moment a black form was seen to move forward through the Confederate lines, and in spite of the lead and iron hail, he rushed to the wounded officer. He took him in his arms tenderly and carried him back to safety. That Colonel was my brother. A hero who could do that at Gettysburg cannot be a murderer. Stand up, Tom, and open your shirt.

The prisoner rose, opened his shirt and showed the scar of the wound which marked his heroic devotion to his master. Not

another word did the brilliant orator utter. He submitted the case to the white jury before him and without leaving their seats they rendered the verdict of not guilty.

THE WHITE ROSEBUD

It was the first Thursday, and a busy morning it had been for Father Ryan, for even in the far South the Negroes were accustomed to practice the Nine Fridays to the Sacred Heart.

Not till the midday Angelus struck, did the priest leave the confessional, and as he knelt at the end of the church for a few moments, footsteps on the gravel outside told him that possibly another penitent would detain him still longer. On the footsteps came, till they stopped in the porch. The priest turned his head and his gaze met a pair of dark eyes belonging to a little girl of about four or five. The child was a stranger to him, but he remembered having seen her in the grounds adjoining the presbytery garden. Father Ryan beckoned to her, and she obeyed his sign.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Rosebud," was the reply, and then she added: "Nurse fell asleep, so I got through the hedge in your garden and comed here."

"Will mother not be anxious about you?"

The pretty face clouded, as with a dreary sigh she answered:

"Mother died when we lived in the other house, and I is so lonely."

Her eyes filled with tears and the rosy lips quivered piteously. Father Ryan



with great haste turned the conversation by suggesting that she should dine with him.

The invitation was graciously declined. Rosebud said she would rather stay where she was.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly pointing to a statue of the Sacred Heart.

"That is Jesus," was the answer. "Would you like to go nearer to Him?"

Rosebud agreed to the proposal immediately, and together they walked to the top of the chapel, the child all the time repeating the name "Jesus," as if she had heard it for the first time. That she might have a better view, the priest raised her in his arms, and long and earnestly Rosebud looked at the statue, examining every little detail.

"Why is He holding out His hand?" she whispered, after a long silence. "What does He want me to give Him?"

"He wants your heart, Rosebud," said Father Ryan; then, seeing how puzzled she looked, he added. "He wants you to love Him so much that you will give Him whatever you love best."

Rosebud considered for a minute, and then she said decidedly, "I love flowers best; I'll bring Jesus some."

There was another long pause, and then the child, pointing to the wounded Heart, asked, "Who hurt Him? Oh! who hurt Him so sore?"

"The Jews did," Father Ryan answered her.

The thought excited her so dreadfully that Father Ryan had to assure her he believed her, and to prevent another outbreak told her it was time for them to go.

"First let me kiss Him," she pleaded.

Father Ryan lifted her up to the level of the Sacred Heart. The tiny arms were twined around the sacred neck, and as the pretty lips were pressed against the open wound, he heard her say:

"Jesus, I love you, and I'm sorry for you, and you know I wouldn't hurt you."

Would that more often Jesus received such true, heartfelt acts of reparatory love as His baby lover poured out that day.

Once outside the chapel, Father Ryan said good-bye to his little visitor, and

helped her into her own garden, through the gap in the hedge which she had made use of that day. That night, before the Blessed Sacrament, the priest prayed: "O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the heathen and in particular for Rosebud." A few days later, as he was walking near the hedge, thinking of Rosebud, he heard her calling him. She was at the gap with her arms full of roses, and her whole appearance showed that she had had hard work gathering them.

"These are for Jesus," she said, giving the flowers to him. "Do you think He will like them?"

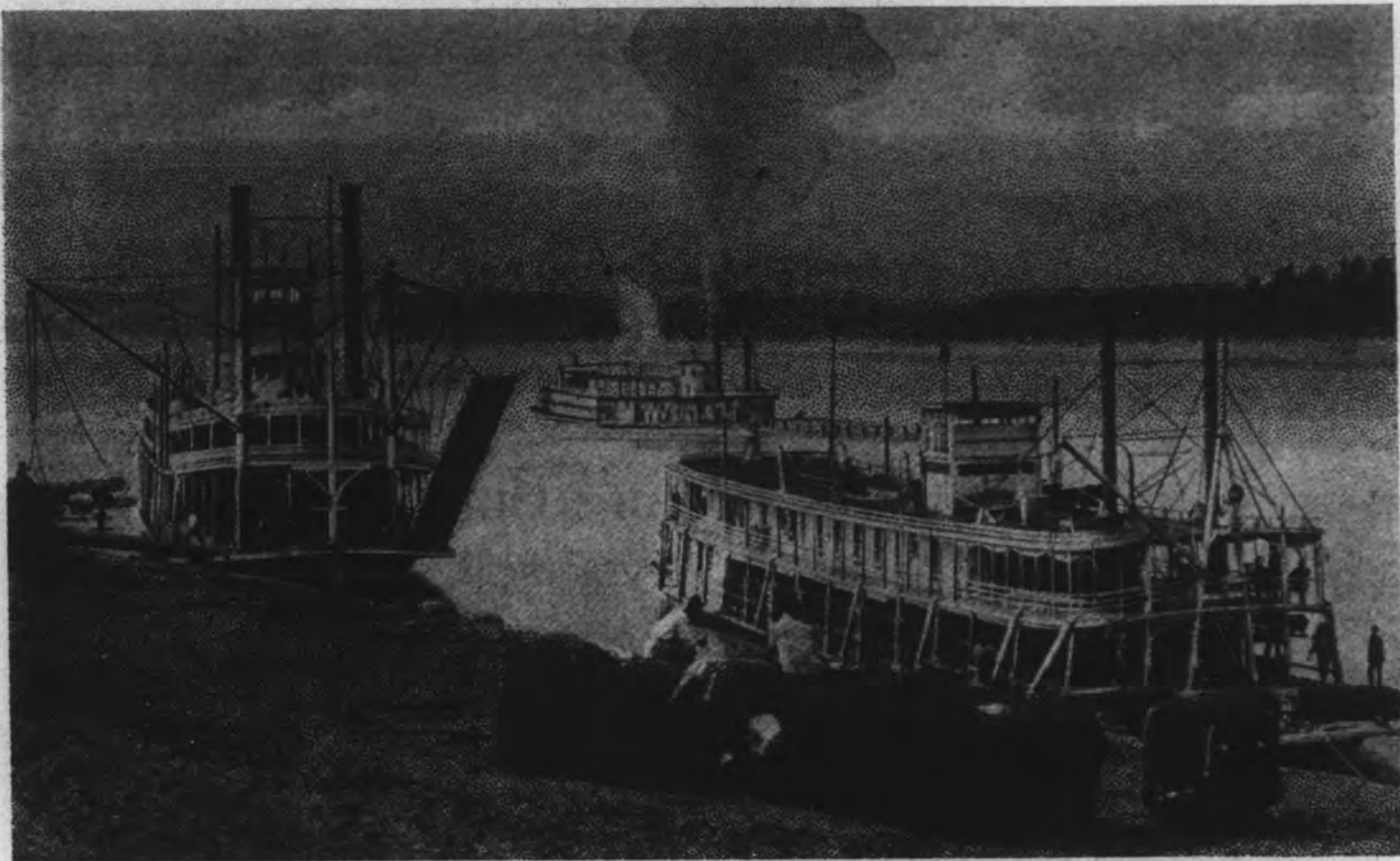
The priest looked at the flowers, the choicest of her kind, and then at the beautiful child. "Rosebud," he said, slowly, "I know one little flower that Jesus would like better than gardens full of these."

The lovely face beamed with smiles as she cried with delight, "I'se the little flower, 'cos I'se Rosebud."

Nurse's voice calling stopped any further conversation, and Father Ryan walked to the church to lay the flowers on the shrine. They had evidently been culled by the child herself, for they bore marks which told of a struggle. One snow-white bud was stained with blood. Father Ryan singled it out and placed it at the foot of the statue, offering at the same time the Precious Blood, that one day another Rosebud might find her way to those Sacred Feet. He little knew how soon or how literally his prayer was to be answered.

Days grew into weeks before Father Ryan saw Rosebud again. The daily visits of the doctor at the next house aroused his fears. On inquiring of the gardener, one of his congregation, he heard that the child had a bad attack of fever. Every day after that the daily reports grew worse. On the First Friday, Father Ryan stopped the gardener to ask for the latest tidings. There was little hope.

"And, Father," the man said, "all night she was raving about somebody wanting her in the chapel. It is as much as they can do to keep her in bed. The housemaid told me the words she keeps saying are,



COTTON-SHIPPING ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, GREENVILLE, MISS.

'Jesus wants me;' but I think that must be a mistake, for they are all heathen."

Father Ryan walked away in silence, but he determined to see the child that evening. After the devotions he was delayed by a workman who had to make some alterations in the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and who was to begin his work next morning. After seeing the statue placed on the floor, Father Ryan hurried away to his supper, and then to "Dene Grange," as Rosebud's home was called. There all was confusion. The child had got out of bed during the nurse's absence and could be found nowhere. Her weak condition rendered it impossible for her to have gone any distance and the whole house was being searched, and no one noticed him. At last a thought struck him, and quickly he made his way to the hedge, crawled through, and then on to the church, hoping against hope that Rosebud was there. And there he found her, a wee white-robed figure nestling close to the Sacred Feet of Jesus.

Love can do all things, and love had given her strength to get there, but a glance told the priest that her life was almost over. Only a few moments were left. No time was to be lost. In those few moments Father Ryan baptized her. Then he called her name. She did not hear him, but as he bent down he heard her gasp, "Jesus—wants—Rosebud."

A slight shiver passed over the tiny frame and all was over. Rosebud had gone, to blossom for all eternity near to the Sacred Heart. At the foot of his crucifix, in a small glass box, Father Ryan keeps a faded white rosebud with dark stains on its petals, and night and morning, as his eyes fall on it, he breathes a fervent "Thank God," which is always followed by the prayer:

"O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the heathen." (Selected.)

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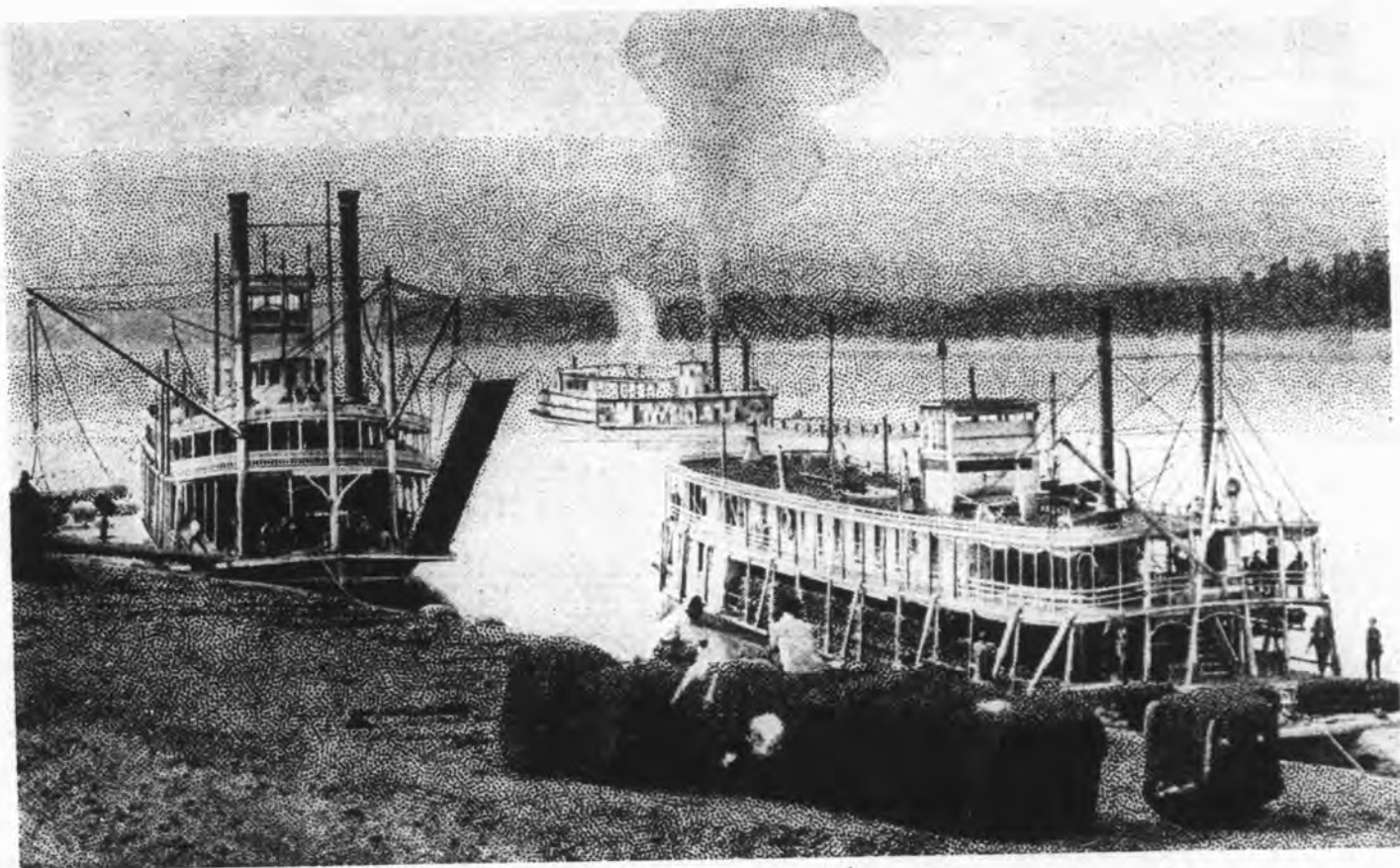
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The White Man's Burden

(Editorial from the "Jackson Daily News")

Man is the only animal which progresses. Birds and beasts and fishes go on indefinitely in the same old rut. The hidden power behind the mystery of life must therefore have a reason for making man different.

This preference places man under an obligation. Man did not decide to be man rather than bird, beast or fish; man was made man.

This means compulsion, not choice; compulsion which is emphatic, backed by power irresistible, with the whole weight of the earth, sun, moon, and stars behind it as confirmation.

When we think of the creation of the world as a big thing we miss the mark, for this world is only one little pebble on the beach.

Every city should have an observatory where the elementary principles of astronomy could be demonstrated; this would open man's eyes to the vastness of the universe and the smallness of the world he inhabits more than all the books ever printed. Some of the deluge of dollars spent on deluging the world with man's blood should be spent on thus educating man.

The evidence of past ages and the evidence of present progress, machinery, electric power, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, the aeroplane, all point in one direction—evolution with a purpose—rapid evolution.

Man is being pushed along?

Where? Why?

That's where we fail; we cannot answer; neither do we need to answer.

We do need, however, to realize the fact, and having recognized it, it becomes an obligation to ask ourselves whether there are any duties to fulfill, or are we to do as we please?

Thus far by way of preface.

Now to our subject: The White Man's Obligation.

The earth is inhabited by various kinds of men: yellow men, red men, brown men, black men, and white men. Of these varieties the white man is farther advanced. The greater the privilege, the greater the responsibility.

Why is the white man the furthest advanced? Is it because he chose to be?

Why didn't the others choose?

Because there was no choice.

Man is being pushed along, and the white man either happens to be or was intended to be ahead.

What should be his attitude towards those in the rear? Should it not be kindly, friendly, helpful? Most emphatically it should.

The surest indication of superior strength is helpfulness towards the weak; the manliest is ever the gentlest and kindest. The white man's obligation therefore is to be kind to all the other races; to be honest, just and fair.

Has the white man behaved so in the past? In a minority of instances, yes; in the great majority, no.

Why?

Because selfishness had made the white man mean; he took advantage of ignorance, which is mental weakness, and profited by it. Red men were thrust aside in an

arbitrary and peremptory manner, causing feelings of resentment and precipitating bloodshed; superior knowledge and strength were the white man's excuse for impatience and lack of intelligent consideration. Black men were stolen from Africa and sold into slavery by white men; yellow men, and brown men were brought from China and Japan and paid the smallest, meanest wages for doing the hardest kind of work.

These actions were not honest, just and fair, were they? Yet, paradox though it may be, they have resulted in good: though the perpetrators are entitled to no credit for that good. These Colored people have emerged from the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge; they have been transplanted from a godless country to a land of opportunity; and it is the white man's obligation to give them a square deal, if only to balance the injustice of the past.

The unseen power which selected the white man as leader expects him to lead, not to drive; to encourage, not to bully. Coming down to detail, it is quite natural that there should be no inter-marrying; that white men should marry white and black should marry black.

By that same token, if we can produce a better race of black men it is our duty to do so. By careful breeding we succeed in producing better breeds of horses, cattle hogs, and other animals. Why, then, should we not give equally serious attention to producing a species of animal biped who is at least superior to our live stock.

And just in this connection, it should be pointed out that we people of the South are ignoring the most serious phase of our race problem. We waste much time discussing its political aspects, and deliberately shut our eyes to the fact that the white man's lust is producing a race of mulattoes.



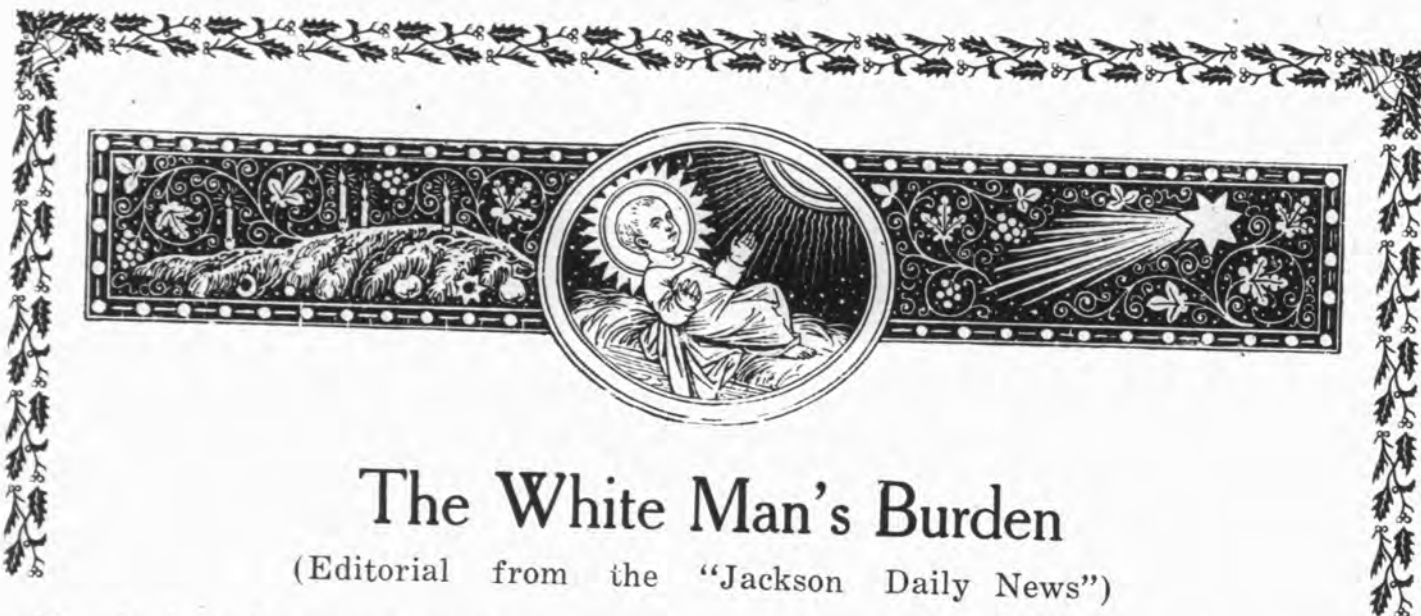
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Man learns by imitation; white should set a good example for black to imitate; black should be encouraged by example to be clean, sober, thrifty, honest, and truthful; the progress of the past indicates the possibilities of the future.

Colored people should be able to buy land and houses and carry on trade, paying their share of the cost of the protection they enjoy. This applies to the Japanese who are justly complaining of unjust treatment at the present time.

Finally, taking a broad view of the entry into the United States of the various Colored races during the past century, there is every reason to believe that the encouragement and advancement of those races is most decidedly and seriously the white man's obligation.

No matter how small the offering, it will be gratefully received and acknowledged. The donor of the smallest amount will share in our spiritual benefits.



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The Colored Work in the Middle South

When we speak of the Negro missions of the States, our thoughts naturally turn to the South. And quite rightly so, for the bulk of the Colored people is living in the Southern states. The North and the East are fairly well supplied with workers in this field, and where such is not the case, white and black worship in the same edifice under the same spiritual care, for there should be no Jim Crow law in the Catholic Church.

About the same must be said of the extreme South, the coastline, which is thickly populated by Catholic creoles and pure-blooded Negroes. I wish for a minute to call your attention to the Middle South, to Northern Alabama, Tennessee and Oklahoma. In all these middle southern states lives more than half the Negro population of the U. S., over 5 millions. Mississippi reaches second among all the states, having a whole tenth of the entire Colored

population, namely 1,009,487, being surpassed by Georgia with 1,260,000.

In this vast territory and populous section the Catholic Church is very poorly represented. Here is the statistical material over which we may ponder.

OKLAHOMA: Guthrie, Okla., St. Catherine's Church, attended by the Benedictine Fathers from St. Joseph's Academy. Langston, Okla., only a Catholic school, taught by the Benedictine Sisters.

ARKANSAS: Little Rock, Ark., St. Bartholomew's Church, attended by the Fathers of the Divine Word. School taught by the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Pine Bluff, Ark., St. Peter's Church, attended by the Josephite Fathers. School taught by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost.

NORTHERN MISSISSIPPI: Greenville, Miss., Sacred Heart Church, attended by the Fathers of the Divine Word. School taught by the Mission Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Vicksburg, Miss., St. Mary's Church attended by the Fathers of the Divine Word. School taught by the Mission Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Waltermerville, Miss., a branch school of St. Mary's taught by lay teachers. Jackson, Miss., Holy Ghost Church, attended by the Fathers of the Divine Word. School taught by the Mission Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Meridian, Miss., St. Joseph's Church, attended by the Fathers of the Divine Word. School taught by the Mission Sisters of the Holy Ghost.

NORTHERN ALABAMA: Montgomery, Ala., St. John the Baptist Church, attended by the Josephite Fathers. School taught by lay teachers. St. Joseph's College for Boys, conducted by the Josephite Fathers. Birmingham, Ala., Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception Church, attended by the Josephite Fathers. School taught by the Sisters of Mercy. Tuscaloosa, Ala., Colored Catholic Church, in charge of secular clergy. School taught by lay teachers.

TENNESSEE: Nashville, Tenn., Holy Family Church, attended by the Josephite





Fathers. School taught by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Memphis, Tenn., St. Anthony's Church, attended by the Josephite Fathers. School taught by the Sisters of Charity. St. Anthony's Hospital, managed by lay nurses.

GEORGIA: Savannah, Ga., St. Anthony's Church, attended by the Fathers of the African Missions. School taught by lay teachers. St. Benedict the Moor Church, attended by the Fathers of the African Missions. School taught by the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Atlanta, Ga., Our Lady of Lourdes, Church attended by the Fathers of the African Missions. School taught by lay teachers. Augusta, Ga., Immaculate Conception Church, attended by the Fathers of the African Missions. School taught by the Franciscan Sisters of the

Immaculate Conception. Macon, Ga., St. Peter Claver Church, attended by the Fathers of the African Missions. School taught by lay teachers.

NORTH CAROLINA: Belmont, N. C., St. Thomas Church, attended by secular clergy. School taught by the Franciscan Sisters. Nazareth, N. C., School only; taught by the Sisters of Mercy. Newbern, N. C., St. Joseph's Church, attended by secular clergy. School taught by lay teachers. Newton Grove, N. C. School only; taught by Dominican Sisters.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Charleston, S. C., St. Peter's Church, attended by secular clergy. Two schools taught by the Sisters of Mercy.

This little statistic gives us an idea how the Colored work is divided in the middle states of the South. We note there are no charitable institutions in this belt, except for two small orphanages of the Fathers of the African Missions in Georgia and St. Anthony's Hospital at Memphis, Tenn. There is an urgent demand for energetic help to further the interests of God's cause in this section. Let us all do our share.

P. J. W.



Negroes' Silent Protest Parade



In the midst of America's war for democracy 5,000 Negroes found it necessary to march down Fifth avenue, New York, as a protest against the barbarities, such as those of East St. Louis, practiced against them in this land of the free.

Except for the beating of muffled drums at the head of the male division of the silent protest there was no music. Not a word was spoken as rank after rank swung past, in step that called to mind a procession of mourners and at the same time gave the impression of outraged dignity, with a hint to repair the wrongs of centuries.

First came little girls, tiny tots, dressed in white and holding hands with childish friendliness, but on each little face was stamped an unnatural gravity. As one watched those little children, visions of green fields strewn with daisies, and merry children holding hands in ring-a-ring

of roses, sprang before the eyes—childhood in all its happiness. And the Negro children marched on in protest at the murder of their kind. In the midst walked a boy with a sign, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Next, rank after rank, came women dressed in white, some in the first flush



of young womanhood, with firm step and head erect and some in the sear and yellow leaf of old age, with tottering steps, bowed with the weight of years and eyes sad with the sorrow of their race. In front marched a boy bearing a sign, "Color, Blood, and Suffering Have Made Us One."

Then came the men erect, dignified and manly. Workingmen, they were, conscious of the justice of their cause without one trace of bitterness or hatred. The personification of self-reliance. Entirely absent was the servility which prejudice has dubbed the outstanding characteristic of the Negro race. Here were men awakened to the consciousness of the power and potentialities of their race physically splendid specimens of humanity. No bravado marked their bearing, no evidence of the childish love of show that their exploiters have spoken so much about, no trace of anything that would mark them as an inferior race.

Silently and in perfect alignment, these citizens deprived by every trick of their citizenship, gave the lie to the accepted statements of race superiority by which the white man has attempted to justify his treatment of his Colored brother. No collection of men could make a better showing than did these Colored men in their silent march.

Four mounted policemen, followed by four drummers, headed the procession. Behind them marched the Colored women and children, with the men bringing up the rear.

Many of the paraders carried banners with varying inscriptions on them. An aged Negro who watched them march by wore a G. A. R. button on his coat.

At the head of the men's division a banner was carried with an inscription from the Declaration of Independence which was crossed out, with a notice at the bottom which read, "All of African descent tear off this corner." The inscription from the declaration said: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal."

Here are some of the signs which the paraders carried:

"If fault is to be found with our color, blame God and yourselves."

"India is abolishing caste; America is adopting it."

"Make America safe for democracy."

"Are Memphis and Waco centers of American culture?"

"Taxation without representation is tyranny. (The Negro pays toll taxes down South, but is not allowed to vote.)"

"Patriotism and loyalty presupposes protection and liberty."

"So Treat Us That We May Love Our Country; Give Us a Chance to Live; Thou Shalt Not Kill; Repelled by the Unions, We Are Called Scabs; Race Prejudice Is the Offspring of Ignorance and the Mother of Lynching; The Great Contradiction—Love of God and Hatred of Man; We Are Maligned as Lazy and Murdered When We Work; Pray for the Lady Macbeth of East St. Louis."



Boyle O'Reilly on the Negro



No man ever came into the world with a grander opportunity than the American Negro. He is like new metal dug out of the mine. He stands at this late day on the threshold of history, with everything to learn, and less to unlearn than any civilized man in the world. In his heart still ring the free sounds of the desert. In his mind he carries the traditions of Africa. The songs with which he charms American ears are refrains from the tropical forests, from the great inland seas and rivers of the dark continent.

At worst, the Colored American has only a century or so of degrading civilized tradition and habit to forget and unlearn. His nature has only been injured on the outside by these late circumstances of his existence. Inside he is a new man, fresh from nature—a color-lover, an enthusiast, a believer by the heart, a philosopher, a cheerful, natural, good-natured man. I believe the colored American to be the kindest being in existence. All the inhumanities of slavery have not made him cruel or sullen or revengeful. He has all

the qualities that fit him to be a good citizen of any country; he does not worry his soul today with the fear of next week or next year. He has feelings and convictions, and he loves to show them. He will be a great natural expression if he dares to express the beauty, the color, the harmony of God's word as he sees it with a Negro's eyes. That is the meaning of race distinction—that it should help us to see God's beauty in the world in various ways.

What this splendid man needs most is confidence in himself and his race. He is a dependent man at present. He is not sure of himself. He underrates his own qualities. He must be a self-respecting man. Not all men can be distinguished, but assuredly some distinct expression of genius will come out of any considerable community of Colored people who believe in themselves, who condemn and despise the man of their blood who apes white men and their ways, who is proud to be a Negro, who will bear himself according to his own ideas of a colored man, who will encourage his women to dress themselves by their own taste, to select the rich colors of love, to follow out their own natural bent, and not adopt other people's stupid and shop-made fashions. The Negro woman has the best artistic eye for color of all the women in America.

The Negro is the only graceful, musical, color-loving American. He is the only American who has written new songs and composed new music. He is the only spiritual man of America, for he worships with soul and not with narrow mind. For him religion is to be believed, accepted like the very voice of God, and not invented, contrived, reasoned about, shaded, and made fashionably lucrative and marketable, as it is made by too many white Americans.

The Negro is a new man, a free man, a spiritual man, a hearty man; and he can be a great man if he will avoid modeling himself on the whites. No race ever became illustrious on borrowed ideas or the imitated qualities of another race.

No race or nation is great or illustrious except by one test—the breeding of great

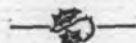
men. Not great merchants or traders, nor rich men; bankers, insurance-mongers, or directors of gas companies. But great thinkers—great seers of the world through their own eyes—great tellers of the truth and beauties and colors and equities as they alone see them. Great poets—ah, great poets above all—and their brothers, great painters and musicians, fashioners of God's beautiful shapes in clay and marble and harmony.

The Negro will never take his full stand beside the white man till he has given the world proof of the truth and beauty of heroism and power that are in his soul. And only by the organs of the soul are



these delivered—by self-respect and self-reflection, by philosophy, religion poetry, art, love, and sacrifice. One great poet will be worth a hundred bankers and brokers, worth ten Presidents of the United States, to the Negro race. One great musician will speak to the world for the black man as no thousand editors or politicians can.

The wealth of our Western soil, in its endless miles of fertility, is less to America than the unworked wealth of the rich Negro nature. The Negro poet of the future will be worth two Mexicos to America. God send wise guides to my black fellow-countrymen, who shall lead them to understand and accept what is true and great and perennial, and to reject what is deceptive and changeable in life, purpose and hope.



Never judge a man by his relatives; he didn't select them.

From Our Correspondence Bag

Read this and see what you can do.

A lady from Pittsburg, Pa., writes us as follows;

Reverend dear Father:

Since reading my September number of the COLORED MESSENGER, in which there is a great deal said about the Colored people, their flocking to the North, I have been wondering if I could help them a little along their new way of living. I am a white convert of nearly thirteen years to our holy faith.

Now, Father, here is an idea that came into my head. It may sound foolish to you, but I wondered if you have names and addresses of these people, I could go and see them and watch over them a little until they become accustomed to our ways up here and got started in attending their church duties up here. You see, Father, there is only one, strictly speaking, Colored congregation in this city, and of course I think they would feel a little timid about going to church where the congregatoin are nearly all white. In the better part of our city there are about five Colored families to a whole parish, some have not even that number.

I feel like helping some, but I haven't enough money to give more than a little at a time, like for subscriptions to various Catholic papers and magazines. I am married and have a home to look after and also a sickly mother; I don't have so very much to give, but I felt that I could visit these people, if you had the names and addresses and were to give me some, and I see how it would work.

The Colored family to whom I mailed my first C. M., and who is not Catholic, has now subscribed to the Sacred Heart Messenger and the mother is wearing the S. H. badge. She was operated on 32 weeks ago and the incision never started

to heal till she put on the Sacred Heart badge and began to say the morning offering. I had about 10 people to make the first Friday for her, and she has been steadily improving ever since. She and the entire family are reading quite a number of Catholic papers that I receive, and they say they just love to read them.

Now, Father, if you think well of my plan, send me the names and addresses, and I wil do my bit to get them placed for church going. The Colored Methodists are verrey strong here.

Yours respectfully,

N. N.



Little Topsy and Big Fido

What do you do with your second-hand clothing? Did you ever think of sending it to the missions for the poor, that are so numerous, instead of giving it to the ragman?

Topics Concerning the Negro Missions

BY P. J. WENDEL, S. V. D.

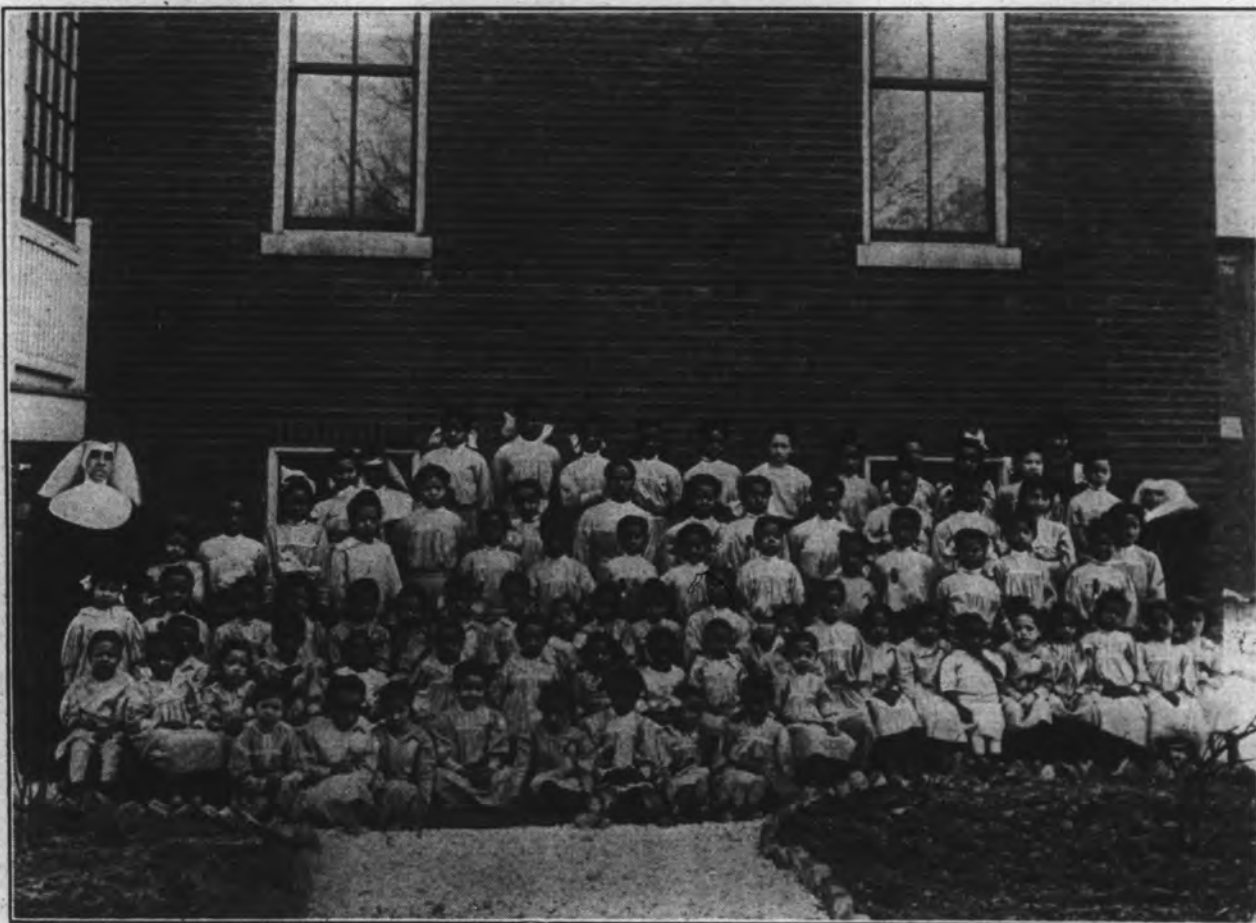
The Relation of the Church to the Colored People

In the next issues of our magazine we intend to give a survey of facts, which are interesting to the friends of the missions and necessary and vital to the knowledge of the missionary. We do not pretend to be authority on the subjects, but will speak from what we have seen and have experienced ourselves. We fully understand the difficulties of the matter, and also its delicacy, and therefore ask our friends to judge us leniently. A healthy discussion of the subjects, which we cordially invite, can bring forth only healthy results and be of immense benefit to the missions, if taken in the spirit of Christ, whose interests alone we try to promote.

There is a growing feeling, that the relations of the Church to the Colored race are, or ought to be, somewhat different from the relations of the White race to the Colored. The Church must know the facts before she can make suc-

cessful plans, and I pray God to help me tell some of these facts, that those who do not know the race experimentally may be able to perceive something of the difficulties which lie in the way and which have caused the apparent apathy of Southern Christians concerning the moral and religious conditions of the Negro race.

We all have the feeling that something must be done and done soon. The Negro is retrograding in morality, and the white people are not awake to the consequences of this fact, though they are largely to blame for it. Let me speak plainly. The white man made citizens of the race 60 years ago, then failed utterly in the second step which his own first step had made its bounden duty, namely to adequately educate the race into the fitness for citizenship. The burden of this was laid upon the South far beyond its strength. Impoverished by war beyond the conception of the North, the white people of the South were yet expected to do a work for the Negroes which they were not able to do



Group of orphan children at St. Francis Orphan Asylum, Normandy, Mo., conducted by the Oblates of Providence



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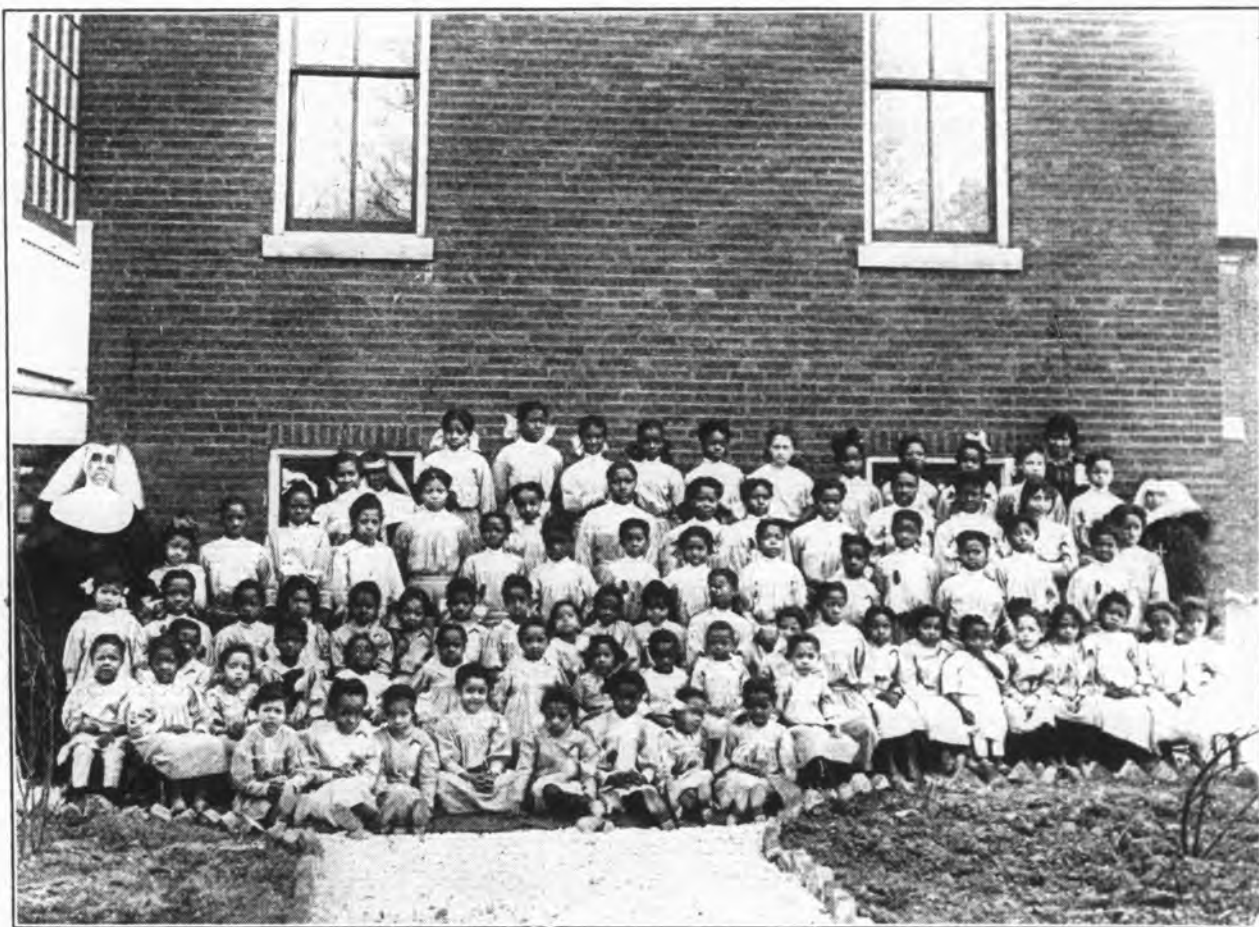
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It is time now to lay past prejudices, hostilities, and misunderstandings aside. It is time to look our great problem squarely in the face, to scan its features, and set about a solution in that wise way which measures its difficulties before it acts. I think further, that when the real condition of the Negro is known and believed, there will begin a great movement in the North by Catholics, whence the necessary money must come, to raise the Negro to the high standard of the Catholic religion. Therefore, I cannot but believe that he is the best friend of the Colored People, who goes directly to the root of the matter, to show what the facts are, what must be done to better them, and why and how this should be done. Probably no one man is equal to the full task; but I propose to do something towards it, if I can find decorous words for indecorous truths.

Race differences have been too much ignored in the past. In foreign missions but scanty success is ever attained until the missionaries learn to understand the character of the alien races among whom they labor. There must be many trials, experiments, and changes of methods until the missionaries learn to comprehend the mental process of the foreign people, to know how to present the truth so that it shall appear to them to be true. This is a far more important point than it appears to be first thought. All your labor is thrown away until you know the idiosyncracies of the alien race, and can adapt your presentation of the truth to their perceptive powers.

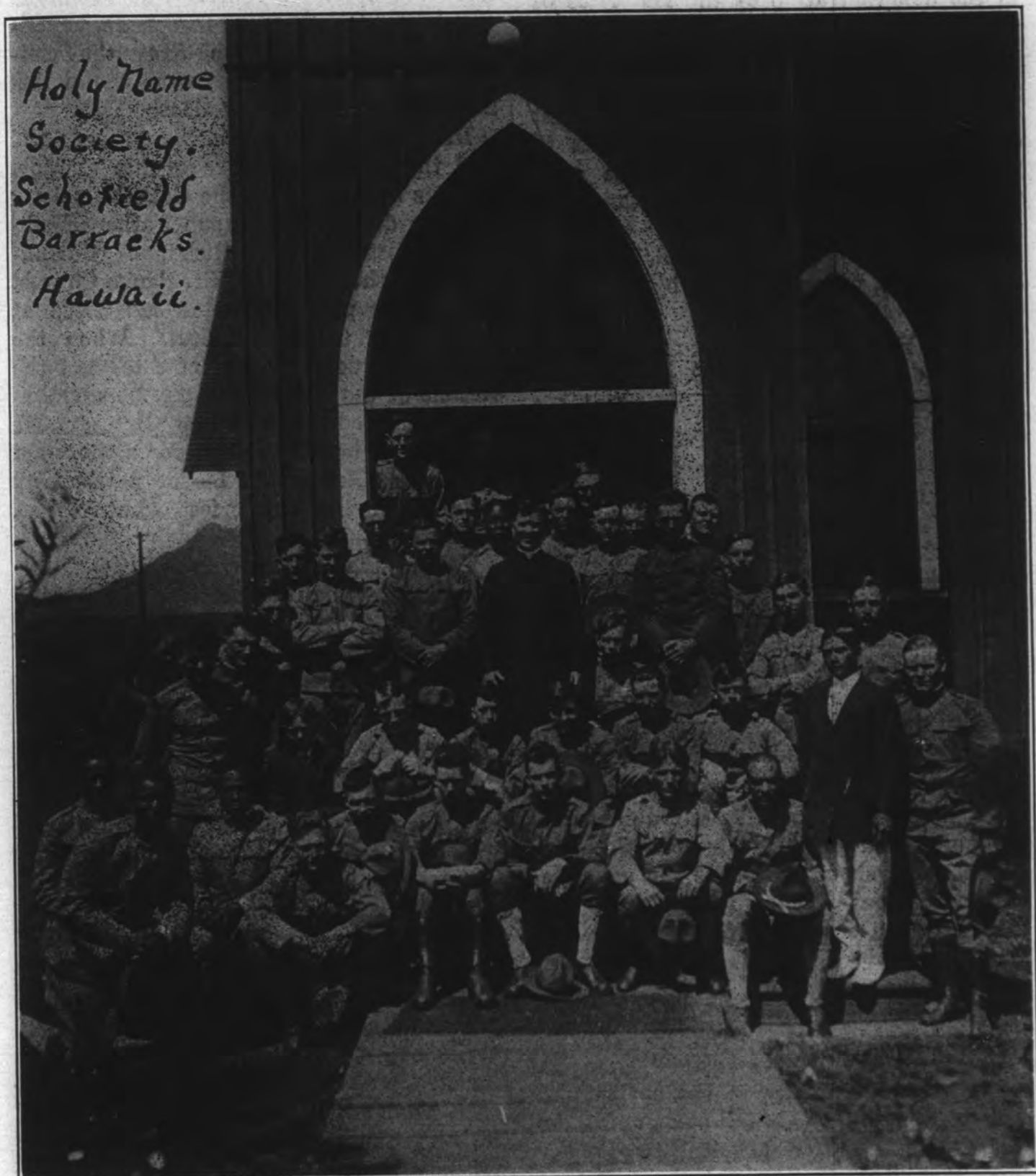
In the Negro missions often failure has resulted, because those who labor among them were not compelled to study them to the point of understanding them. The same methods were used, which they had to learn from books or in the surroundings of a well established white parish and the result was, that the Negro received the hull of our religion without the precious inside, which consequently was of short duration.

The Protestant Church has made this mistake to a greater degree than the Catholic Church, because it has almost completely neglected the religious training of the Negro, beyond a little Bible study. The so-called Protestant colleges in the South, which are very numerous, are Protestant only by name and formality. They are nevertheless very dangerous to the Catholic child, because they are supported mostly by the white Protestant organizations, to whom they must send in good reports of their work and strength, in which also figure greatly the conversions to their respective faith. The shell without a kernel plays a big roll with the Protestant Negro and he is most conspicuous by his often openly pronounced immorality. He has Christianity without substance and no comprehension of what that substance ought to be. There are exceptions, but not many. Speaking of the whole Protestant and heathen section of the race, this statement is true.

To understand the possibility of such a state of affairs and the reason why a whole race may accept it, we must go back to the Negro in Africa and study his social traditions among the African tribes. We are so accustomed to take the family as the basis of all civilization, that when we read of an African household or family, or husband and wife, we attach our meanings to the word and not the African meanings. The African travelers and missionaries use these words because they have no other; they are obliged to use the terminology of civilization; but the resulting confusion of thought is as great as if a chemist were obliged to describe chemical actions in the terms of botany, or a geologist to describe the formation of rocks in phraseology of a prayer-meeting. In actual truth the African at home has "wives" as he has sheep, oxen, and other stock, buys and sells them freely, makes presents of them occasionally, pays tribute with them sometimes, and values them chiefly at so much per head. Human life has no sacredness, human suffering excites no pity, and blood flows like water. Their wars are wars of extermination or slavery, and some of the tribes, as the Fan tribe, feast upon the slain. Among some of them also the aged

and infirm are killed as the easiest way to dispose of them. Du Chaillu and other travelers could find no traces among the tribes of the West coast from whom the slavers procured their cargoes, of any belief in or idea of a future state; and he describes their religion as a mixture of witchcraft, bloodshed, fiendish orgies, and terror-driven superstition. All travelers agree, that in the language of most of the native tribes there are no words to express the ideas of gratitude, generosi-

ty, industry, truthfulness, honesty, modesty, gentleness, and virtue. Where there are no words, there are no ideas, that is to say, narrowing it somewhat, that what we call morality, whether in the relation of the sexes, or in the sense of truthfulness, or in the sense of honesty, has no lodgment in the native African breast. It is necessary to understand these facts, and to understand them clearly, in order to properly estimate the progress the race has made in this country, and to understand



Holy Name Society among Uncle Sam's Troops at Hawaii. Notice the Colored Soldiers on the left

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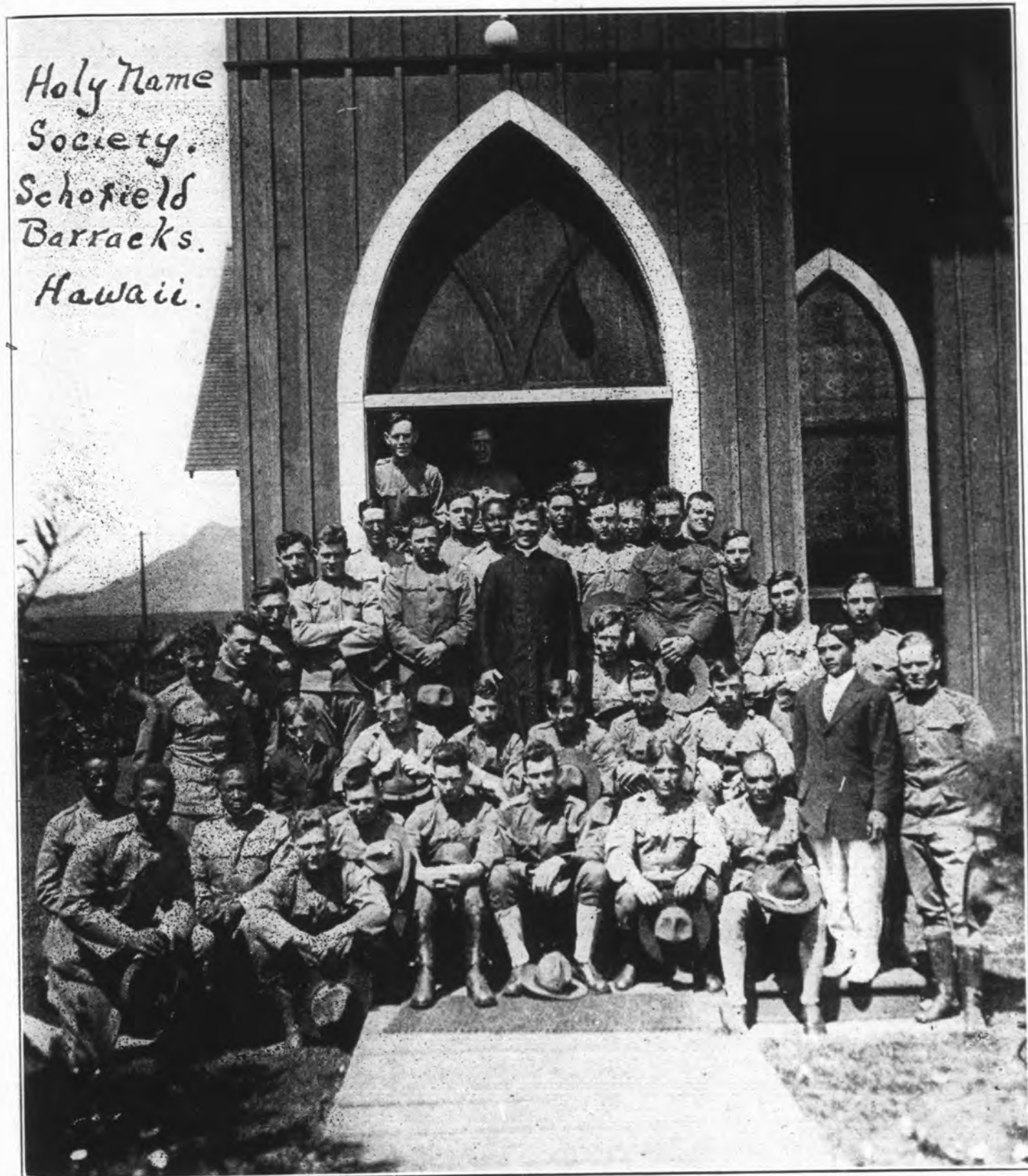
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the roots and causes out of which have grown their present ideas and practices as regards morality. We in the work should remember these facts, for the recollection of the state out of which the Ne-

groes came, only a few generations ago, would often modify our harsh judgment of the Colored people and dispose us towards patience and charity.

(To be continued.)



Items of Interest



Catholic Charity

The Catholic priest is at times hampered in the administration of the last rites of the Church by bigotry and religious animosity. While Catholics are ever on the alert to convert souls to Christ, no coercion is used nor does the Catholic priest discourage the efforts of Protestants to receive all the consolation possible from their religion. A notable instance of Catholic charity has recently come to light in the "Christian Herald," a Protestant organ, which is quoted by the Monitor:

"In a French hospital a German soldier lay dying. He was a Protestant and as the pall hung over him he asked for spiritual consolation according to his faith.

The only Protestant clergyman at the hospital could not speak German, and the German soldier did not understand French. A Catholic priest, who was himself badly wounded, heard the request of the soldier and the conversation of the nurse and clergyman. He asked to be carried to the side of the soldier's cot, and there, although in severe pain himself, he translated to the dying soldier, until death released him, the words of consolation of the Protestant pastor."

Needless to observe, this is true charity as known and practiced by the Catholic Church, and should serve as the example of Catholic benevolence, and a sharp reproof to Protestant narrowness.

Twenty-Seven Converts to the Catholic Church

A Small-Pox Epidemic

Lexington, Kentucky in the early 70's, was visited by a small-pox epidemic and in the isolation hospital two miles from the city were housed the hopeless patients, all victims of that most loathsome form of the black small-pox. There

was not a Catholic among them, but as they felt the near approach of death, they cried for spiritual relief. The attending physician, Dr. Taylor, made the rounds of the town and called the Protestant clergymen in Lexington, but none would risk a visit to the house of death.

Dr. Taylor returned to his patients and told them of the failure of his mission. He was begged to try the Catholic priest; and the doctor called upon Father Ferdinand Brossart, (now Bishop of Covington, Ky.) then pastor of St. Paul's Church. The young priest mounted his horse at once to go to the hospital. When the warden learned that he came to visit the victims of the black small-pox he exclaimed in amazement, "Father Brossart, I wouldn't go into that place for a thousand dollars." "Nor would I—for a thousand dollars," replied the priest, "but for an immortal soul."

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You see, dear reader, the field of charity for the negro missions is almost as wide as the firmament.

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.....(In this place state the amount of money and where it is deposited; if real estate, describe the property and where located) to be used and expended for the appropriate object of the said organization.

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the roots and causes out of which have grown their present ideas and practices as regards morality. We in the work should remember these facts, for the recollection of the state out of which the Ne-

groes came, only a few generations ago, would often modify our harsh judgment of the Colored people and dispose us towards patience and charity.

(To be continued.)



Items of Interest



Catholic Charity

The Catholic priest is at times hampered in the administration of the last rites of the Church by bigotry and religious animosity. While Catholics are ever on the alert to convert souls to Christ, no coercion is used nor does the Catholic priest discourage the efforts of Protestants to receive all the consolation possible from their religion. A notable instance of Catholic charity has recently come to light in the "Christian Herald," a Protestant organ, which is quoted by the Monitor:

"In a French hospital a German soldier lay dying. He was a Protestant and as the pall hung over him he asked for spiritual consolation according to his faith.

The only Protestant clergyman at the hospital could not speak German, and the German soldier did not understand French. A Catholic priest, who was himself badly wounded, heard the request of the soldier and the conversation of the nurse and clergyman. He asked to be carried to the side of the soldier's cot, and there, although in severe pain himself, he translated to the dying soldier, until death released him, the words of consolation of the Protestant pastor."

Needless to observe, this is true charity as known and practiced by the Catholic Church, and should serve as the example of Catholic benevolence, and a sharp reproof to Protestant narrowness.

Twenty-Seven Converts to the Catholic Church

A Small-Pox Epidemic

Lexington, Kentucky in the early 70's, was visited by a small-pox epidemic and in the isolation hospital two miles from the city were housed the hopeless patients, all victims of that most loathsome form of the black small-pox. There

was not a Catholic among them, but as they felt the near approach of death, they cried for spiritual relief. The attending physician, Dr. Taylor, made the rounds of the town and called the Protestant clergymen in Lexington, but none would risk a visit to the house of death.

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